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CANADA
THE NEW NATION

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THE FOOTHILLS OF THE ROCKIES

CANADA

THE NEW NATION

A BOOK FOR THE SETTLER
THE EMIGRANT AND
THE POLITICIAN

BY

H. R. WHATES

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PREFACE

In January 1905 it was my professional duty to go to Canada to study the emigration movement. To obtain first-hand knowledge I travelled steerage with a ship-load of emigrants from Liverpool. On landing at St. John, New Brunswick, the question whether Canada in mid-winter would yield a subsistence to a new arrival was put to a practical and personal test. The stream of immigration westward and northward was then followed, the Pacific Ocean being reached in May and the return to Montreal made at the end of June. During five months' almost constant travel I visited the greater part of the settled portions of Eastern Canada, traversed the Prairie region in various directions, found and took up a homestead—a "Free Farm of 160 acres"—in the Saskatchewan Valley, wandered in British Columbia and on the Pacific Slope, and, on the return east, made a detour northward into "the great Clay Belt," which in a few years will be opened up for colonisation by the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway—the second line of communication between Ocean and Ocean.

For the First Part of this book I have drawn freely

upon my copyright Letters sent to the newspaper for which I was acting—the *Standard*. The chapters deal chiefly with the question of emigration. Taken collectively, they offer a broad survey of the suitability or otherwise of the Dominion as a field for English emigrants. The sole claim they have upon the attention of would-be emigrants, and upon that of politicians and philanthropists concerned with the double problem of unemployment in and emigration from England, is that they represent an attempt to depict actual conditions. They were not written to gratify the Immigration Department of the Dominion Government, or to further the policy of Railway Companies, Land Companies and Speculators, Manufacturers' Associations and others, to whose financial advantage it is to entice population into Canada. Their general tendency is to encourage carefully selected emigration and the emigration of hardy young men with some capital, much intelligence, and determination of character. They are, however, calculated to deter the indiscriminate emigration of people who find themselves crowded out of the English labour market and are weakened in physique and morale by long endurance of defeat in the battle of life in great cities. Their purpose will be served if they assist any reader to decide the personally momentous question—Shall I emigrate to Canada? and if they should help to persuade public men to formulate an Imperial policy in emigration, and thus assist and

regulate, on settled principles and by an organised administrative system, the movement of population from our shores.

But in that my hopes are slight indeed. The energies of the political class are consumed in the production of a discordant chorus of party cries—in these days of "whole hoggers," "anti-hogs" and "little piggers" should I not have written of "party grunts"? Constructive statesmanship, ordered administration on principles arrived at after patient study of social facts and the direct application to them of the best brains in the country, seem to be alien to the genius of the English people. Our National and Imperial life develops itself haphazard. Because the voyage is cheap, people go to Canada who are not fit for life there, but would succeed in some less rigorous clime in our wide-spread Empire. If Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's estimate is correct, we have in England, imprisoned in economic circumstances they cannot of themselves surmount, thirteen millions of people ever on the verge of destitution. Across the seas are untold millions of acres of British soil unproductive for lack of men. Yet we make no organised effort as a State to transplant our poor from the warrens where they constitute a social and political menace, to unpeopled regions of our over-sea Estate, where they could live above their present level of semi-barbarism and become instruments for the economic

development of the Empire, for the continuity of political traditions, for the evolution of an Imperial organisation, founded on an overwhelming preponderance of men and women of Anglo-Saxon breed. On the contrary, we import Chinese into South Africa (I am aware of the reasons for that "regrettable necessity"), and, in Canada, we are filling up the Empire with Russian and Galician Jews, Poles, Armenians, Greeks, Turks, Syrians, Arabs, Chinese, Japanese and other peoples who, however estimable, are not the material of which the British Empire of the future should be built. Why do we do this? Because as an Empire we take no thought. We let things drift. We do not apply brain power to the management of our Imperial Estate. We leave the politicians to wreak their will upon it, to use this or that topic of Imperial importance as a weapon for party warfare. Eloquent writers and orators exhaust the English language in extolling the greatness and glory of the British Empire. But Government succeeds Government, and nothing is done to convert the "thirteen millions" of English flesh and blood, wasting away more or less unproductively here, into Anglo-Saxon communities in the over-sea marches of Empire.

Suppose England were Germany, and that we had a Wilhelm II. to stir us up to the establishment of a thinking department for the production of definite methods of action. Imagine what would be done if

Germany had an Empire such as ours. See what she has accomplished in her relatively worthless Colonies, everywhere except in South West Africa, by the exercise of brains, forethought, the constructive, regulating power such as she applies to every department of life in the Fatherland. Her Colonial Office is a thinking, a creative and acting force. Ours only becomes so by accident when a man of Mr. Chamberlain's mental vigour gets there. How many Secretaries and Under-Secretaries of State were there in the past century who had never seen a British Colonist outside Downing Street? From what Germany is doing in her African, Pacific and Asiatic possessions, it is easy to imagine what she would do if she had regions where white men, confronted only with natural difficulties not essentially greater than those which have been overcome in Europe, could live and thrive. But Germany is governed by brains; the British Empire—as Mr. Sidney Low has so clearly brought out in his *Governance of England* — by amateurs, intent upon Party triumph rather than upon the better organisation of National and Imperial life. While that lasts we must be content, to use Lord Rosebery's contemptuous phrase, to "muddle through," thankful that we possess a permanent officialdom in Downing Street which is able by its administrative experience and its freedom from party feeling, to prevent the Colonies from being made altogether the sport of faction.

Some day, perhaps, a Colonial Secretary may set these gentlemen, or any others who may be fit for the work, to help him to think and to devise plans for evolving order out of the emigration chaos. Then we may see something attempted to lessen congestion in England and sparsity in regions of the Empire, safely habitable by men of our own blood. Mr. Lyttleton has made a tentative effort in that direction. But a governing class who paid no heed to the emigration writings of Carlyle and Froude and a host of lesser men (it probably never read them!) is not likely to listen to the suggestions of an obscure journalist. Hence it is with much trepidation that Chapter XIV. has been included in this volume.

Part II. of the book consists of a definition and analysis of Canadian political thought. No respect has been paid to Party interests here or in the Dominion, and the chapters were written long before the General Election. Investigation suggests the conclusion that Canada is destined to become an Independent Nation, though, possibly, not discarding the nominal overlordship of a British Sovereign. The connection with Great Britain is now of a very fragile character. The people are American in modes of thought and habits of life—American, that is, in the geographical sense. They have no present desire to become citizens of that part of the continent known as the United States. They wish to keep and

develop their own individuality. It is sharply distinct from the individuality of the English people. Cultivation of it is leading Canada away from Great Britain, though not necessarily towards incorporation with the United States. The movement is towards Nationhood, self-dependence, severance from the slight constitutional tie which links the fortunes of the Dominion to those of the British Isles. Such a development seems to be inconsistent with the theory that the British Empire can be organised as a fiscal entity. Whether the speculations as to the future of Canada and of the Empire are made with any just appreciation of present conditions and insight into what these may lead to, time will demonstrate. The exposition of Canadian opinion and national tendencies is, however, the outcome of a painstaking endeavour to learn from Canadians themselves what Canada thinks. My time was passed with the working people rather than with the professed — and professional — politicians of the country. Few knew my calling or with what object I engaged them in political discussion. To most men I was an English immigrant roaming about the Dominion, playing at work here and there, and otherwise learning local conditions before finally deciding where to settle. They revealed their thoughts with much candour. If I have been a faithful interpreter of their ideas I need not crave pardon for adding to ephemeral writing on Colonial and Imperial issues.

I may be permitted a public expression of thanks to Mr. W. D. Scott, the Dominion Superintendent of Immigration, whose knowledge and experience are equalled only by the readiness and courtesy with which he places both at the disposal of inquirers; to Dr. William Saunders, of the Experimental Farms at Ottawa, to whom I am indebted for a comprehension of the wheat-growing possibilities of the North and some slight ability to milk a cow—a desirable accomplishment for an emigrant going West; to Mr. Wm. Mackenzie, the *doyen* of the press in the Dominion Parliament, who maintains in Canada the high traditions of the best English journalism and through whom I was privileged to make the acquaintance of Canadian statesmen and politicians, whose conversations were of much assistance to me in writing the latter chapters of this book; to Mr. Thomas Southworth, the able and kindly Director of Immigration at Toronto, who assisted me in many ways in investigating emigration conditions in Ontario, and without whose aid I should have been unable to penetrate into "the Great Clay Belt" of the Northern part of the Province; to Mr. Frederick Young, of Regina, whose debtor I am for varied facilities for travel and study in the Prairie regions; to the newspapers of Canada for the extreme pungency of their criticisms of my Emigration Letters to London, criticisms which, in the latter part of my tour, made life in remote up-country "hotels" and

mining-camps slightly embarrassing; and, last but assuredly not least, to the Average Canadian of the Prairie and the Backwoods — a man whose virile character and keen intellect, bodily hardihood, self-dependence in isolation, heroic endurance of long, fierce winters, strength of will and patient courage in converting primeval wastes into a noble homeland, make him the typical figure of Canada, the New Nation.

H. WHATES.

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PART I
The Emigrant in Canada

Canada, The New Nation

CHAPTER I

A SHIPLOAD OF EMIGRANTS

At five o'clock on a dismal morning in January, after a cold and sleepless journey through the night from London, a trainload of several hundred men, women and children huddled together on the platform of the London and North-Western Station at Liverpool. They were steerage passengers for St. John, New Brunswick, the one ice-free port in the Dominion of Canada; and they were going thither either to better their fortunes or to win the bread they had failed to obtain in the disorganised labour market of England. It was my lot to share their journey, as part of a programme of study and observation of the emigration movement to the West. Some acquaintance with ships and the sea made the probable discomforts a matter of personal indifference. It was not so with the majority of my fellow-travellers. Few of them had ever crossed an ocean. Many had a vivid apprehension of the supposed "horrors" of the coming passage; but they were cheerful and hopeful. Emigration literature, emigra-

tion agents, steamship company's touts had all depicted Canada to them as a veritable paradise—a wintry one, perhaps, where rather more clothing was needed than that which sufficed for our first parents, but none the less a paradise, at least in an economic sense. There a sufficient sustenance for self and wife and family was to be obtained if a man would but work. This was the conviction in which those who had had homes had sold them. It was this belief that had brought them to the water's edge.

A succession of covered brakes took us through the sleet-swept streets of Liverpool towards the docks and dropped us at the steamship company's "hotel," where breakfast was served—and charged for at one-and-sixpence a head, which the emigrants, many of whom were desperately poor, regarded as extortionate. In an ordinary coffee-house, such as is used by the working classes, they would have fared quite as well at a third of the cost. As the steamship company had assumed charge of them on arrival at the station, and had taken them to the "hotel" on the statement that breakfast would not be served on board, many had thought the meal would be provided free. When they were called upon to pay one-and-sixpence for what they could have purchased elsewhere for sixpence or eightpence, they were keenly dissatisfied. But the brake-ride was free, except for the toll levied by the conductors, who did not regard their wages as sufficient recompense for their own and the coachmen's services, but pestered the emigrants for pence and would not be denied. Any future emigrants who read these lines should note that they are under no obligation to use the steamship

company's "hotel," or to "tip" that company's brakesmen.

Later in the morning we were driven to the Alexandra Dock, where the steamer lay, and were shepherded up a steep gangway to the foredeck. There were 642 of us, including eighty-two children and eleven infants in arms. Here we crowded together on the hatchways and among the winches as best we could—a shivering, dejected mob of Englishmen, Scotchmen, Danes, Norwegians and Swedes, with their womenkind and children. Hours passed before all the berths could be allotted, and it was late in the afternoon when we dropped into the tideway to await the tug that was to bring aboard the first and second class passengers.

The steerage accommodation ran from the forecastle to amidships, and consisted of two floors—the 'tween decks fitted with forms and tables for meals, with berths round the sides, and a lower deck similarly furnished. Part of the first deck was arranged with cabins, each containing four berths. These were allotted—as far as could be—to families and women and children. Besides these cabins, there were tiers of berths on galvanised iron supports, and divided into compartments by canvas "walls," each set consisting of thirty-two "bunks." The deck space below was utilised in much the same way, and here most of the foreigners were berthed. They slept and fed by themselves, and were not suffered to sit at table among the third-class aristocrats of the "state" rooms, though this principle could not be carried out in its entirety by the berthing master.

We sighted St. John on the early morning of the eleventh day out of Liverpool. On the last four days

we had heavy seas and severe cold. The inevitable discomforts of the voyage were borne with patient courage. The cheerful endurance of the English poor is amazing. These townsmen and townswomen, most of whom were making the first sea-voyage of their lives, adapted themselves to their new and crowded environment with singular ease. There were acute discomforts of course, the chief arising from the limited deck space and the over-crowded tables. But if the accommodation was limited and rough, the fare was abundant and tolerably good. The only justifiable dissatisfaction was caused by the tea—a vile decoction quite unrecognisable for what it purported to be, and tasting as though it had been brewed in vessels used for boiling soup. The conditions of life in the steerage will be immensely improved when the manners of the people become less uncouth. There was much sea-sickness. The rats were something of a nuisance to the nervous. But on the whole, all except persistent invalids or women with ailing or unmanageable children, seemed to enjoy the voyage.

It is certain that the steerage passengers looked far better at the close of the journey than at the beginning. The sea air and generous diet had vastly improved them. Several told me that they were putting on flesh. The fact was obvious to a close observer. Many had never lived so well in their lives. Nearly all left the ship in vigorous health, and were fit enough to find the icy air of the Bay of Fundy exhilarating.

No man travelling alone, whether he is accustomed to the sea or not, need hesitate to travel third. He will get plenty to eat. Provided that he is warmly clad he

can live on the open deck, except when the seas wash over the bows. The fresh air will compensate him for the sometimes noisome overcrowding down below. But for women and children whose standard of comfort is above that of life in one or two rooms in a tenement house, a steerage passage involves hardships that should be avoided. Still, these are such as can be borne by any woman of ordinary resolution. There were two or three of this stamp aboard—girls, travelling alone, who were going out to look for situations in domestic service.

They were none the worse for the rough life and rough company. But shipowners can afford to give better value for steerage-passage money than some of them now do. Railway companies have found it greatly to their advantage to improve the third-class accommodation, and shipping companies in the trans-Atlantic trade may well adopt a more liberal policy, not necessarily in diet, but in cleanliness, service, sanitary appointments, organisation of the steerage staff, and more efficient supervision. The old boats in the trade should be avoided. The newer craft are far in advance of the old in all that contributes to the well-being of the poorer traveller.

The emigrants themselves were a typical lot. Hundreds of such shiploads leave our shores yearly. It may help to convey an idea of the class and character of the people who are building up the population of the New Nation of Canada if a few passages of description are interwoven into this chapter. There were about a hundred foreigners amongst us, the majority of them Norwegians. I detected only five Jews. Two of them were women, from Poland. Another Jew was a youth

who had escaped from military service in Russia, and the remaining two were East London Jews a generation removed from the alien "greener" stage; very aggressive and objectionable specimens of humanity they were—noisy, foul-tongued "hoodlumites" of whom London was well rid. The deserter was an intelligent man, who defended his escape with much force. Russia was not his Fatherland. He was a Jew. He had no ill-will towards the Japanese. Why should he, a Jew, fight the Japanese because the Christians of Russia had got into a quarrel with them? What had Christian Russia done for him and his like? Thus ran the argument.

The Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes were as strong and wholesome a collection of men and women as could be got together from one end of Europe to the other. They were nearly all of the peasant class. Many of them were fisher folk. Every one of them—women as well as men—were broad-shouldered, broad-hipped, well set-up. The majority were under thirty. They bore the impress of vigorous health, and their children were the sturdiest little rascals aboard. They knew no English, and their own languages were as a sealed book to me; but from one of the Norwegian women who had picked up a little English from the sailors of the seaport from which she had come, I gathered, with the aid of a map, that most of them were looking to the fishing industries of the Canadian lakes as a means of support. The Danes, for the most part, were going as farm labourers for other Danish settlers. So were the Swedes.

Altogether, they were a set of people likely to be

a valuable acquisition to the sparsely-peopled parts of Canada. What impressed me strongly about them, apart from their fine physique and the cheeriness with which, by song and dance, they bore the unavoidable discomforts of the voyage, was the durability and serviceability of their clothing. The men were in leather top-boots, turned up at the toes—snow and water proof boots, made, I should judge, in their own villages, the leather of the best and well tanned, and the stitching done throughout by hand. The suits of the men were of stout cloth, thick and warm, but light. You can feel no cloth like it in any London tailor's I know. The cloth or sheepskin overcoats were wind-proof and rain-proof. Finer protection against a rigorous climate could not have been devised. Most of the outfits were new, or almost so. All the men wore sheepskin or woollen caps, doubled half way up so that they could be turned down over the ears.

The women were—to the outward view—equally well-dressed. Their shortened skirts were of stout cloth, something like the warm "linseys" that used to be worn in the villages of England in the 'sixties and 'seventies, bodices of equal warmth, thick cloth jackets, and home-made woollen shawls. Neither in point of clothing nor in cleanliness—and certainly not in point of size and physical vigour—were the Englishwomen the equal of the Scandinavians. The reason may be that the latter were village folk, and the Englishwomen, for the most part, were from the mean streets of the towns.

As for our own people, the men were a fair average lot. Few of us were over forty. Several were ex-

army men. There was a percentage of "hoodlums" —not more than a score perhaps. The rest, with one or two exceptions, were men of the industrial classes, accustomed to physical labour. But town men predominated.

A serviceable battalion of infantry could easily have been got together. But there were many, who, in comparison with the sturdy Scandinavians, looked shrunken, ill-clad, deficient in physical strength, weedy, and lacking manliness of bearing. Notwithstanding that there were men as hardy as any to be found outside the great cities of England, it was not the flower of English manhood which was going to Canada—this trip. The explanation doubtless is that many had undergone a spell of severe privation. They had been insufficiently fed, probably for several weeks; they were inadequately clothed even for an English winter, much less for a climate of almost Arctic fierceness, such as that of Canada.

As for the women, they were, with a few exceptions, a poor lot—poor in physique, ill-clothed, more or less incapable in the management of their children, sharp-tongued, querulous, and fearful. A few of the younger ones were in cheap coloured finery, with hats and blouses and ribbons that might have done duty in England on a fine day in September, but were useless for an Atlantic voyage in mid-winter. One could not but feel sorry for these unfortunate creatures; but is there sufficient reason why the working women of England should not be sensibly and properly clad in winter? Is not the use of the scissors and the needle taught in our schools? Cloth and wool are

cheap. Cannot the modern young woman cut out and sew and knit? If not, what is the use of our system of elementary education?

Not all the women, of course, were badly clad, and not all the children. As an example of motherly competence and care I will cite the case of a middle-aged woman, the wife of a Jersey ex-seaman, who was travelling with her husband and four boys, ranging in ages from five to thirteen. His wages ashore had not averaged £1 a week; yet she and her husband and little sons were abundantly and neatly clad, and had, indeed, reserve stores of winter clothing. She was a woman of the old school, and her sons were little gentlemen in behaviour as in appearance. She and her husband were going to Canada partly because they were wearied with the struggle for a bare subsistence in England, but chiefly in order that their children might have a better chance in life than they could get in the old country. This is the sort of emigrant family the Dominion needs—and the kind England can ill afford to lose.

There were instances of superb courage amongst us. One man was taking out his wife and twelve children, the youngest a baby under two, and the eldest a girl of eighteen. He had been a soldier, and had fought in Egypt and India. His pension was 1s. 3d. a day. Since leaving the army he had earned a living as a timekeeper in Yorkshire. But the firm went into liquidation, and since then the luck had been against him in getting permanent employment. Having had no work for seventeen weeks, he had exhausted his savings. Seeing no prospects of wages in England, and his pension

being insufficient to keep his family alive, he had sold up his home and was landing in Canada with £3 cash—and a family of twelve, of whom only two would be able to support themselves! He had a letter of introduction, but no work to go to. He showed me his discharge and testimonials. He was a splendid fellow, of fine moral courage.

Another man was taking out a family of ten children, another of seven, another of six, another of five; and each of these men had been out of work for many weeks. They were *bonâ-fide* working men—men of self-evident character, who were leaving England for the sole reason that their native land did not yield them work outside the prison or the poorhouse.

Several had left their wives and families behind them in England, having got the passage money somehow. Of the single men, the majority had left the country solely because they had fallen out of work and could not get other employment.

One typical case was that of a bricklayer—a young Trade Unionist, earning, when he could get it, 10½d. an hour in London. He told me there were 8000 bricklayers on the out-of-work books of his society. Year in and year out his wages averaged, he said, about 28s. per week. He had earned nothing for six weeks, and had "chucked it" in disgust at the poor prospect his trade offered him in London. He was an intelligent and well-educated man, who had studied the higher mysteries of his calling at the Polytechnic. But I might cite case after case. The burden of all would be the lack of work in England, the difficulties of earning a subsistence there. That

was the main factor in filling the steerage of the vessel.

Among the passengers was a party of Salvationists, in charge of "Colonel" Taylor, of the Emigration Department of the "Army." "Col." Taylor is a gentleman who combines practical sagacity in the management of emigration parties with extensive knowledge of the Dominion. It was evident that he had been at the pains to select only that type of man or family such as Canada desires. Some were members of the Salvation Army, others belonged to the Church of England, or to no church. They all came from West Ham and neighbouring East-end districts, and were all indisputable members of the working class—not loafers, not rescued particles of the "submerged" mass. The money for emigrating these families was provided, in whole or in part, by the fund so opportunely started at Christmas time (1904) by the *Daily Telegraph*. These people were very poor. I went into the particulars of their cases minutely, chiefly for the purpose of satisfying myself whether the men were workless from no fault of their own ; for it would be fatal to any emigration policy that may hereafter be formulated if the money of the charitable were spent in exporting ex-criminals and similar degenerates, whether through the agency of the Salvation Army or any other body. It is gratifying to be able to say positively that the men—some of them mechanics, most of them "labourers" of one kind and another—were honest and respectable workers, whose only misfortune was want of employment. Everyone was favourably impressed by the Salvationists. Except when they were playing cornets and singing doggerel hymns, they were

quiet and unobtrusive. They were helpful to others; they bore the discomforts of the voyage with cheerfulness; they were considerate towards their womenfolk and affectionate towards their children. They did not drink, nor did they smoke. Abstinence from alcohol and tobacco are cardinal rules of the Army. Observance of them gives the Salvationist a great advantage over the average English immigrant, for it is only by severe and continuous self-denial in matters of personal indulgence that a man without capital in Canada can raise himself above the level of the casual or seasonal labourer at a bare subsistence wage. The immigrants aboard were wisely disciplined in this respect. The management of the canteen was unexceptionable. The bar was not opened at all until we had been two days at sea, and thereafter it was opened twice or thrice a day for about a quarter of an hour. There was only one steward in attendance, and he worked with dignified leisure. It was almost impossible to get a drink unless one took up one's stand in front of the arm-hole, behind which liquors were served, long before the barrier was withdrawn. Beer was sixpence a mug; spirits sixpence a "tot." The price was prohibitive, and the difficulty of getting served at all was almost insuperable. If beers and spirits had been cheap and easily obtainable, no doubt there would have been drunkenness on board. As things were managed, it was impossible for any man or woman either to get drunk or to waste money which would be needed on landing. No one, however, suffered from what, in effect, was compulsory abstinence from beer and spirits. Many of the passengers were much better for their enforced

sobriety, and though they grumbled, there were wives not a few who rejoiced.

The reader will have been able to judge from the foregoing paragraphs what sort of people England is now losing to Canada—at present at the rate of about 80,000 per annum. Is it to England's advantage that she should be rid of them? That is a large question, which will be variously answered according to individual views of the defectiveness and remediability of the social organism which casts them out. Is it to the advantage of the immigrants themselves that economic forces should have extruded them from the land of their birth? That is a subject on which later chapters may afford some light. Is it to the advantage of Canada that they should come? Of that there can be no doubt whatever, for in that country no able-bodied man can live by begging or sponging, or on public charity. He must work, or starve, or join the host of hoboes or tramps across the United States border. No tramp can subsist in Canada the year round. He would freeze to death. That is one of the compensating advantages of being nearest neighbour to the Polar regions. And since a man must work he must also consume. In search of a livelihood he must go from place to place, and as towns and farming regions lie hundreds of miles apart, his presence means business for the railway companies. He must eat of the produce of Canada. He must wear Canadian clothes—and as many of them in winter as would suffice to stock a small clothing shop in a back street in an English town. The Protectionists will see to it that he does not wear low-priced English or foreign clothing, and also, thanks to their political "pull," that

he pays an exorbitant price for locally made articles, and is thus forced to work harder and earn more, somehow or other, than he would otherwise have to do. Every immigrant is therefore a valuable asset to the new and rising nation. The Canadian Government treat him in that spirit. At St. John, as at the summer ports on the St. Lawrence, they have provided a vast hall, properly steam-heated, and lighted by electricity, where the emigrants are housed for medical inspection and examination as to means, for the Dominion does not allow destitute people to land if they are likely to become a public charge. Full details as to every steerage passenger appear on the ship's papers—his or her name, occupation, destination, and so forth. These particulars are checked by the officials of the Dominion Immigration Department, and transmitted to the officials at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, or elsewhere, as the case may require. Immigrants can therefore be traced, and are, indeed, shepherded by the Department, until the community absorbs them into the social system.

The officials at the ports of entry are men of judgment and experience, with wide powers of discretion as to admittance or exclusion. Many of my fellow-passengers were almost penniless. None, however, was excluded on that account. The conclusion I drew was that the officials thought all of us had a reasonable chance of earning a living ; but I noticed that in the case of the foreigners they required the production of money or notes.

These formalities and the checking of luggage from the ship's hold occupied many hours. Nearly all the emigrants were going West, some as far as Toronto,

others to remote Winnipeg. It was after midnight before the "emigrant special" left the dock siding for a four days' run across the Continent. I did not go with it. An uncontrollable desire to get a bath, a change of raiment, and a well-served meal led me to abandon my fellow-emigrants as soon as I had satisfied the authorities that I was not a criminal, nor a sufferer from loathsome or infectious disease, and not likely to become a burden on the community. Hence I stayed in St. John, a picturesque and prosperous little city, thickly mantled in snow, and there endeavoured to discover what would befall an emigrant who had no means of getting West, and must find work on the spot or go hungry.

CHAPTER II

IN SEARCH OF WORK

St. John is an historic as well as a picturesque city. In its deep and spacious harbour Champlain and De Monts anchored their craft in the dawn of the seventeenth century and prepared the way for white settlement by entering into relations with the Mic-mac Indians. Here, thirty years later, Charles de la Tour built a fort by virtue of his grant of this portion of Acadia; and here he and his rival Charnisay fought and refought each other, the latter finally getting the upper hand in La Tour's absence, though only after a gallant resistance, directed by Madame de la Tour, whom he compelled to witness the hanging of the other survivors of the garrison. It is a tragic and romantic story, for Charnisay and Madame de la Tour died, and La Tour thereupon regained his domain by marrying his enemy's widow. Here also an expedition, sent out by Oliver Cromwell, effected an English occupation of Acadia. Thereafter the mouth of the St. John River often resounded with discharge of French and English cannon, and there were several miniature naval battles in the Bay of Fundy. The New Englanders established themselves here in 1762-1765, and being much troubled by American privateers, built Fort Howe, on a rocky eminence over-

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looking the harbour—the fort, by the way, where Cobbett did duty as an infantryman and where he fell in love with a little maid-of-all-work, whom he first saw scrubbing out a wash-tub in the snow, and sent to England with a hundred and fifty guineas on which to live in ease and comfort until he could return and marry her; which he did, and dwelt happily with her ever afterwards, for this treasure of a woman had maintained herself by domestic labour, and handed him his hundred and fifty guineas intact. The fortified settlement did not become a populous place until 1783, when ten thousand United Empire Loyalists, as a handsome monument in King Square reminds the traveller, landed at the market slip and thus preserved a large portion of North America for the British Crown. From St. John, until the age of steam, came the great pine-trees which provided the masts for the British Navy, and the early records of the place are full of quaint information of the intercourse between those whose business it was to furnish these masts and the Indians who scoured the hinterland forest for them, and sent them floating down the St. John River. For a man of a bookish turn St. John is a place to linger in, and it needed no small resolution to resist the attractions of its libraries and set about the prosaic business of discovering whether there was work to be had by an immigrant who remained in the city.

A brief investigation showed that there was very little. The few factories were slack and additional hands were not wanted. It was the depth of winter—the dullest period of the "off" season. The river was frozen several feet deep and no lumber would come down until

great ice blocks tumbled over the falls, which, by the way are "reversible," for while the drop from the river level at low tide is some fifteen feet, the tide of the Bay of Fundy raises the harbour waters twenty-five feet, and sometimes much more. At half tide the waters in the gorge are level; at full tide they pour over the rocks and surge *up* the river; when the tide is out they drop down into the harbour for many feet. These falls which go both ways are one of the wonders of the place. But to revert to the question of work. All that there was to be had was due to the heavy snow. No doubt a man would "drop into something" in time. Inquiries showed that there was at least one opening for a man of the clerical class; but that was accidental and did not indicate an unsatisfied demand for this kind of labour, which, as a general rule, is not wanted anywhere in Canada; and necessarily so, for in every city and settlement there are many people who bring up their sons to work in offices and the like. There is a strong tendency, as in all modern countries, towards the avoidance of manual labour as a means of livelihood. Clerks and shopmen should not therefore go to Canada unless they are willing to become labouring men—at least for a time, until they can find work such as they have been accustomed to perform. And they should be armed with a testimonial. For lack of such a document, which I had never needed in a profession where the quality of one's work is the sole passport to its publicity, I missed what would probably have been an easy method of demonstrating that an emigrant stranded in St. John would not go hungry. What I needed in order to get a living wage in "respect-

able" and "responsible" rather than manual employment, was something like this :—

"The bearer, ——— has been in my service as ——— for —— years. He is honest, sober, industrious, and can be depended upon."

In the absence of such a missive, I found that the only way to put to a practical test the opportunities which St. John afforded to a man in search of a subsistence, was to do what nearly every immigrant has to do in Canada—descend to the ranks of casual labour and put himself behind a shovel. A mechanic would not necessarily be in this predicament, especially if he had with him his card of membership of his trade union in England. He would join the local trade union and its members would do all they could to find him work at his trade, either there or elsewhere. A trade unionist who attaches himself to the Canadian labour organisations is in a preferential position. Only if there is not enough work to go round would he have to become a casual labourer; and then only until the season opened or times improved. But artisans who are not trade unionists in England and have no wish to join a union in Canada, or have not the means to do so, would soon find themselves compelled to work at anything they could get.

In St. John there was nothing to be had beyond casual shovel-work; and it was harder for me to get a chance of earning money at what there was than it would have been for an ordinary labourer. The very fact that I had not the good fortune to be this easily-recognisable type of man told against me. Presentable clothes, accent, forms of speech, and so forth, so far

from being an aid in securing work, laid me open to the suspicion, in the absence of any written "character," that here was one of the many "bad hats" who are dumped, or dump themselves, upon the Colonies. Believing this to be so—and not without good reason—I determined to see how it was possible for a man who really wanted work to earn his daily bread. So, sallying forth one morning in my oldest clothes, I made my way across the harbour to where I had noticed gangs of men engaged in clearing a goods railway track of snow. Now snow is a product which Canada yields in superabundance, and the clearing of it from footways and railway yards is a great national industry, in which winter emigrants who have no luck can earn a few dollars. I could have got work on the streets of St. John, no doubt, but I should have had to join the men's union (entrance fee, five dollars) or there would have been a strike. At the railway yard anybody, I was told, was taken on.

After following the shore-line of the Bay of Fundy for a couple of miles, and being sent up and down the track in search of the head foreman, I found that important person "right here," as he expressed it. Did he want a man? He didn't think so. There were plenty of men, and he indicated gangs up and down the track as far as the eye could see. I remarked that there was also plenty of ice and snow, and that there seemed to be room for another pick and shovel. With one eye on me and the other on several truck-loads of ashes and cinders, he said that was so; anyway, I wouldn't take up much room on the track. Ignoring the slight, I agreed with him and asked the wages. "A

dollar and a half a day," he replied. If I came back at one o'clock—it was then between nine and ten—he might find me a spare shovel. He gave me a shovel and placed me with a gang on the trucks of ashes and cinders—do they not call it "breeze"? This was not what I had bargained for. Breaking up ice with a pick, or shovelling snow, was one thing; unloading truck-loads of ashes another. Still, it was work. Was I not in employment, demonstrating in practice to labourers in England who had nothing to do and little to eat that if only they could get themselves transported to Canada they could earn 6s. 3d. a day—enough money in that country for a man to have meat twice a day?

Taking off my overcoat and hanging it on one of the uprights against which the boards forming the body of the truck were fastened, I put my back into the work, and shovelled away with a will. I had not been at work ten minutes before I found that I was putting out more stuff than my mate on the same truck. He growled audibly. I therefore kept time with him and filled my shovel no more heavily than he did his. Moreover, when the ganger's back was turned—a ganger walked up and down the track to see that no one was "miking"—the correct technical term, I believe—I imitated my fellow-worker by admiring the fine view of the Bay and the snowy rock masses of St. John. It was sound policy to do this, for the shovelling had to go on for four hours, and if I had worked at my starting rate I should have exhausted myself in one.

By the time, however, that I had removed the top layer from my end of the truck and made a fairly big

hole in the stuff, I realised that the ashes and cinders had been drawn red-hot from the locomotives, and had not cooled. Every shovelful that I shifted raised a cloud of fine white smoke. I now began to understand why the head foreman had found room for me, and why he had not given me a nice clean job with a pick on the ice by the metals and points. These Colonials always give a "green" hand the toughest job, just to see whether there is any grit in him ; and the head foreman had doubtless seen at a glance that I was as "green" as anything that ever grew. None the less it was work. Was I not proving that the British Empire was worth a dollar and a half a day to any labourer who could get to this part of it, whether he were a trained shoveller or a soft-handed man—I don't say "gentleman," for that conventional variety is unknown in Canada —with or without a "character?"

Fortified by this thought, and refreshed by an occasional glance at the beauties of the Bay of Fundy, I bent my back to the job with a will. But after a time, as the wind strengthened and the smoke from the ash and cinders increased, I began to get very hot about the feet, and to think with anxiety that, by the time I had earned my half-day's pay—three-quarters of a dollar—I should probably have spoiled my boots. But what were a pair of forty shilling boots in comparison with the great imperial principle on which my labours were founded? Sticking resolutely to my task in the blinding smoke I shovelled on.

Then with a yell, I dropped the shovel. The wind had blown some hot ash into my left eye. While I was dancing round the hole in the truck, my sound eye

revealed the fact that, on the side where I had hung my overcoat, the wind had fanned the hot cinders into flame, that the wood planking had caught alight, and that my one and only overcoat in that country was smouldering. Leaping off the truck, I got the overcoat down and piled shovelfuls of snow upon it. When I unburied it, one arm was gone and part of the front. It was a beautiful coat—cut in Savile Row, wool-lined, wind-proof, and warm as a fur or sheepskin.

The loss was irreparable. I forthwith "jumped my job"—a Canadian colloquialism which is easily intelligible. Indeed, there was nothing else to do, for my left eye seemed to contain as much hot ash as would lie on a sixpence. Telling the ganger that I was going to the office to draw my pay—a joke at which he smiled grimly—I hung the remains of the coat over my shoulders, and tramped through the snow over the hill, down to the harbour, and thence by ferry across to St. John. Clearly, I was no good as a shovelman in "breeze." I had not worked long enough to earn half a day's pay, yet had a bad eye and had burnt an overcoat which had originally cost me seven guineas.

Trivial as this record of a personal experience may seem, it proves that an immigrant, willing to turn his hand to anything at the first wage offered, need not starve. If in order to arrive at that fact so far as regards St. John in mid-winter, I had suffered monetary loss instead of earning wages, the fault was mine. The loss was due solely to want of intelligence—or inexperience—in dealing with locomotive ashes. Except for that circumstance, which would instinctively have been avoided by anyone who had been accustomed to manual labour,

the position was that I could have gone on with the shovelling work day by day and put a dollar and a half in my pocket every evening, until some easier or more remunerative work offered itself; and I could certainly have continued in absolute confidence that the snowfall, like seed-time and harvest, would not fail. Snow-storms recurred daily, and the heavier the fall the more work had to be done, for the yards had to be kept moderately clear, and gangs were frequently in request for work with the snow-ploughs; even these powerful machines, forced by heavy locomotives, were sometimes brought to a standstill far up the line. But St. John could not, of course, absorb an unlimited amount of immigrant labour. It was one thing for a few isolated immigrants like myself to get the work; but if a shipload had stayed at St. John, the great majority would have been compulsorily idle. It is a port of entry. Its capacity for utilising fresh arrivals is small, for, like all sea-ports, a large percentage of its permanent population lives by the daily wage of casual labour at the docks and in the railway yards. At the same time, there are no very poor people in the city. If there are, they are not to be seen in the streets. I searched in vain for a wretched-looking man, such as can be met by the score in London any day of the year, or a bedraggled, repulsive-looking woman. There were drink shops, of course, but it is bad form for even a labouring man to enter them. No woman ever goes into one of them—so at least I was told—and my own observation confirms this. All classes looked well-fed and warmly clothed, the women and children especially. There is, in fact, no poverty as we understand it in England. St. John is a city of

workers in varying stages of prosperity. You see neither the extremes of poverty nor of riches.

This, as I afterwards found, is characteristic of the entire province of New Brunswick. It is a Splendid Province to look upon—an adjective borrowed from Raleigh, but one which can be used without Elizabethan extravagance. The region is not quite so large as Ireland. It is a hilly, roughly undulating country, with the Atlantic on the south, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the east, but cut off from the River St. Lawrence by a strip of Quebec Province. On the west lies the State of Maine. It is covered with a network of rivers and lakes, the chief streams being the St. John, the Miramichi, and the Restigouche. The coast-line extends some five hundred miles, and is broken by good bays and inlets. St. John is one of the finest harbours in this region, and, as it is the only port north of Maine which is free from ice all the year round, it is destined to have a great future, as the policy of directing all Canadian produce over home territory and through Dominion ports is developed.

There are possibilities in St. John becoming one of the noblest and wealthiest seaports of the Empire. In summer it must, even now, be one of the most beautiful of our cities; and for splendour of situation and scenic attraction of its environs, it would be difficult to find its superior. Americans rather than Englishmen know its charm as a pleasure resort, and as the starting-point for some of the most delightful river scenery on the American continent, or, indeed, in Europe.

The capital of the province is Fredericton, eighty odd

miles up the stream. The river being frozen over, I travelled thither by rail, and thence also by train to Woodstock. Fredericton, which was visited by King Edward in the early 'sixties, is a pretty little place on the right bank of the St. John River, its streets planted with avenues of well-grown elms. It has a university, a cathedral, a military school, and Parliament buildings, but, commercially is, as yet, of little importance.

The country traversed by the railway is bold and picturesque, with ranges of forest-covered hills and wide, open valleys. Farms and small villages lie on either side of the track; beyond them are the woods of spruce and fir, cedar, birch, and maple—the great asset of New Brunswick, which, in its present stage of development, is a lumber and farming country.

The entire course of the St. John waterway is rich in historic traditions and stories of Indian warfare. As for the river, whose course I followed up to the confluence with the Madawaska, it is comparable in majesty and impressiveness with the Rhone or the Vistula. It is frozen in winter to a depth of three to four feet. For one day of snowfall there were five of clear, frosty weather, with seven or eight hours of brilliant sunshine and clear steel-blue skies; and the nights as beautiful as the days—the heavens cloudless, the moonlight tinting the snow with a hue for which I can find no fitting word.

Hard and cold as the winter climate is, it is none the less delightful and invigorating to be out of doors. One's ears smart and tingle, one's moustache becomes matted with icicles, one rubs one's nose in apprehension of a frost-bite, but, so long as one keeps on the move,

there is a strong sense of exhilaration. The inhabitants admit the severity and long duration of the winter in the maritime provinces—it lasts from mid-October until the end of April—but they are a hardy and healthy race, and many live to a great age. The population of New Brunswick is about three hundred and thirty thousand, nearly all whites, who are distributed along the banks of the rivers and the lines of railway. There is a prosperous little Danish colony on the Tobique River, a pretty region which comprises much rich and almost untouched farming land, as does the entire watershed of the St. John and its tributaries.

The majority of the people seem to be of Scotch descent. They support themselves by agriculture, the fisheries, and lumbering, and I was unable to find a poor man—as poverty is understood in England. The province could easily maintain ten times its present population. About two-thirds of the area are available for agriculture, but only about one-tenth is cleared and occupied.

Without wearying the reader with statistics, let it be said generally that in this province alone there is a great reserve of habitable territory which for the most part is unutilised for lack of men. The stream of immigration flows through New Brunswick; but some of the people borne by it are left behind, and I did not learn of any instance in which an Englishman had been unable to earn a subsistence. Everyone had but one story to tell —that the immigrant from the old country can find work and keep it if he so desires.

Land can be had for little or nothing—a hundred acres for, roughly, a five-pound note or for doing a

certain amount of road work for the Government. The title is, of course, subject to conditions, such as clearing and cultivating ten acres, building a habitable house (nearly all the dwellings in this province are of wood), and residing on the land continuously for three years. Or Government land may be bought at public auction.

With a little capital a man may become a landed proprietor on a large scale. With a five-pound note he can enter into possession of one hundred acres, and can get work on other farms or in the woods, and thus earn enough to keep himself going and save a little for developing his own estate. No doubt his lot would be a hard one for a few years. He would work early and late and have to be economical; but it seemed to be quite a common thing for a steady and industrious man to possess a modest competence by the time he is forty.

The farmers, many of whom began with nothing, as mere labouring men, seem to be a prosperous, if not an independent class. One hears of mortgages, but seldom of foreclosures. They can sell everything they raise, and the prices of farm produce are high. Even the labouring folk, though wages are lower than in the North-West, are more prosperous than their compeers in Europe. I should judge that their chief characteristic was an absence of anxiety as to their means of subsistence, present or prospective.

No man, they told me, need suffer want. If one employer is not to his liking, he can find another. To be out of work and to endure privation in consequence is a thing which is inconceivable to them.

They know of it only at second hand, when they read in their newspapers reports of distress in London.

These, then, are the general economic conditions which prevailed in New Brunswick.

CHAPTER III

LIFE IN A LUMBER CAMP

LUMBERING is the chief industry of the maritime provinces of Canada. Men live on their own farms in the summer and in the forests in the winter. A landless man can get work all the year round if he so desires; and in that case he need not be landless for many years. By the frugal use of his summer and winter wages it is quite possible to accumulate enough capital to take up land, build a house of his own, buy a team of horses, and a few implements, and become his own master. I had opportunities of studying this phase of Canadian life, for at Woodstock I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a member of a firm of lumber-men who have extensive timber-cutting grants in various parts of New Brunswick and Quebec.

He sent me on to Cabano, through the beautiful valley of the St. John, and put me in charge of one of his managers, who dropped me at a camp a score of miles away from civilisation, in the heart of the lake country across the Quebec border. It is worthy of remark that the founder of the firm [1] was a Scotch millwright, who emigrated in youth with or without the proverbial half-crown. No doubt he would have "got on" anywhere; but the chances are that if he had re-

[1] Messrs Donald Fraser & Sons.

mained at home he could have climbed no higher than a head foremanship. Here he had created an immense business and was a man of social as well as commercial importance. Nearly all the successful men in Canada are those who began life with little or nothing. For the young emigrant there could be no more encouraging fact.

We had a five-and-twenty mile sleigh drive. Our animal was a good one and the scenery was attractive, the forest-clad hills lofty enough to be impressive, though without being majestic. But the track was rough and we often had to throw ourselves to right or left and cling to the back of the seat to avoid being tilted into deep snow-drifts ; and the cold was intense. So bad was the going, that the journey could not be completed by dusk, and at a Canadian-French village overlooking Lake Temiscouta, we put up for the night in a sort of *loge à pied et cheval*, the host and his family speaking a French which would have puzzled a Parisian, and giving us rooms hung with pictures of the Christ and the Virgin, certificates of the *Première Communion*, prints of the *Acte de Contrition*, *Oraison pour quand l'horloge sonne*, and such like memorials of a religious folk. There were no English in this village. The priest was the head of an undivided little community ; the Roman Catholic Church the only edifice of its kind.

A few hours' drive the next morning took us across the frozen Temiscouta Lake and up and down forest-covered ridges to Lake Squattuack. Crossing this lake and climbing up a great hillside we turned into a snow-track through the forest and, after a circuitous drive, arrived at a broad clearing. The camp itself

was a long, low-roofed log cabin. I was shown within in order to "warm up," and found myself inside a great oblong room, with a huge iron stove in the middle and a pile of wood stacked behind it. The heat was fierce and the temperature high; but the change from the intense cold, after a long and toilsome drive, was not unwelcome. The floor was of logs, the rounded surface roughly hewn with an axe. The walls and roof, which sloped from the centre log at a sharp angle, were of unshaped logs, the interstices filled in with the foliage of spruce and fir, the weight of the timber making the crevices air-tight even in a strong wind.

Around two sides of the cabin was a double tier of sleeping berths, the pillows lying against the walls. There was accommodation for about fifty men, the beds being formed of young spruce branches or rough hay and lengths of coarse, heavy blanketing. Light was furnished by a cutting in the logs, which had been filled in with glass, and against this was a heavy log table, strewn with month-old newspapers.

Round the sleeping berths and table, logs were fitted for seating purposes, and there were rough movable seats about the stove—a closed cylindrical stove burning split logs of from two to three feet in length. In one corner of the cabin was a wooden trough and basins for washing, a large water-barrel, and a wooden tub, with a tin mug, containing drinking water. In the centre of the cabin, over the stove, were lines of rails dependent from the roof, and these were hung with shirts, boots, moccasins, woollen mittens, and every imaginable article of clothing. As the light faded two oil lamps were brought in, and simultaneously the tinkling of sleigh

bells announced the arrival of the teams which had been drawing the logs.

Presently men streamed into the cabin—bearded, rough-haired men, more or less covered with snow, their beards frozen and their moccasins stiff with ice. They crowded round the stove to thaw themselves, and began removing their heavy leather and oilskin jackets and thick jerseys, taking off their moccasins, and otherwise preparing themselves for supper, washing and tidying themselves with the aid of a piece of broken mirror glass and a comb common to all.

Then they started pipes and awaited the call for supper, which was served in a large separate cabin, where the cook and his assistant held sway. A further log hut served as a stable for twelve horses. After supper, which consisted of boiled beans, dried codfish mixed with potatoes, wet toast—toast steeped in hot sugar and water—doughnuts, bread and salt butter, with tea and condensed milk, we returned to the cabin and smoked and talked till about nine, when the men "turned in"—a simple process, which meant no more than taking boots off and slipping braces from the shoulders.

At half-past five the cook's assistant roused us all by a "Get up"—the first word on F, and the second on C, prolonged until his breath gave out; and long practice had enabled him to lengthen the call almost interminably. The teamsters went into the stables to get out the horses, and the rest of us into the cook's quarters for breakfast.

By the time the stars had dimmed and daylight was stealing over the forest we were dispersed in the woods.

The foreman amused me—and himself—by setting me to work with him in traversing the sled paths and patching

up the broken places—a simple but important task. When we came to a place where the "shoe" of the sled had cut deeply, he broke up the ice from the opposite side with an axe while I shovelled it into the cut. The next log-laden sled that came along would crush the ice *débris* into a solid mass. Trivial as the work was, the consequences of omitting it would be a blocked road and great difficulty in getting the team through without unloading the sled. Half-an-hour's labour on a bad spot on the road meant the avoidance of extra toil for men and horses and long delays. It was excellent work to keep one warm, and was exactly what would be given to a newly-arrived immigrant ignorant of the woodman's art. It is no mean art in the Canadian forests.

In the Spring, when the snow has fallen from the trees, but still lies on the ground, an experienced man will be sent "cruising," or prospecting; and he will generally be a man in permanent employment, at a salary of from three to four hundred pounds a year. He will select which area of the virgin forest can be cut with most profit to his employers. In the Fall he will come again, locate a site for the camp, and set men to work cutting roads from the point of the lake shore or river bank to which the logs are to be brought. The labour is enlisted in mid-October, and felling proceeds apace until mid-February, or later, according to the depth of snow. When the snow becomes too deep, as it usually does about this time of the year, work with the axe ceases, and haulage to the landing-place commences.

A first-class axeman will cut eighty logs of various sizes in a day; but the timber is not great. One seldom

sees a log more than three feet in diameter—a mere stick in comparison with the greenheart giants which I have known in the timber grants of tropical South America, where trees abound of a girth and height which would be scarcely credible to a European who has not wandered in lands where Nature runs riot. In Canada an axeman would get from twenty to thirty dollars a month and his board, according to whether the lumber market in England is up or down. And this seemed to be the price of other kinds of experienced labour—hauling, "driving," and so forth. As the timber is felled it is sawn into lengths—twelve, fourteen, or sixteen feet, as may be required—and is stacked alongside the haulage roads. These roads, which are only wide enough for a single sled to pass, are kept in condition for the sleds by water being thrown on each side, holes being cut in the frozen brooks, and water being conveyed in horse-drawn wooden tanks with a hole plugged with a stick at each side of the rear end. The water freezes as it falls, and the ice and snow make a good surface for the "shoes" of the sled, while the horses find a sure foothold in the hard snow in the centre of the track.

It was at this stage of the operations that I came upon the scene, and the work consisted of keeping the haulage tracks in good condition, breaking the ice holes in the brooks, running the water-cart over the road, loading the sleds, driving them to the shore of the lake, and there stacking the logs in great piles in readiness for the time when the ice would break up, and they could be rolled into the lake, fastened into "booms" or log islands, and towed down the lake into the river until they reached

the saw-mills—in this case a water journey of fifty or sixty miles.

The haulage work is done partly by teams owned by the lumber merchant and partly by farmers' teams. Thus, a farmer with a pair of horses, instead of sitting by his stove through the winter, will hire himself and his team to a lumber merchant for from thirty-five to fifty dollars a month, and go into the woods, being boarded in camp, and his horses fed, and coming out again in the spring with a good round sum in his pocket.

The handling of the logs calls for much physical strength, skill, and agility. Each man has a "cant dog," or log wrench, a stout spruce pole, about five feet in length, fitted at the end with a steel shaft ending in a point; and on the side of this is a pointed hook, which works on a hinge and grasps a log, embracing part of its circumference, so that a man can turn the log away from him or towards him by a twist of the handle, thus reversing the hook.

Two slight logs from the stack to the sled form the means of communication, and up or down these supports two men with cant dogs will roll the heaviest and most awkwardly shaped logs with astonishing rapidity. It is hard and exhausting work, and the man on the sled who grapples the log and twists it into position among the others has to be nimble if he would avoid a smashed leg or foot. Steel chains are fastened round the load, which may consist of from thirty to forty logs, and weigh from four to five tons, and then the teamster starts for the landing-place, down the hillside to the lake shore.

The track is cut through the forest with an eye to safety, but there are steep declivities and sharp curves

down which the sleds glide over the ground at a great pace. Teamsters and horses enjoy these bad places, but to a novice it seems sometimes that, if a horse should fall, sled and riders and logs would be shot a mile ahead, over the intervening tree-tops, on to the frozen lake beneath. Fortunately the horses do not fall; but the driving of the teamsters would excite the admiration of a London carman who finds himself coming down Highgate Hill with a heavy load and a useless skid.

The lumber-man, or lumber-Jack, is a fine fellow. There were about thirty men in the camp at Lake Squattuack, a third of whom were French-Canadians, who spoke no English. The inhabitants of French descent cling tenaciously to their own tongue. All were as fine a set of men, physically, as one could wish to see; and courteous and kindly, both to each other and to a stranger. Indeed their standard of manners and of speech was higher than that of men of the labouring classes of England, or, if that is too sweeping a generalisation, of my fellow-passengers on the steamer. I was in the woods and in camp with them for the better part of a week, and scarcely heard an oath of deeper quality than a damn.

The arrival of a stranger with, presumably, some little knowledge of the world's latest affairs, was not unwelcome to men who had been out of touch with civilisation for four months, and I had many conversations with them. With one exception—that of a quick-witted Bristol man—they were all Canadian born; and if they were a fair average sample of the native population, I should judge that Canada is breeding a race of men of a ane mental and moral, as well as sound physical stock.

Will it be believed that "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," are common forms of speech among them? A man there is sir to his fellow-labourers—not a "bloke," a "cove," or such like vulgarism. The men respect themselves and each other. They work willingly; the foremen have no need to drive them—would not, apparently, be able to do so if they wished. They work and live together like brothers, and in camp I was in the company of gentlemen. Their very speech was that of educated men, pointed, reasonably exact, and free from obscenities and senseless excrescences. Not only did it show a fair knowledge of the world's affairs—it was wondrously rich in woodland lore and in the bird and animal life of hillside, lake, and river—but it also revealed a capacity for independent thought, a sure grip of an idea, insight, and the qualities which are usually associated with highly-trained minds.

Perhaps, during these long Canadian winters, men reflect more than in temperate lands. Not unfrequently a deeper note was suggested. A low moral level was never touched. Indeed, take them all round, they were men of a superior stamp. What is the explanation? In the French Canadians it may be sought in their devotion to their Church; in the men of Scotch descent—of whom there were several—in that ingrained piety and belief in moral excellence, which, in the eighteenth century at anyrate, when much emigration from Scotland took place, was the distinguishing feature of the Scotch character. In all of them a key to the phenomenon is, doubtless, to be found in the fact that men there lead a free life. They are not crushed by sordid cares or debased by

an environment of poverty in vast cities. They live in natural conditions, amid fine scenery, on farms, in woodlands, among great lakes and broad rivers. Should not such circumstances result in a better type of human being than that which is born and bred, and lives from hand to mouth in—for example—the noisome region—watered by the unsavoury Grand Junction Canal—from Shoreditch to the Thames?

An absolute sobriety was also one of their characteristics. They had been in camp since mid-October, had not tasted whisky and would not see any until they went out of the woods in April. They did their work on tea, which was to be had at all hours. Imagine thirty British working men, accustomed to a public-house at every street corner, living in a forest for six months without a break, and with never a can of beer to be had! Not 10 per cent. of our English working classes would stand the strain. Like the navvies who were sent out to South Africa on railway construction after the War, they would throw up the job because the beer-seller had not followed them into the wilds. Therein lies a fundamental difference between the English and Canadian labourer.

What chance has the ordinary immigrant in the lumbering industry of New Brunswick and Quebec? There is at times a scarcity of labour. But lumbering is an art which requires to be learned. Anyone can shovel ice into a deep rut in a haulage track; a "green" hand like myself could earn a subsistence at that, free board, and twenty dollars (£4, 3s. 4d.) a month. Even a newcomer, ignorant of the woodman's art, can win his bread at lumbering in New Brunswick and

Quebec should he find himself stranded in those provinces.

But felling and the handling of logs requires practice. To use an axe efficiently calls for skill and knack. The life, I should judge, is a hard one. The work begins when the stars pale in their light, and ends only when they again illumine the skies. It is continued, however heavily and persistently the snow may fall, and whatever may be the lowness of the temperature and the keenness of the wind; for not all the days are glorified by the sun. When the sun is shining the lofty forest hills and lake-gemmed valleys are scenes of matchless beauty—an almost silent fairyland of white and gold, the stillness broken but infrequently by the cry of the moose-bird, or of the blue-jay, and the short, sharp song of the white-throated chickadee. But when snow falls it comes so thickly that the hill ranges are blotted out, while ever and anon a furious cutting wind tears through the forest, bringing down masses of snow from the tree-tops. The lumber-man works on in all weathers. No matter how far the temperature may fall below zero, darkness alone brings cessation of toil. But the men are healthy and "as hard as nails." The immigrant who is accustomed to manual labour, or is young enough or willing enough to adapt himself to it, would find the work and the life tolerable, if not enjoyable. He would be labouring for something more than a mere wage. At the end of a season's toil in the woods he should have at least £20 in his pocket, for in the forest his only possible expenditure would be on jerseys, moccasins, socks, and tobacco; and with £20 a man is something of a capitalist. In England all he can do with it is to put it in the post-office

at 2½ per cent.; but in New Brunswick it will get him one hundred acres, and leave him with £15 with which to build a log house. By working in the summer, partly for himself and partly for other farmers, he can keep himself going in fair comfort; and another winter in the woods should enable him to devote the whole of the following season to the clearing of his own land. Thus, in a few years he would lay the foundations of independence, as nearly all the men in the Squattuack camp had done, for each of them, in one part of New Brunswick or another, had a farm of his own, with wife and children, who kept the cattle fed in his absence. Of course, a man who can take capital with him has a great advantage; he can buy the best land, with the easiest accessibility to the railway, or a farm which is already cleared and stocked; but, as I have said before, many of the most successful farmers in the maritime provinces are men who began without capital, took up land, and by labour in the woods, winter by winter, earned the money for the development of their properties. And what one man can do another may do. Even if an immigrant does not take up land he can live—provided that he will work hard and keep away from the drink, for in these provinces it is only the drinking man who remains a landless man.

CHAPTER IV

SOME CITY IMPRESSIONS

To plunge from the almost idyllic life of the maritime woodlands into the great cities of Canada is to receive a disagreeable shock. For the moneyless immigrant, who probably knows a good deal of city life elsewhere, the experience may be useful but is by no means necessary. He will do well to remain in the country or, if an urban existence is essential for his well-being—as it is to men of a certain order of temperament—in one of the smaller towns where he has a chance of growing in prosperity with the automatic extension of the place. In the larger centres he is in danger of becoming enmeshed in an environment even more uncomfortable than that from which he escaped when he left Liverpool. If he is merely a labourer he will find the market overcrowded with men like himself and will be able to earn only a hand-to-mouth existence, on wages which, particularly if he have a wife and family, will with difficulty yield a margin for travelling elsewhere; and in Canada the distances are enormous and the cost of railway journeys great. An artisan with employment to go to and the good offices of a trade union to fall back upon if local work fails, would not be in so sorry a plight. He would

be able to earn enough to keep him in reasonable comfort and, if he were an extremely frugal man, to save enough to strike out for himself either there or in one of the newer towns where competition is less severe. But for the man who has only his physical strength to sell, the probability is that he would be little better off, if better off at all, than in England. Wages are no higher in many callings, while the cost of living is greater and the climate much harder. In Montreal, for example, the wage of unskilled labour when I was there was twelve cents an hour; and sixpence an hour in Montreal in winter time, where shelter, fuel, food and clothing are dearer than in English cities, is not a wage upon which a man can do more than barely maintain himself, far less a wife and family, unless, of course, he is content to live as the "Dagos" or Italians, who were brought into the city for the purpose of depressing the wages level. It may be true that work at this rate may be less spasmodic and uncertain than in winter time in the region of the London Docks; but the hardest of hard weather here seldom lasts more than a few days, while in Montreal the snow lies for months, and low temperatures, such as are unknown in England, are continuous from mid-October until the spring. It is this fact which makes sixpence an hour worth less to the unskilled man in Montreal than the like sum would be to him in London. He has to eat more food, burn more fuel, wear more clothes—and to pay far more heavily for these necessities than he would have to do in the cities of the old country. The same thing applies to the wage-earner of any kind. His monetary reward may seem to be higher than that which he has been able to

earn in England; the prospects of regular work may seem to be better, but he must not expect to get so much comfort out of life, for if he spent every cent he earned in shelter, warmth, food and clothing, he could do no more than palliate the miseries of urban existence under almost Arctic conditions.

Notwithstanding the climate and the fact that the St. Lawrence is unnavigable except in the summer months, Montreal is destined to be one of the great cities of North America. The splendour of its situation, the number of its factories, the volume of its commerce, the activity of its streets, the ambition and energy of its inhabitants, are factors which make that a safe forecast. But it may also be a reasonably sure prediction to say that, despite its famous university, its noble cathedral, its many stately churches, its wealth, and its historic interest, it will reproduce the evils associated with great cities in every age. Here, in fact, is another London, or Liverpool, or Glasgow in process of growth; and though one does not see the extremes of wealth and poverty which obtrude upon the attention in those centres, one cannot fail to note unmistakable signs of a duplication of old-world conditions.

There are a West-end and an East-end there already. In one you find the homes of reputed millionaires; in the other, mean tenement houses of the labouring class; in the West the mansions and club-houses of the successful, in the East a labouring horde and the nucleus of a foreign Jewry, which is yearly becoming more congested and extending its boundaries. There is a housing question, a drink question, and a social evil question. Canada, of course, has so vast a domain that urban

diseases may never become so acute as they are in countries of narrow limits like our own. But that is a qualifying consideration which, though it may affect, does not destroy the main point. The strongest and most energetic of the English immigrants would, doubtless, be able to create opportunities for becoming rich. But the average immigrant, ambitious only for a livelihood and having nothing to sell but his bodily labour, aided by commonplace intelligence, could scarcely expect to be anything more than a labourer. His children would probably be labourers after him. He and his offspring would but add to the proletariat—to the great mass of urban wage-earners; and to do that does not seem to be worth the doing by English immigrants in the present stage of Canadian development; for the labouring man can, by settling on the land instead of in the towns, so spend his strength as to become his own master, and be, on a small scale, one of the landed proprietors of the Dominion. The prospects are more alluring than bread-and-cheese wage-earning in cities. But it should always be remembered that, to the ambitious, the able and the exceptionally energetic men, cities offer possibilities broader and richer than farming, even on a large scale. These possibilities are, in fact, to be measured only by the number of the urban population and the magnitude of its commercial interests. And the tendency of great cities is to become ever greater. Men of the type here suggested to the mind find adequate scope for their powers only where their fellow-men congregate in many hundreds of thousands. The immigrant class contains, however, very few of this stamp. Such as there are, would have no difficulty

in getting a foothold on the lowest rung of the ladder, where all newcomers to Canada have to begin. Once there they may climb as high as they will, by sheer superiority of equipment in qualities that go towards the acquisition of wealth. I ascertained for myself that this start could be made by obtaining, through the agency of the Immigration Office at Montreal, an offer of manual work at twelve cents an hour. Few English immigrants who had once appreciated the cost of living in the city would care to hold themselves so cheap as that. Nothing but dire necessity would compel them to accept a wage which would enable them to live on no higher level than that which contents a "Dago." But the offer was, after all, tangible proof that no willing man need remain idle—that even a "greenhorn," who had never earned his bread by physical labour, could get work forthwith through the Immigration Office, and thus keep body and soul together until promotion came; and promotion comes quickly in Canada to the man with brains and some education as well as bodily strength. If a man did not like the work and the pay it would be his own fault if he went hungry while the Immigration Department was helping him to find something more consonant with his wishes and with his own ideas of his value.

And here let me say that the educated man who comes as a moneyless emigrant — that is, educated as is understood among the middle and upper classes in England—is not of so much marketable value to the community as an able-bodied labourer. A man who has never done mental toil more severe than may be involved in the proper loading of a brick cart, will get a

living, while a scholar will starve—unless he drops his scholarship and places his muscles rather than his brains on the market. Montreal is the seat of the famous M'Gill University. The existence of that place of learning should alone show that Canada does not want educated men unless they have means. She breeds her own. Still less does she want gentlemen—in the conventional social sense of the word, though she will put up with them if they will be content to begin life anew as labourers. Nor does she want clerks, commercial travellers, shopmen, and such like soft-handed people. This does not mean that an active and clever man would not sooner or later "fall on his feet," for I came across cases in which this had been done; but it does mean that, as a general rule, such a man, if he stayed in Montreal and had no remittances, would probably have to take off his coat and shovel snow or "wrastle" with baggage, or do such like honourable, though distasteful, helotry. He had better be using his bodily strength on someone else's farm, and thus fitting himself for taking up land of his own.

Montreal is a magnet for the cheap labour of Canada. Italians, and Russian and Austrian Jews, swarm there. The artificers among them are quickly absorbed in the industries of the city. While I was there batches of Russian Jews arrived *via* New York. They were consigned to the Hirsch Institute and the authorities of that place gave me documentary evidence that employment had been obtained for them. Further shiploads were expected. The Institute is under a heavy bond to the Dominion Government that none of its people shall become a

public charge, and I was informed that in no case had the head-money been claimed. Some of the people are put on the land, at the Hirsch Settlements in the Qu' Appelle Valley, in Saskatchewan province; but not more than 25 per cent. of these remain on the soil. The rest drift into the cities to trade, or into factory employment. Now the Russian and Austrian Jew artificers and factory hands are the least skilled of any to be found in Europe. The fact that Montreal is making use of them in ever-increasing numbers may be taken to prove that if they can get a living, of a sort, their technically superior English competitors can also do so —and of a better sort. But it also suggests that the labour market will further deteriorate and will become congested. Is it worth the Englishman's while to enter into competition with the Jew so long as there is vacant land to be had in Canada for a few dollars, residence upon it, and some cultivation of it? I suggest that it is better policy for the English emigrant to let the Jew, or whoever else may come, contribute to the proletariat of Montreal and such like manufacturing cities. In the present disorganised condition of human society it seems to be regarded as a necessity for manufacturing industries to have great reserves of cheap and partially employed "hands." These reserves the Continental Jew is now providing in Montreal. The English immigrant can do better for himself by keeping out of the whirlpool of poverty which such reserves create, and taking his chance on the land. Otherwise, he had better stay in England, where he will not—at least not yet—be exploited by a rapacious Protectionist party, and where labour is sufficiently well organised to exact adequate protective

legislation and fair treatment in the matter of wages and hours.

This Jewish question is sorely exercising the Canadian mind—or at least the mind of the Canadian wage-earners, who naturally see in the influx, which is fostered by the capitalist class, a potent instrument for the lowering of wages rates. They say the foreign Jew is no good to Canada. In one respect, however, he discharges a useful purpose. He goes by the thousand into the ready-made clothing trade. There are streets in Montreal where the Jew tailor lives side by side with the Chinese laundry man; and every time a bearded Russian Jew comes out of a house staggering under a load of garments, you know that the effect of his work and presence is to diminish the complaint of the emigrant that clothing is outrageously dear. Should the inrush continue, and should the political power of the Protectionist manufacturers be broken, the grievance would disappear, though new evils would arise.

From Montreal I proceeded to Toronto—a fine city to whose growth no limits can be set—and thence through the manufacturing and fruit-growing region to Niagara.

It may be sufficient to deter the least desirable class of emigrant from going to Toronto, if it be put on record that it is impossible to obtain a glass of beer, or any other alcoholic liquor, from seven o'clock on Saturday evening until six o'clock on Monday morning. The saloons and bars are closed by law; and with that drastic restriction the population of Toronto, excluding the newly-arrived immigrants, seem to be in cordial agreement.

"They call this the land of liberty," snarled a disgusted immigrant whom I had the misfortune to find in the same rat-infested hotel as myself, and whose bibulous habits would have justified his immediate deportation by the Dominion Government. "Where's the liberty, if you can't get a glass when you feel like it?"

You see no drunkenness in the streets; no public-houses crowded with men—and women—swilling away their week's wages. Nor do you see little knots of men waiting outside on Sunday for the bars to open. There are few more degrading and significant features of English life than public-house interiors after mid-day on Saturday and between one and three and six and eleven on Sundays. Canada has not reproduced them. Toronto is a great manufacturing and trading city, with a population of about a quarter of a million, most of whom are of the working classes. It is in many respects more like an English city than any in which I had thus far been on that side of the Atlantic; yet it is quite un-English in the facilities it affords for spending money on drink. And its people are more prosperous-looking than those to be found in many English or Scotch industrial centres. Is this cause and effect?

To a very considerable extent, no doubt. Toronto spends a larger proportion of its wages on food, clothing, and firing, and its working classes, therefore, look stronger, better clothed and shod than do similar populations in England. Public opinion is against drink. The emigrant who comes to Canada must give up drinking. If he is a moderate drinker he must be still more moderate to make his way in a city like Toronto; if he

cannot "cut out" his "week-end drunk" he had better stay where he is. He will do no good for himself, and will only add to the bad repute in which English immigrants are already held.

Bad repute? Yes. I was repeatedly told by people who should have had no other motive than that of giving a true statement of their experience that the class of Englishman who emigrates is not up to the Canadian standard. Some members of it are as good as are to be had anywhere in the world, and far better than most. But the average English emigrant muddles his brain with frequent glasses of beer or "tots" of bad spirit, and is often a drunkard, with only intermittent spells of sobriety. I am not giving my own experience of the Englishman in Canada; but statements made to me by various people, whose duty it is, either as large employers of labour or as directors of immigration work, to study the characteristics, to note the merits and the failings, of the various nationalities out of whose overflow the population of the Dominion is being created. More than that, the English immigrant was described as being lazier than any other worker.

"It is much more difficult to get a good day's work out of him," said an employer, through whose hands for many years the immigrant class has passed. "The Englishman," said another, "is too cocksure; he is too conceited; he thinks he knows everything, and he won't try to learn our ways. Take a young Scotchman or Irishman, or Swede or Norwegian, and he will fit himself into our methods and make a good Canadian, while the young Englishman will grumble and raise difficulties, and get a passage back on a cattle boat, and

give the country a bad name at home. We have that sort of man abundantly, and he does Canada and emigration great harm."

I give these opinions for what they may be worth. It is for emigrants, and people who assist in sending them out, to note their significance; but, speaking merely as an observer, I should say that the Canadian working classes are superior to their English compeers in the matter of sobriety; and in Canada sobriety tells. Public opinion is against drunkenness. The Canadian working man is sharply censorious and openly contemptuous of a fellow workman who drinks.

Hamilton—the Birmingham of Canada—is a rapidly expanding city. I arrived there as the work-people—men, women, and girls—were trooping out of the factories after the day's labour. The scene was but a repetition of what may be witnessed at Toronto. It did not differ from similar panoramas, except in this—that nowhere in England, and certainly not in any manufacturing centre known to me from Lancaster to Moscow, have I observed working people so prosperous-looking, so well fed, so well clad, and, apparently, so contented with their lot in life. I scrutinised them narrowly for the unavoidable signs of alcoholism, of the physical degeneracy which is so marked in the industrial populations of the Old World, and found little to call for comment. What is the significance of this feature of the street life of Toronto, of Hamilton, and of other places which dot the Canadian shores of the lakes? It is that Canada is becoming, and is determined to become, a great manufacturing as well as an agricultural community. She is creating a factory as

well as a farming population, and she is doing that as part of her national policy, as the expression of the ideal of productive self-sufficiency which lies at the back of the Canadian mind.

As the population increases so the percentage of those who will not live on the land is enlarged. In almost every settler's family there is one who will not plough, or reap, or tend cattle. Every shipload of emigrants contains persons to whom the city, not the farm, is a magnet they cannot resist. The result is seen in the inevitable growth of town populations. With that growth there is an increasing output of manufacturing energy, and from it arises a demand for more protection of manufactures against the competing power of older and highly-organised communities. In due time the demand becomes a corporate ideal—a policy of national self-sufficiency in which manufacturer, factory hand, agent, clerk, and the farmer from whose household these people have come, are in general agreement. This is what has happened in Canada. It accounts for the rise of her manufacturing cities, the protective system under which they are being developed, the intense determination of the Canadian people to conserve and extend them. And, on the analogy of the United States, it also suggests the vastness of that extension.

To see these lake cities as they are to-day, and to think of them in relation to the stream of population pouring into the Dominion from the Old World, is to foresee the evolution of new Manchesters and Birminghams. Canada as a manufacturing country is only in her infancy, but every Canadian believes that in industrialism his country will equal, if she does not in time

outvie, the rest of the world. Who can say that this ambition will not be realised? It is being brought about. I was shown factories in course of erection which will give employment to thousands of additional hands. Building is going on everywhere from Toronto to the smallest township in Ontario province. But not throughout the year. Structural operations are practicable in Canada only during the summer. Artisans in the building trades must calculate upon six months' idleness.

This increase in the number of factories implies an expanding demand for factory labour. Employers assert that there is always a shortage of labour in the manufacturing industries of the Dominion. Working men and the trade unions affirm that there is always an excess. The Dominion Government takes up a neutral attitude by concerning itself solely with immigrants who are willing to toil on the land. For these it undertakes to find work on farms at the current rates. It does not ask non-agricultural labour to come to the country. If it comes, it does so at its own risk and must shift for itself except for such help as the Immigration officers may, incidentally to their other duties, be able to give. It was impossible to draw any positive conclusion from the conflicting evidence of manufacturers and workpeople. "No man who is skilled in the use of any tool or appliance from a shovel upwards need be out of work for more than twenty-four hours," said a Toronto gentleman whose duty it is to know the facts. I tested this statement as far as I was able, and it seemed to express an economic fact. Artisans and factory workers—women and boys as well as men—were in demand in

that city. Certain illustrative data were supplied to me from the Manufacturers' Association, which circularises its members from time to time for specific information as to the number of people required in various callings. One report, dated 14th January 1904, shows in elaborate statistical detail that 4697 workers were wanted. Another, dated 1st July 1904, gives a grand total of 6717. I quote one passage from these documents:—

"The present needs (January, 1904) so far as male help is concerned, are being met in some measure by the entrance into Canada of a number of workmen from the United States. If, in the coming spring, the industries of the great Republic show no signs of depression, it is quite probable that the demand for men in Canada may be even as great as it was a year ago. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association has no desire to flood the country with surplus labour. An extreme in either direction results in injury and injustice. It is no part of the Association's work to bring labour into Canada, but rather to ascertain the actual needs of its members and bring them in touch with reputable sources of supply.

"There seems to be a growing demand for female help in many Canadian factories—a need which it seems absolutely impossible to supply without the aid of emigration. There are no factories in the world, however, where women and girls work under the same favourable conditions as they do in Canada, and while the present conditions show an increasing scarcity of female labour, there is reason to believe that the needs may be met through wise and careful emigration."

If I do not specify the trades, it is because I should have to set out a list which would fill a page. There seems to be scarcely anything which Canada does not manufacture for herself—which she does not intend to produce on a sufficiently large scale to supply the needs of her own people. The bearing of this condition of

things on the emigration question in England will be apparent to everybody. At the same time I would not advocate any indiscriminate exodus of English artisans, mill hands, and factory workers. They should go out only through the Self-help Emigration Society, the East-end Emigration Society, the Salvation Army, the British Women's Emigration Society, and such like bodies who are in direct communication with manufacturers and other employers, and can send them to fill actual situations. They should not go to Canada on chance. Most certainly they should not go through employment agencies, or through the touts who beat up passengers for the shipping companies, and draw commission on the passage money.

The more closely I looked into this aspect of the emigration question the less disposed I was to write anything which would tend to encourage the indiscriminate efflux of mill hands and such-like people into the manufacturing cities of the Dominion; and the firmer became the conviction that the goal of the immigrant, of whatever class, should be that of independence as a landowner.

But enough of the economic aspects of city life in Eastern Canada. A conclusion may be brought to this chapter by a few observations upon the manners and customs of the people. The Canadian townsman is a rough diamond, who needs a few centuries of cutting and polishing before he will be quite equal to his own opinion of himself. His manners are free and his self-assertion conspicuous. The newcomer is a marked man, and many—not all—of his necessary chance acquaintances will take pains to convince him of his

utter inferiority to men of local birth and upbringing. In Canada, every Jack seems to be as good as his master—or to think he is. There are marked inequalities of pecuniary fortune, but not of social standing. The spirit of the people is intensely democratic.

In the hotels, in the streets, in offices and public places, it is a case of each man for himself. Towards each other and towards the stranger there is a somewhat assertive disregard of the minor graces of life. But it is not in reality an offensive disregard of them. It arises from ignorance of their very existence. Speech is brusque and aggressive in tone, though not always in intention; good manners are almost unknown. The children are brought up without them, and the outward forms of courtesy are but relics of a past age. Of course, I am writing not of refined and educated society, but of the working Canadians—a comprehensive class which embraces many well-to-do people, who live on the some social level as they did when they were earning a wage, or making a profit in trade of only a few dollars a week. No one, in fact, desires to be thought to be a gentleman, in the sense that that word implies a certain social superiority. The poor man is on an equality with the rich—or the moderately rich; and though wealth may carry with it power in business affairs, it does not entitle a man to social consideration.

Reserve, reticence, hesitancy in encroaching on a man's private domain—his mind and his personal affairs—are qualities in which the town Canadian does not excel. The reverse side of the picture is that there is no

snobbery, servility, toadying, and so forth. Though a man be as poor as Job, he is as independent as a Crœsus. I discussed this question of manners with an educated and travelled Canadian whom I chanced to meet. His point was that, though the manners of the townsmen were crude and rough, they were not objectionable inasmuch as they were the natural expression of bluff and hearty temperaments—of minds which knew no social inequalities, or, if they knew them, were resolutely bent on refusal to recognise them. The Dominion was a Democracy, in which the humblest man enjoyed the widest measure of social freedom, either to do as he liked, talk to whom he liked, or otherwise impose his own personality upon others, no matter whom they might be. Another Canadian—a University man engaged in professional work—illustrated the matter thus:—

"If Sir Wilfrid Laurier were in this train the brakesman (an official who has the run of the corridors) would probably, in a moment of leisure, sit down beside him and open up a conversation with him on politics or anything else. Such freedom of intercourse is the custom of the country. It is not bad manners. It would not be so regarded by Sir Wilfrid himself." I explained the difference between Canadian and English manners in such a case by saying that the first anxiety of a Englishman who found himself in a railway carriage with Mr Balfour[1] would be not to obtrude himself upon the Prime Minister's notice in any way. He might or might not raise his hat—probably not. Rather would he pretend not to have recognised his

[1] Then First Lord of the Treasury.

fellow-passenger. In any event, he would wait until Mr Balfour addressed him. His whole conduct would be governed by the assumption that Mr Balfour would prefer absorption in his book or newspaper or his own thoughts rather than spend his mental energies in conversation with a stranger, whatever the social standing of that stranger might be. And this mental attitude, I contended, constituted true politeness. My Canadian friend saw the difference of method, the contrast in manners; but he could not see that the Englishman in such a case would be a better-behaved man than the supposititious Canadian brakesman. Or he would not admit it. He complained of subservience in England—of the use of sir, and the touching of caps, and treated these courtesies as indications of servility.

My Canadian University acquaintance told me I should soon get used to the abruptness of the people, and would cease to notice it, just as other newcomers did. No doubt. When one lands for the first time in a tropical country one is almost deafened by the hum and buzz of insect life in the grass. In a few days one's hearing becomes attuned to the noise, and only the sawing chirp of the loudest grasshopper is carried to the brain. Something of the same kind occurs in regard to the manners of the people in every country that is new to one; peculiarities are not heard or seen after ear and eye and brain have become dulled by their continuity.

As to the customs and habits of life of the people they do not differ very materially from those which obtain in England. The chief exceptions are the absence of fire-

grates, the excessive heat of interiors, and the superabundance of meat in the daily bill of fare. The Canadian works hard, he lives in a climate which for six months in the year is extremely severe, and these things make him a mighty trencherman. He has meat, often a choice of meat dishes, three times a day ; and much meat is needful if bodily heat is to be maintained. He lives surprisingly well, better, I should judge, than his fellow workman in England. But he takes no liquor with his meals. There is no wine and beer list in most Canadian restaurants. Tea or coffee is served at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and one meal is almost exactly like another. Any one of them would do for a dinner. The Canadian, in fact, eats three dinners daily, and, thanks to the active life he leads, is in rude health in spite of them.

Other features of town life which are so different from those in the Old Country are that the streets in winter contain many feet of snow, trodden to a thick layer on the sidewalks, and heaped up in great banks away from the tramway and sled tracks. Then there are the sleighs and sleds, with bell-hung harness. Wheeled vehicles are not seen. They are for summer use.

But perhaps the most novel feature of the streets is that the common room of the hotels is on the ground floor facing the pavement, from which it is cut off by uncurtained glass. Empty a shop front in Oxford Street, put a desk far at the back with a clerk in attendance, place a stout brass rod across the glass front inside, about two feet from the floor, fill the ground space with seated figures—the front row with their feet on the

brass rail—and there you have a Canadian hotel front. Seen from without and you have a view of twenty or more pairs of soles and of lolling figures in every imaginable attitude. The life of the room is open to the passers-by, and the life of the street to the occupants of the room. It is un-English, but it has its attractions.

CHAPTER V

THE DEMAND FOR FARM HANDS

WHILE in the province of Ontario, both in the early and latter periods of my journeyings, a superabundance of proof was forthcoming that any man who was unemployed there and in the neighbouring province of Quebec, *during the open season*, was so by his own choice or fault. But this broad generalisation has to be qualified by the statement that the work available was that of farm-labouring. In other words, the immigrant who had not been a farm labourer in Great Britain had to turn farm labourer in Canada. That course offered a sure means of subsistence to all and sundry with the necessary health and strength. If a man did not care to follow it he might have to go hungry; but by walking into the Immigration Offices of the Ontario Government at the Union Station in Toronto, or those of Mr Marquette, the officer of the Quebec Government at Montreal, and expressing a wish to go on the land, he could be sure of being despatched forthwith to a farm, at a wage, for the season, of not less than ten dollars a month with board, if he knew nothing of agriculture, and from twenty to thirty if he were an experienced farm hand. That was the economic situation. The land is like a great sponge. It takes up

every human being who offers himself for absorption. There was a time during 1905 when the rush of immigration was so heavy that it threatened to be in excess of the requirements of the farmers; but the crisis then feared passed off, chiefly because of the extraordinary exodus of the sons of Ontario farmers to the North-West. The prairie country is, of course, being "boomed" in Canada as well as in England. Farms in Ontario and Quebec and elsewhere in the East will not support large families. As the children grow up they have to get out into the world. There is a livelihood for one son or more on the family homestead, but the others have to find acres of their own. The choice before them is to go into the uncleared areas and spend a lifetime in cutting down forest and "stumping" the ground, living as best they can on the timber and the yearly extending patch of cultivated soil, or going far West with a few dollars, and taking up a prairie homestead which, being treeless, can be sown with wheat after a breaking plough has been driven over it, and the turned sods have been exposed to a winter's frost and snow. Thousands of Ontarians take the latter course. There is so great an exodus to the West that the extension of cultivation in the Peninsula is retarded. It is this migration of the youth of Ontario and the Eastern provinces which creates so keen a demand for immigrant labour on the land. There has to be an influx to balance the efflux. This is carefully fostered by the Provincial Governments, who, without decrying the North-West, claim that Ontario offers superior advantages to the immigrant, either with or without capital, or with or without experience of farm work. There is

much force in their contention, for mixed farming is the rule, not merely wheat growing; and mixed farming offers more chances of employment all the year round, for cattle and hogs must be tended during winter, and it is not practicable to dismiss all the hands when the harvest is reaped. Moreover, an immigrant who learns his business as a farm hand on a mixed farm necessarily learns more than he would on a wheat patch in the North-West; and according to the extent and variety of his knowledge, he is better fitted to take up land of his own in the East, or, if he prefers to go there, in the West, where there are many great stretches suited for mixed farming, rather than for cereals only. From the standpoint of the emigrant, therefore, Ontario may be regarded as the training ground for the farming class of the whole Dominion; and when the later chapters of this book shall have been read, it will, I think, be seen that the immigrant will do well to turn a deaf ear to the enticements of the West, until he has worked for a season in the East.

Even without the exodus of Ontarians there would still be plenty of room in this province alone for a horde of newcomers. A hundred million acres are still available for exploitation. Not all of it is suitable for agriculture. Much of it is under tolerably heavy forest. Generations may pass before these great reserves of territory are touched. But so long as there is primeval land, and so long as the youth of Ontario drifts westward, the province will be able to take an enormous immigration. I have seen a trainload of English emigrants arrive at Toronto, and, in the course of twenty-four hours, disperse over the country-side; and this is

what happens two or three times a week in the Spring.

The *modus operandi* of the Immigration Office is simplicity itself. Applications for labour, experienced or inexperienced, pour into the offices daily. A precise form has to be filled up and the wages stated; and these are never less than ten dollars a month for an inexperienced hand, and may be double or even treble that figure for a man who is an expert at farm work. The Immigration Office will not supply inexperienced labour for less than ten dollars. It acts upon the principle that if a man is worth engaging at all he is worth so much cash as well as his board. Otherwise the cities in winter would be full of penniless men from the farms. The applications are dealt with in the order of their receipt. It is a case of first come first served. The immigrants present themselves at the office, crowding the reception-rooms, and are dealt with singly by a staff under Mr. Persee, who has thirty years' experience of this kind of work, knows many of the farmers who want help, the kind of farming they do, and can estimate the suitability of an immigrant at a glance.

The immigrant produces the card of introduction which has been handed to him before sailing by the Emigration Agent in London, or Liverpool, or elsewhere, and is asked whether he will go on the land, and if he has any knowledge of farm labour. A few questions suffice to inform the clerk what manner of man he is, and a situation is forthwith offered him—of a year's duration or for the season, as the case may be; and the amount of pay, which includes board and lodging, is stated. If he accepts, he signs a contract, and is forth-

with furnished with a free railway ticket and sent out to find his farmer by the earliest train. With such despatch is the business conducted that scores of men are disposed of in a day. And if a man has a wife it may be all the better. She may represent an additional ten dollars a month, with quarters and board. If there are young children the problem is a little more difficult. But a family gets placed sooner or later. For amongst the richer farmers of Ontario there is a disposition to abandon the practice of housing the hands in the farm-house—a custom which overburdens the farmer's wife with work—and to build a separate dwelling for their accommodation, placing it in charge of the wife of a permanent hand and allowing her so much each month per head for feeding the labourers. It is this system, which is also growing up in the North-West among the more prosperous farmers and stock-raisers, which makes it possible for a man with a wife and family to get employment together; and if there are boys of a working age, the combined earnings of the family and the profit made out of the boarding allowance, should result in the accumulation of a little capital.

The traveller through the Ontario peninsula, which has been more or less settled for a century, is impressed by the apparent prosperity of the farming class, the solidity and architectural pretensions of the stone and brick houses, the solid and spacious cattle sheds, barns, and out-buildings. Who are the people who own them and the broad acres in which they stand? The answer is, the sons and the grandsons of Scotch and English immigrants, with a goodly proportion of men who

themselves arrived, penniless, any time during the past half century. It is true that this part of the country —I speak of the peninsula lying between Lake Huron and Lake Erie—has no uncleared land, and that much of the farming area commands a high price; but the opportunities for an immigrant acquiring a farm seem to be frequent. He may start for himself first by renting a farm, and he usually ends by buying it. I saw many farms in the fertile country in the neighbourhood of Guelph which had passed into the hands of immigrants of this generation.

I drove through one of the oldest and richest parts of the region, and wherever I went was shown here and there a substantially-built farmhouse, the home of an English or Scotch family, the head of which landed ten, or twenty or thirty years ago, as the case may be, with no capital but the labour of his hands. This evolution of the immigrant labourer into the landowner is going on now. It is quite true that the immigrant who has brains, capacity, and character becomes in due time the owner of a farm. This is not so often the case in the fruit district, where considerable capital is needed, and where the population is leavened by people of gentle birth or by the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists, who went there in Washington's time. But in the farming lands lying farther back from the Lake it is so frequent as to be regarded by Ontarians as the natural and inevitable course of things. As a general rule, the immigrant who does not rise to the rank of farmer is looked upon as a social failure—as fit only to be a hired servant of others, and as being incompetent to make use of the

opportunities Ontario offers to an intelligent man. Such facilities for observation as I had confirm this view.

In scientific agriculture Ontario is the foremost province of Canada. At Guelph the Provincial Government maintains an agricultural college and experimental farms which are ranked among the finest in the world. Here, under the presidentship of Mr. Creelman, a man of academic distinction as well as a practical agriculturist, a race of scientific farmers is being trained, and year by year is distributed throughout the Dominion. I need describe neither the college nor its work, and I introduce this reference to it merely for the purpose of saying that the ambitious immigrant should study there.

I was taken through the buildings by a young man who came three years ago from Birmingham. He declined to take work in Toronto. He had left Birmingham in order to escape from city life. He wanted to be a farmer, though of farming he knew nothing. So he hired himself out as an inexperienced hand at ten dollars a month, entered at the college in winter, worked again in the summer, entered again, and thus spent his wages in fitting himself for his calling, scientifically as well as practically. The result is that after three years' combined work and study his market value is anything from three to four hundred dollars a year and board. In a few years' time that particular immigrant will be farming for himself on a large scale, and making money freely. But he had brains and strength of character; without either or both of these the immigrant can scarcely expect to be

more than a hired labourer in Canada or in any other country.

In Quebec also the farming is of a "mixed" kind, but the climate is more severe than on the lake shores. There are non-French areas which provide abundant room for English immigration. Here, however, it is a case of hastening slowly. The Provincial Government encourages only carefully selected immigration, and spends but a trifling sum upon it. The work is in the hands of Mr. Marquette, who is well known in emigration circles in London. He is an enthusiast; but his enthusiasm is tempered by long experience and ripe judgment. He was good enough to give me an insight into the work of his bureau, and the impression I brought away with me was that indiscriminate immigration into this province would be a mistake. The North-West may want people by the thousand; Quebec, in its present stage of development, or undevelopment, asks only for single labourers, or such families as may be able, with reasonable certainty, to provide themselves with a comfortable existence. The policy is to build up the population in the non-French areas slowly and surely, rather than in a haphazard way. Quality, not numbers, is Mr. Marquette's aim; and to secure this he takes infinite pains.

Much of his work in planting out immigrants is the result of pre-arrangement with the Self-Help Emigration Society, and such like bodies in London. Lists of would-be emigrants are supplied to him, each entry giving a synopsis of the personal and industrial history of a man and his family. Mr. Marquette knows his London and the immigrant class; and on the data

supplied to him he is able to form a tolerably just estimate as to whether A. or B. would be likely to do well in the province. Clerks, warehousemen, shopmen, and such like people are generally excluded—in their own interest; though not necessarily so, if they are prepared to take up farm labour, either as a means of subsistence, or as a preparation for investing their savings in acquiring farms of their own. Mechanics, as a general rule, are not favoured merely because they are technically skilled. But farm labourers, or intending farm labourers, and domestic servants are needed, and there are openings for them almost without limit in Quebec.

Once Mr. Marquette has advised that a man and a family may be sent out, he accepts full responsibility for them. When they step into his office in Montreal their future is assured, provided that they will work and adapt themselves to the new conditions of life. The result of this forethought and careful supervision is that very few mistakes are made, and that none is bad or irremediable. The immigrant influx into the province of Quebec, excluding Jews and foreigners, is nearly ten thousand souls yearly, and this number was said to be insufficient to supply the demand for farm labour. There is always a deficiency in the farm supply, of women as well as men; and, so far as I could ascertain, it is possible for a man—even a man with a family, provided that his boys and girls are of wage-earning years—to save enough money in time either to buy a farm, or, if he prefers, to take up bush land at the nominal charge of 1s. 3d. an acre. The better plan, I was told, is to rent a farm, with the option of purchase,

for, though the agricultural class makes a living, farming is an art which has to be learnt, though high technical qualifications at the outset are not necessary.

Much of the province has not yet been explored or surveyed for colonisation purposes. This work is being done by the Government yearly. There are now some seven million acres available for colonisation — surveyed, mapped out into farm lots, and nearly all accessible by fairly good roads; and of this area at least half is known to be well suited for cultivation.

It is a province of high plateaux, of hills and valleys and rolling plains, of fine rivers and noble lakes, of extensive forests full of marketable timber. But Quebec is a country for the strong, for those who can endure. If I had run through parts of it in summer, its beauty would have enchanted me, as it has all other travellers; but the fact of seeing it and its people in mid-winter, as well as, later on, in summer, gave me a clearer idea of the realities of life the year round. Graphically put, the climatic difference between this region and England is that the tipsy man who falls by the roadside there in winter will soon freeze to death. But, when everything is said that can be said about the duration and severity of the winter—the long spells of zero weather—the climate is healthy and invigorating, and the air astonishingly exhilarating. Whether in the country or in towns, I spent as little time as possible in the stuffy, overheated, and often evil-smelling houses. Long spells in the open meant nothing worse than a frost-bite and temporary disfigurement, and this was due to incautious and prolonged inactivity

in a sleigh. Excessively cold as the air sometimes is, it gives life and health and vigour. The sudden access of summer, the glorious heat of four or five months, and the beauty of the "fall," compensate for the long winter and the monotonous snow-falls.

CHAPTER VI

TO WINNIPEG—AND DISILLUSION

THE westward bound train from Ottawa takes the traveller through scenery which varies from the picturesque to the desolate and from the sterile and forbidding to what may justly be described as magnificent. For hours he passes through the Ottawa Valley, a comparatively well-populated region, studded with little villages, saw-mills, and farmhouses. It is a pleasant, open land, its undulations clad here and there with tracts of forest, which provide the labourers of the farms and lake fisheries with a means of subsistence during the long winter. The scene is beautiful when the snow lies deep on the ground and the lakes are thickly sheeted with ice, for the skies are intensely blue, and the sunlight gives to the earth a dazzling whiteness. What it is when the land is green with growing crops and the waters of river and lake are stirred by the summer breezes should be seen to be appreciated. There must be many trout fishers in England who know the glories of the Isle des Allumettes, the Narrows, and the Deep River.

From this point the scenery begins to change, and for many miles the train passes through Laurentian rock, with frequent views of gloomy forest highlands to the north. After Mattawa, we enter New Ontario, a great region stretching upward from the lakes to Hudson Bay.

A line is built from Lake Nipissing, as far as Lake Temiskaming, which gives access to a large expanse of farming land that is known to be good, while across the great tract, through the district of Algoma from east to west, the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will be run. This line will open up a belt of agricultural land which, it is believed, will be as productive as any in the Dominion. At present it is almost entirely uninhabited.

With an appreciation of the possibilities shortly to be turned to account in the North, no traveller can allow himself to be misled by unfavourable impressions of the country through which he now passes. He will know that beyond the rocks and the great forest reserves the region has been explored with sufficiently good results to lead to the construction of yet another trans-Continental railway.

Nor are these desolate rock-masses, with their sparse timber and scrub—branchless, burned, and scorched by fires set up by sparks from the locomotives—destitute of interest. Geologists would find in them a source of endless gratification. To the unlearned, the monotony of the rock heaps and ledges is relieved by an occasional break, which reveals, far below, the broad expanse of a frozen lake or the sinuous course of a river, for, during several hours, the line follows the height of land which forms the watershed between Hudson Bay and the Great Lakes to the south; or, again, the eyes are fascinated by a succession of great rounded hummocks, and ledges and slanting shelves of granite, where the snow gleams in the sunshine like molten silver.

About eight hundred miles west of Ottawa the line touches closely the north shore of Lake Superior, and

for about two hundred miles there is a succession of magnificent views. The lake lies hundreds of feet below, to the left, and often the train is travelling on what seems to be the very edge of the granite cliff. The views of the lake in winter are even finer than in summer, for, though the ice extends far to the south, the sky-line is formed by a broad band of unfrozen water—a wide belt of indigo blue, under a light blue sky with a vast foreground of pure white, and—at Jackfish Bay and Nepigon Bay—by snow-covered islands and clusters and chains of islets.

At Fort William, there is again magnificent scenery, which makes the place one of the finest summer resorts in the world; and until Rat Portage is reached—so called from the myriads of musk rats which cross to and from the prairies—there is a fine panorama of rocky ravines and deep-lying lakes. Rat Portage, with its Lake of the Woods—a sheet of water some sixty odd miles long, embedded in ever-green forests and set with innumerable islands—is a sight worth travelling thousands of miles to see. Canadians say that there can be no more beautiful spot in the universe.

Another fifty miles brings the traveller to a more level country, the rocks becoming covered with alluvial deposit. In an hour or two the train is tearing over a vast level plain—the beginning of the first of the three steppes which lead to the base of the Rocky Mountains. Here the snow has almost disappeared—I am writing of the early days of March—and the rich black earth of the wheat-growing prairies is to be seen. Against the sky-line is an occasional farmhouse. Two or three teams of horses, with low-built wagons, are crossing the prairie

this way or that; now and again you see a farmer's buggy, the driver in his great fur coat; and before you realise that you are really in the West the train draws up at Winnipeg, and you find yourself walking through the main street of that city—in the company of hundreds of men who belong unmistakably to the out-of-work class!

The Main Street is a broad and spacious thoroughfare, the concrete-slab pavements twice as wide as those of Regent Street, and the roadway nearly twice the width of Oxford Street—so broad, indeed, that there is room for a double line of traffic between the electric car rails in the middle, and again between the rails and the curb-stones. The road has evidently been cut with an eye to the future, when Winnipeg may become one of the great cities of the world. The side-streets are also on a noble plan, and there are few narrow streets or quarters where the houses are huddled together. In Main Street, the "shacks," shanties, and frame-work shops and houses have almost wholly given way to large and sometimes imposing blocks of stone and brick built offices. Some of the shops are among the finest in the Dominion. Clearly, it is a wealthy and rapidly growing city, which even now, in its transition stage, is a not unworthy capital of a great province. As a doorway to the enormous territories West and North, its importance and its possibilities of expansion would impress the least imaginative.

But some study of local conditions showed that it contained a large number of workless men, and during the winter had held many who had felt the pinch of distress. The causes of this state of things

A PRAIRIE VIEW

were easily discoverable. In the first place, Winnipeg is a "dead" city from the end of October until the beginning of April. It has, as yet, no factories and industries of sufficient importance to give employment either to skilled or unskilled labour. Its population lives on its summer earnings and by letting lodgings. The building trade is almost entirely stagnant. Stone and brick edifices cannot be proceeded with, nor can carpenters' work be done, except on a small scale. The cold is so severe that it is impossible, for long spells, to work continuously out of doors. People there talk of temperatures of from thirty to forty degrees below zero as quite ordinary occurrences of a normal winter. While these last, men and women go out as little as possible. Nothing is done in the open which can possibly be postponed. Then, again, the railway traffic is much less, and a considerable proportion of the labour which is used in handling the passenger traffic and freight trains west and east of Winnipeg is "laid off"—a local euphemism which means that the men get no wages unless their services are temporarily requisitioned. Some of the labour used for municipal purposes is also dispensed with. Streets do not need to be cleaned when the snow gives them a surface which is frequently being renewed; and no progress can be made in paving the side thoroughfares and in such like work.

In addition to these causes which keep men in idleness, there is the far greater cause inherent in the fact that wheat alone is grown in the surrounding country. The West has all its eggs in one basket. Farmers do not need labour all the year round. They require it only for seeding in April and May, and thereafter until

the harvest is gathered. Consequently the majority of them engage men only for six or seven months. The harvesting is a time of great pressure, and for a month or two extra hands are urgently demanded, and can obtain wages at the rate of as much as thirty dollars or more a month, with board. The railway runs cheap excursion trains from the East and brings up whatever superfluous labour there may be in Nova Scotia, Ontario, Quebec, and New Brunswick. Some of these labourers get no further on their way back than Winnipeg, having determined to "put in the winter" on their wages there, and remain in the West. Of the labourers who bind themselves in the spring to serve until the frost begins, a few succeed in getting shelter with the more prosperous farmers over the winter, doing such work as there is to be done in looking after horses and cattle, and being content with board and no wages. But the great majority make their way to the towns. Winnipeg is their goal after harvest, and almost the only chance of work which Winnipeg affords them is that of going far out into the prairie "bluffs," or bushlands, to cut and haul such timber as the country yields. This absorbs a proportion of the displaced labour, but not much. The unemployed winter surplus is of necessity considerable.

Nor should the English emigrant forget that in going to Winnipeg he must be prepared to live cheek by jowl with labourers of other nationalities. He is in danger of having to reduce his standard of comfort to that of races who are content to work for a wage which does no more than enable them to live in hovels and fare meanly. Canada is not a reserve for English labour.

It is an open market for the labour of every other country. The overflow of Europe rather than of Great Britain alone, is being directed into the towns and wheat-lands of the prairies. The immigration policy of the Dominion is a gigantic commercial as well as a political enterprise. The railway, manufacturing, and trading corporations want people on the prairies. Every newcomer has to be fed and clothed, and the money of a "Galician" for a railway fare or a pair of boots is as good as that of a Britisher. Moreover, an additional foreigner is worth more than a newly-arrived Britisher as a factor in keeping down the price of labour.

But this has to be qualified by the fact that, so long as vast regions of the country are unfilled, cities are growing into greater cities, villages are becoming towns, and new villages are springing up everywhere, no healthy, intelligent and frugal man, of much energy of character, need continue to live for many years as a wage-earner. The master men of Winnipeg to-day were the artisans and labourers of yesterday; the great employers of the present were themselves twenty years ago in the pay of others. The transition from one stage to the other goes on daily; numbers of men step every spring from the labour ranks into those of employers, and few fall back into their original place; many of them, on the contrary, extend their operations and become men of substance. Undoubtedly the conditions are such that a man who is resolutely bent on dying rich can accumulate money, whatever his upbringing, and however illiterate he may be. I have had wealthy men pointed out to me in Winnipeg who were scarcely able to sign their names when they went there

twenty years ago; and an intelligent acquaintance, who showed me over the city, could scarcely indicate a prominent business house or an imposing-looking residence which is not controlled or owned by a man who came to the prairie without a cent.

All this has to be borne in mind. It is true that the English labouring man will find himself subject to the competition of the foreign labourer, that the English artisan can only exercise his calling for six months in the year, and that, therefore, the conditions in which he will start life anew may not be intrinsically and immediately better than those from which he has fled. But it is equally true that, subject to climatic causes, which compress a year's work into half a year, he need not lack employment, that he can become his own master, and, by shrewdness, enterprise, and energy, may attain to comparative wealth.

But there is no royal road to wealth, or even to independence. The immigrant without capital in Winnipeg will have "a hard row to hoe," however frugal, shrewd, and industrious he may be. He is at the very bottom of the ladder. The conditions will be new and strange. He will find his lot hard and distasteful. That, at least, is the general experience. A man has to "tough it," to "get broken in" to the ways of the country, and to learn how to endure cold and discomfort and isolation. When he has passed through this period of probation the chances are he will earn money more freely and accumulate it steadily if he be of a thrifty disposition.

As a general principle, a man should go alone; wife and young children should only be brought when he has sufficiently well established himself in the country

to be sure of being able to give them a comfortable existence. Luxury they will never get; not, at least, in this generation, for wealthy people there do not know even such luxury as the working-classes of England can obtain. They will not need luxury; but adequate protection against the winter will be essential. Such protection cannot be given if poverty is at the door. The bare necessities of life—shelter, food, fuel, and clothing—are extremely dear. Housing accommodation is insufficient for the present population; and the rate of growth is not proportionate with the inflow of newcomers. Hence rents, even for the poorest sort of dwelling, are outrageously high, except from the standpoint of the speculative house-owner, who buys "lots," runs up wooden houses, and lets them at so much per month.

Again, the West is almost solely a wheat-growing country. One would suppose that bread, therefore, would be ridiculously cheap. It is somewhat dearer than in the West-end of London! And the baker is under no legal obligation to give full weight. Again, the farmers raise very little stock. Meat, therefore, is dear. Mutton is poor, and beef is cow-beef, or of such cattle as are not good enough to be transported East for sale and shipment. Both are dear, as well as of indifferent quality. Eggs, milk, bacon, butter, and cheese are dearer than they are in England; and "groceries"—a comprehensive term which comprises most edibles and commodities for household use—are far more costly than in the Old Country—necessarily so, perhaps, seeing that they have to be transported a couple of thousand miles. And they are dearer than

they need be, because the credit system is so generally prevalent, the retailer buying on long credit from the wholesale houses, and the consumer of "groceries" often running up an account which extends over the winter. Coal and wood for fuel are often very costly. Notwithstanding that the stoves are so constructed as to utilise the full value of the fuel burnt, the cost of obtaining a warm room or house is greater than it is in England; and for six months in the year continuous heat is a primary necessity of life. Without it, you might freeze to death indoors. That fuel should be so costly is attributable to the facts that there is no hard coal nearer than the Rocky Mountains, that there are no forests on the prairies, and that such slight and scrubby timber as grows in the "bluffs" lies at great distances from the towns. As for clothing, even shoddy, which is what the Canadian manufacturer chiefly produces, is anything from 50 per cent. to 75 per cent. dearer than in England.

It will be seen that, with the bare necessities of life so dear, the lot of the labouring man in so severe a climate can only be made tolerable if wages are high. That of wife and young children would be doubly hard; and, from conversations I have held with immigrants who have "toughed it," and fought through their difficulties, because they had to, and had not the money to get away, it is as clear as anything can be, to my mind, that real and severe hardships have to be endured by many friendless immigrants into the North-West, for the first year or two of life there, if not longer. On the other hand, I did not meet a labouring man who, having gone through this time of travail, would now return to

the Old Country and take up life there anew at the point at which he had left it.

Throughout the season of 1905 immigration into Winnipeg continued on a heavier scale than in any previous year. Fortunately, the demand for cheap or "inexperienced" farm labour in the North-West was brisk and persistent and, so far as could be ascertained, the Dominion Government were able to fulfil their pledge to pass into employment all who were willing to go on the land. But immigrants with trades, and others who did not find farm labouring sufficiently attractive, had considerable difficulty in getting work. On a day in June, when I was again in the city, I calculated that there were at least a thousand men in and about Main Street and the employment offices looking for work. On the same night an "immigrant special" came in from the East and left about two hundred of her passengers, the rest going further west over the prairie. The figure of one thousand is not statistically accurate, but I do not think there is any material error except in under-statement of the facts. I put the number to a tradesman who had lived in Winnipeg for some years, and he ridiculed it. "Why, there are five thousand, at least," he said. But this seemed to be an exaggeration. He could give no authority for his estimate other than the data of the streets, and on these I preferred my own judgment, though it may fall short, rather than be in excess, of the truth. Of the thousand, probably five hundred were foreigners—German-speaking people from Central and South-Eastern Europe. The rest were from the British Isles, chiefly mechanics and general labourers,

who had, apparently, so far as inquiries enabled me to form an opinion, declined to take work on farms at from ten to twenty dollars a month and their board until the harvest is reaped. Some of them, at least, would have to do that or starve, for those who had not the money to take them to distant towns would be unable to get work in Winnipeg, where there was already an excess of artisan labour for the new buildings being erected.

As for the immigrants who came in by the special—and a similar scene was to be observed at the station two or three times a week—they were nearly all English people, of the working classes, with a noticeable sprinkling of young men of the clerical and shop-assistant type. There were some young girls, who could get domestic work at from twenty to twenty-five dollars a month. They would be all right. A woman worker in the West, and, indeed, in every other part of the Dominion, is of equal pecuniary value to a man, and often commands a higher wage than a mere labourer. There were a few wives and young children, and cases such as these present special difficulty, which, however, is resolvable if the man, for lack of anything better, takes work away from his new home (or lodgings), and if the wife goes out to daily work. In that way the family can be kept going, though at a temporary sacrifice of home life and ties. It is not a state of things which can be agreeable to an immigrant family, or to readers in England; but the conditions are what they are, and men who take wives and children with them to Winnipeg should know what is in store for them.

English immigrants should not go to Winnipeg with

the object of staying in the city; their lot is not likely to be a whit better there than it is in the great centres at home. When I left the place it had just recovered from a visitation of enteric, and was waiting for the next. Its air was typhoidic, despite the winds that swept through it from the surrounding river flats. It was a mistake to place a city there. A more undesirable site could not have been found. The fact is notorious, for many years ago the Dominion Government urged, for sanitary reasons, settlement on higher land. For these and other reasons Winnipeg is a place from which immigrants should get away as speedily as possible. It has already a population of about a hundred thousand. It is not, and it is unlikely to become, a manufacturing centre. It is merely a distributing town for goods consumed in the North-West —a sort of wholesale emporium for the smaller places which do not yet trade direct with the manufacturing and distributing houses of Ontario. And it is also a clearing house for immigration into the North-West. In this sense only should it enter into an emigrant's calculations.

CHAPTER VII

A FELLOW-TRAVELLER'S EXPERIENCE

"GOING far?"

"Moosejaw," I replied.

"Just come through?"

"Yes."

"Much snow down East?"

"The hill-tops clear it. That's about all."

He smiled at the exaggeration. The man of the Western Plains likes to hear of snow in the East. He would have you believe that the winter of the prairies is but a cold summer in comparison with that of the Maritime Provinces; while the inhabitant of the latter region, who cuts blocks of ice five feet square out of his lakes and rivers, will tell you that the winter of the prairie is fit only for a Cree Indian or an Esquimo.

"We've had scarcely any snow out here," said my fellow-traveller, indicating the prairie through the windows of the train; and the appearance of the seemingly interminable plain proved the truth of the assertion, for the snow had almost disappeared under the influence of a few days' sunshine. He was a young man of two or three and twenty, and he had walked along the corridor of the car, sat himself beside me and opened a conversation, as is the custom in the country,

where introductions are superfluous and one stranger is at liberty to put to another any pertinent—or impertinent—question that enters his head.

"Just come from the Old Country, haven't you?" he asked, after a moment's reflection. I admitted that I had, and prepared myself to listen anew, with such patience and courtesy as I could command, to the now familiar diatribe upon the uselessness of the Englishman as an immigrant, and his unfathomable inferiority in every way to the Canadian born. But I was mistaken. My friend was an Englishman himself, for he began criticising the Canadians with considerable freedom.

"When did you come out?" I asked.

"At the age of fourteen," he replied. "My father was a —— merchant at —— ,and I was at the grammar school there. The governor was pretty well-to-do, and he's made a good bit since then, for I've a letter from the mater saying that he's bought quite a little estate outside —— , and will be the next mayor of the city for a certainty. But the governor and I couldn't hit it off. You see he is quite a self-made man—had to begin work when he was ten, and never had any schooling to speak of; and this he was always dinning into my ears, giving me to understand that I was a fool, and that the money he was spending on me and the 'advantages' he was giving me were thrown away. I didn't like it. I was no more of a fool than any other boy of my years, and I grew angry and sullen. At last I couldn't stand it any longer, and I told him that if he could go out into the world at ten, and earn his own living and become well-off, I could do the same at fourteen—and better. But he only ridiculed me. I

had been reading about Canada and the West, and I made up my mind to get there. So I told the governor I should go. He wouldn't hear of it, but I kept at him for a week, and we had a furious quarrel, about it. The upshot was that at last he offered to pay my passage out, second-class, to Winnipeg, and to give me fifty pounds; but never another shilling would I get from him, nor would he, he said, send me money to come home with when I wrote for it, as I was sure to do, he prophesied. Well, I accepted the passage but would only take two pounds from him in cash; and I told him that I would rot in Canada before I asked him for anything. So out I came."

"With two pounds in your pocket at Winnipeg?"

"Oh dear no, I came second. Some fellows in the saloon relieved me of the two pounds at nap; but one of them gave me a couple of dollars, with which I got food for the railway journey. I had twenty cents when I went into the Immigration Shed at Winnipeg, and there I took the first job the officials offered. A farmer wanted a boy at eight dollars a month until November. I was handed over to him and spent my first summer on the prairie. Now and again he gave me a few cents on account of wages, but I never got anything more. He had rented the farm and I found out afterwards that he was heavily in debt. Anyway he skipped the country in August and left the man and myself in the lurch. I got work over the harvest with another farmer, sleeping with the cattle; working from four in the morning till eight or nine in the evening and living on tea and bread and fat pork. In October I found myself again in Winnipeg — clothes all in rags as you may

imagine, and full of vermin besides. You can't help getting verminous in harvesting in this country, and your clothes get torn to rags. But I had twenty-five dollars wages in my pocket when I left the farm, and that got me a new rig-out for the winter. Winnipeg was filling up with men. The crop hadn't been good, and times were pretty bad when the frost set in; but I hustled around and obtained a job at a baker's, delivering bread. That brought me five dollars a week, and my board cost me three and a half dollars, and I put in the winter that way. And it *was* a winter—snow all the time, blizzards, in which it was impossible for man or beast to be out of doors, and long spells of cold—forty to sixty below zero! Feel it much? I can't say I did. I didn't suffer as some did. The newcomer never does. His blood is thick and warm. I feel a few degrees of frost much more acutely now than I did zero weather seven years ago. I used to laugh in those days at the rich Winnipegers in the sleighs, muffled up in great furs and with a look of agonising misery on their faces, as though they were on the point of crying with the cold as children will do. When the spring broke I said good-bye to the baker and went on a farm, this time at twenty dollars a month, all found, with a decent room to sleep in. And I engaged as a man not as a boy. When the harvest was beginning the man who fired the engine that runs the separator fell sick—"

"What's a separator?"

"The threshing machine, worked by a steam-engine, and the fire is kept going in these parts with straw. The 'boss' couldn't get a man anywhere, and he asked me if I knew anything about engines. I said

I knew all about them, though I'd never fired an engine in my life. That's what you have to do in this country —say you can do this or that, and have a shot at it ; the chances are that you won't get fired—"

"Fired ? what's that ?"

"Sacked !—sent about your business. You get through anyhow, and if the 'boss' sacks you, the probabilities are that he gets someone who does the job worse. Well, I took the man's place for the same wages he was getting —forty-five dollars for the month—and fired well enough to keep the machine going. Thanks to that bit of luck I got back to Winnipeg with one hundred and fifty dollars in my pocket, and, as my winter clothes were still good, I hadn't much need to spend. I got a winter job with another baker, driving a horse and cart for fifteen dollars a month and board. But I had difficulty in getting my wages. The fellow was hard up. I saw my opportunity and bought the business for three hundred dollars, paying one hundred dollars down and the balance in instalments. I sacked the working baker and got a better one at ten dollars a week, went round to my customers of the previous winter and got most of them—"

"Playing it rather low down, wasn't it ?"

"You've got to play it rather low down in Winnipeg, let me tell you. They'll play it low down on *you*, and no mistake. All the sharpers in Canada get there, and you have to skin others or be skinned yourself. Well, in a few months I had a sound little business ; and I sold it in the spring for six hundred and fifty dollars spot cash, having lived well out of it and saved money to boot. By that time I had come to the conclusion that any man who worked for hire on a farm, or for wages for anyone else,

was stupid, so I bought a town lot for five hundred dollars with a house on it, and let the house for twenty-five dollars a month. And with the rest of my money I paid the first instalment for the purchase of a grocery business. That I transferred at a profit, and I've been buying and selling ever since, sometimes with poor luck, sometimes with good. Last year I sent home to a little girl I knew to come out and marry me, and out she came and we set up house in a new lot I had bought. The lot cost me four hundred and fifty dollars and the furniture four hundred dollars. I've just sold that lot for one thousand two hundred dollars. The first lot for which I paid five hundred dollars is now in the market for two thousand dollars. If it doesn't sell this spring, the price next year will be two thousand five hundred dollars; and I shall get it. In a few years, when I've made quite a pile, I'm going to take the wife home for a holiday, and I'll surprise the governor. He thinks I'm quite a poor devil, drawing a baker's cart or firing engines."

"So you've sold up your house just now?"

"Yes. The fact is I can't make money fast enough in Winnipeg. You want large capital to get ahead. All the good lots are in hands that can afford to hold them a long time. I don't know yet where I shall settle—perhaps Brandon, or Regina, perhaps Moose-jaw; at one of the new and growing places, which will be as big as Winnipeg in ten years or so, and where a few hundred dollars in hand go a long way just now in buying town lots. Regina's the place, I think. There's a boom coming on there, which will mean a small fortune to those who get in first. Got any money yourself?"

I produced a few dollar notes, sufficient to convince

my friend that I should be no good as a partner in any scheme he might devise for buying up townships in the capital of the new province of Saskatchewan. He looked grave and sympathetic.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Don't know," I replied. "I shall have a look over the country first."

"Well," he said, "you'll fall on your feet somehow. But don't go hiring out on a farm. That's a mug's game. There's no money in this country for a man who works with his hands. You've got to work with your head. If you work with your hands you'll only make a bare living, taking the whole year round. What you save in the summer you'll eat up and burn up in fuel during the winter. That's what happens to the man who works for another man for wages, unless he also has money which he turns over by buying and selling town lots or something else. Labour's getting cheaper. It's bound to get cheaper as immigrants come in; and the Government's drawing in foreigners by the thousand every week. They're queering the Englishman's pitch in the North-West. An Englishman ought to have money enough to start for himself in farming, or trade, or speculation, or else have the wits to get money and turn it over. If he hasn't either the money or the wits, he's no better off than the foreign labourer who has to work for twenty dollars a month on the land, or fifteen cents an hour with a shovel in the towns or in handling freight, and be 'half brother to the ox.' Things are bad enough for that sort of man already, and they'll get worse. Wait till there's a bad season or two, and you'll have thousands of hungry men in Winnipeg

in the winter. Why, there've been many scores this winter, though of late years crops have been splendid and everything on the boom."

"But I thought this was a country in which no man willing to work need go hungry."

"Well, you see, it's like this. The country's all right, and it's going ahead. But the farmers don't want labour all the year round. When they do want it they can't afford to pay enough for it so that a man can keep himself comfortably through the winter. And if he has a wife and family, as many of them have, Heaven help him and them! There isn't enough winter work in town or in the "bluffs" to go round. Consequently, you have distress."

"In Winnipeg?"

"Yes. Any amount of it. This winter and every winter. I don't say it isn't partly the fault of the people themselves. They flock into the city after harvesting, perhaps with just enough money to last them through the winter if they crowd into the cheap boarding-houses and live like rats in their holes. But many of them spend their money too freely in the first month or two. Others again drink. Winnipeg is a drinking place, and the bars are always full so long as the labouring men have a dollar or can raise a few cents through the pawnshops. That is the chief cause of the distress. But, apart from that, there are men who from illness during the summer working season, or from ill-luck of one kind or another, find themselves in poverty in Winnipeg from no serious fault of their own. And there is hardship amongst this class which is never known, or is only known when things are so bad with them that distress cannot be con-

cealed. People who know the city in winter are quite aware of it, and the citizens do what they can to alleviate the suffering. Don't make any mistake about it. Winnipeg has its poverty just like cities in England. It is on a small scale now ; but the poverty grows as the city grows. It shows itself among the foreigners by the overcrowding in the foreign quarter, and its existence among the English working people is proved by the efforts made by the citizens to provide shelter and meals for men in winter who are 'right up against it'—that is, men who have not the price of a meal."

The above is—particularly in the latter passages—a summary of a long conversation, during which I satisfied myself by such cross-examination as was possible that my friend was speaking the truth and, on the subject of poverty in Winnipeg, really knew what he was talking about. Indeed, on this, he furnished me with proof which showed that he had been actively concerned, and had spent his own money, in the work of alleviation. I give the conversation for what it may be worth, because it tells the story of a successful emigrant's life, and sets forth views he had formed on the social conditions now prevalent. We went into the next corridor carriage and he introduced me to his wife—a good-looking English girl, who did not conceal her discontent with life in the West. She could make no friends, she said ; the ways of the country were so different from those in which she had been bred. She could get no help in the house and a woman's work was never done. There was no comfort in the country, no social intercourse, no refinement, and few pleasures : the only compensation was in the thought that in the next few years her husband

might be able to accumulate enough money to enable them to return to England—and stay there. She was going through the painful process of adapting herself to new and rough conditions in a strange land. Yet her husband was on the high road to success. How much more painful the process must be in the case of a woman whose husband had not the money-making gift ! My friend had evidently inherited it from the self-made father who had allowed him to cut himself adrift from England in early boyhood.

CHAPTER VIII

LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE

As one star differs from another in glory, so does one region of the Dominion of Canada contrast with another. It was an impressive change from the primeval solitudes of the New Brunswick forests—from a land of lofty, tree-covered hills, the undergrowth of the woods scarcely visible above the accumulations of snow, and the lakes and rivers ice-bound in valley and ravine—to a vast sun-lit plain, the air so warm that one could remain for hours in the open without an overcoat. Except in the sloughs, or in the winding clefts in the surface, where rivers may once have flown, there was no snow to be seen. It was April, and spring was unusually early. So I passed over the Regina plains and secured lodgment in a farmhouse, where I could observe the conditions of life on the settled portions of the prairie. The farmer with whom I stayed was a Canadian by birth, and went into those parts just after the second Riel Rebellion, about twenty years ago. He had no money, and was a carpenter by trade. The plains were then in course of settlement, and any man who could handle a saw and drive a nail could

command good wages. My friend could do more than these things—could, indeed, set up a house, from foundation to roof, which could be warranted to withstand the winds and keep them out in winter. He obtained as much work as he could do, and took up a homestead as well, living on it in winter, ploughing a strip of it, and otherwise discharging the "duties" which in three years secured to him the absolute ownership of a quarter section—one hundred and sixty acres. Then followed a spell of bad years. Fortunately for him, he was not obliged to live by his farm. He kept to his trade, saving enough to acquire two adjacent quarter sections from neighbours who had either lost faith in the future of the country or from other causes wished to surrender their holdings. With a return of good seasons he found it profitable to cultivate more and carpenter less. Now he does nothing but farming, and is yearly amassing wealth—making a clear profit, after all living expenses, of between two and three hundred pounds a year.

Part of this surplus he invests in town lands, which are reasonably sure to increase in value year by year, and may at any time be saleable at a heavy advance. His own land, which cost him little or nothing—for the homesteaders whom he bought out were glad to sell for what they could get—is saleable to-day at anything from ten to twenty dollars per acre. It will be seen, therefore, that in the course of another thirty years he will, by judicious management of his estate, become a rich man. He had no money when he arrived there—no knowledge of farming other than that which he acquired in boyhood in the bushlands of the Ottawa

Valley, where the agricultural conditions are wholly different from those which obtain on the prairies. But he had a trade which was much in request at the time he entered the North-West, was inured to a hard climate, had youth, strength, and energy, and was industrious and frugal.

On a clear day the range of vision over the Tregarva prairie is about twenty-five miles in every direction. You can count over a hundred farmhouses. Not more than ten of them are in English hands. Yet many of the original homesteaders were from the old country. The land immediately thereabouts is held entirely by Canadians—chiefly by Ontarians. What is the reason for this? A Canadian has plenty of reasons. He will tell you that the Englishman is extravagant, wasteful, lies a-bed in the mornings, is too fond of his pipe, if not also of his whisky, cannot live without company, gets into debt, is easily discouraged by adverse circumstances —and so forth. Undoubtedly there is truth in these charges, for the Englishman frequently fails where the Canadian succeeds. But the Canadian is a paragon of all the virtues. He beats the Englishman out of the field, because the Englishman is constitutionally unable to practise the self-denial which has become second nature to the Canadian.

The farmhouse is a two-storeyed dwelling, the walls of prairie boulders—granite and other stones roughly surfaced with the hammer. The roof is of shingle, painted red. The front of the house faces south, and on this side is a verandah, enclosed at one end by a framework of coloured glass. The entrance through the verandah takes you into a room about thirty-five feet

long by fifteen feet wide. This is divided by curtains. One half is the sitting-room and is carpeted. It has a sheet-iron ceiling stamped with a device which in Schools of Art is supposed to be decorative. The walls are painted dead white; the woodwork of doorways and window recesses is stained; the ceiling is bluish grey; the carpet is yellow, with a reddish flower; the curtains are crimson and yellow, and the furniture covering is also yellow. On the floor are gorgeous mats, apparently of domestic manufacture. All Canadian sitting-rooms are more or less like that—crude and tasteless; but most of them contain an organ or harmonium, upon which hymns and "sacred songs" are played on Sundays—and on week-days. On the other side of the curtains is the dining-room—an uncarpeted room, with a table, half-a-dozen chairs, and a map of British North America hung on the wall. At the back of this room is the kitchen. Above this storey are the bed-rooms, the "best" room carpeted, the others with mats woven with odds and ends. In each room of the house is a steam-heating apparatus, served from a boiler in the cellar beneath the kitchen.

Such is the dwelling, and such are the appointments, of a well-to-do farmer. The poorer sort live in wooden "shacks." The farmer's wife does all the work of the house. Servants are not wanted. It would be useless to want them, for they are not to be had; and no well-disposed Canadian farmer's wife in the North-West would wish for one. She dresses, as does her "man," for work, not for elegance, for warmth, not to gratify her vanity or taste. Besides husband and wife and children, if there are any—and there usually are

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—there is a "hired man," in this case an English immigrant.

The household rises at six—the hour of sunrise—or earlier. When the man has fed the horses and turned the cattle out on to the prairie, breakfast is served. It is preceded by grace, and is followed by the reading of a chapter from a well-worn Bible by the master of the house. This is succeeded by prayer offered by the wife —a prayer evidently learned in a Methodist chapel and delivered with unction. I mention these points because daily reading of the Scriptures and family prayer are practices faithfully observed in many Canadian farm-houses.

After breakfast the horses are taken out, hitched on to the drill-seeder, four abreast, and driven over the prairie to the field to be sown. Sacks of Red Fife wheat, which has previously been moistened with "blue-stone"—a solution of sulphate of copper—are taken out to the field. The boxes of the seeder are filled, the levers are drawn and the drills "set," and as the machine is driven the seed trickles down the tubing into the ground, the drills turning up the soil and again turning the soil over the seed. Thus the work goes on, furrow after furrow, until mid-day, when dinner is served; and again until six, when tea or supper is ready.

Then, at dusk, the cattle are driven in from the pastures, the horses are fed, and the day's work is done. A team of four horses will sow from one hundred to one hundred and twenty acres a week. This then, is the daily life and work on a prairie wheat-farm. When the sowing is finished, the work of man and horses consists of ploughing the fallow-land for cultivation in the

BREAKING THE PRAIRIE

succeeding year, or breaking up the prairie to put additional land in cultivation. Until the crop is ready for cutting there is no pressure. A man sits on the seeder, and he is seated also on the plough. The work of the hired man on these grain-growing farms is not, therefore, unduly heavy, and can be learned by an intelligent man in a week. The farmer himself will see that the horses are properly fed and kept in condition, for it is through them, rather than through the hired man or his own physical efforts, that he earns his income.

On the prairie everyone drives. The only pedestrians you will see are the children wending their way along the trail from some isolated farmhouse to the nearest school, which may be anything from one mile to five from home. If you are a newcomer, and wish to make the acquaintance of your neighbours, you "hitch" a horse to a "rig," or conveyance, and strike a road, jogging along until you come to a house, or within hail of some one working with a team in a field. No introductions are necessary. Everyone is eager to know you, to tell you everything about himself, to learn more than you choose to disclose of your own affairs; and you will not want for a mid-day meal. Social custom requires that the stranger who is several miles from a village or town where accommodation is to be had for payment shall be entertained to dinner and his horse given stable room and a feed. One may learn more of the conditions of life by driving over the plains than in any other way.

White farmhouses dot the scene, and here and there are long broad patches of rich black earth, lined with furrows which run straight as a ruler for half a mile or

more. Snowbirds, with a ringlet of black round the throat, flit over the grass or thread a devious way through the short stubble of last year's wheat-field; the meadow lark is singing in the heavens, and large heavy thrushes will be startled from the neighbourhood of the trail as the horse passes their haunts, and, after a short flight, will be lost again in the thick dead grass. The bright-eyed, venturesome little gopher will scamper across in front of the horse's feet, and from the security of his hole in the ground will watch you for a moment, wag his tiny fore feet, and then turn a somersault and disappear. You may come upon a great white owl, whose plumage is flecked with black, and he will watch you with round yellow eyes as though he would contest the path before he will deign to rise and seek some other resting-place. Or with noisy rustling wings three or four prairie chickens, as they call the pheasants of this region, will fling themselves upwards with a startled clatter and fly away with outstretched necks.

The trail takes you past a ploughed field. Two men are at work with teams of four horses attached to drills or seeders. Their lands adjoin, and each is engaged in sowing wheat. They stop their work for a talk as you check your horse. One of them is a young Canadian, square-headed, square-jawed, and with those peculiar, dark-brown, lustrous eyes which suggest a possible strain of Indian blood. The other is a Scotchman, from Midlothian—a long-limbed, big-boned, strong-featured, blue-eyed man of three or four and twenty.

He is "batching" it in a little "shack" over yonder, and has been doing that for three years, baking his own bread, cooking his own meals, and mending his own

clothes—or, rather, not mending them, for his clothes are ragged. His appearance is wild and unkempt, for he has not shaved for a week, and his hair is in wisps round his neck. (The man who "batches" it on the prairie can do most things for himself, but he cannot cut his own hair.) He was, he told me, farming a quarter-section. He had not done badly. It was a grand wheat country. There was nothing like it—not even in Scotland. The life was a hard one, no doubt. It was rough for a man living alone, but one got accustomed to that. The winters were severe, but he had never had a day's illness and had scarcely felt the cold—only once, when he went out, in a temperature fifty-four below zero, to see another farmer to the westward, was caught in a blizzard, lost the trail, and got home again only by accident. But it was a splendid climate—cold yet with so much sunshine. And the crops were magnificent. A man could do better than in the Old Country. There could be no doubt of that.

To this view the Canadian gave enthusiastic assent. His "Old Country" was "down East"—in Ontario. Farming on the prairie was child's play compared with such work in that province. The land there had to be cleared of timber, some of it three to four feet across. And the returns were so poor. One got very little for the lumber. The merchants took good care of that. The work of tearing the dead stumps out of the ground was terrible. It was back-breaking labour, wearing out a man before he was forty. A life-time had to be spent in clearing the land, and, when it was cleared, the soil was poor. Here all that had to be done was to break up the prairie, and back-set the sods—plough the ground over

a second time, and somewhat deeper, so as to facilitate the rotting of the grass roots. Then it could be sown; and the soil was so rich that the crop was abundant. He had been on this quarter section for three years, and had done well. He was a bit behind—which meant that he had either a mortgage on the land or was in debt for horses or implements. But he was sowing more this year, and a good crop would "put him on his feet." Anyway, he was making a living for his wife and two children besides himself, and with much less toil and trouble, and far better prospects, than if he had stayed down East, grubbing at tree stumps, cultivating patches of poor soil, and keeping a few cows.

A drive through the "bluffs" brings you again into more level country, and here you come upon a little farmhouse, and make the acquaintance of its occupants, whose mid-day meal you will be asked to share. The farm, which is a mile square—a whole section—is worked by a widow, her brother, and three sons. She and her husband were born in Ireland, and went to Canada when they were quite young. The husband served as a volunteer during the first Riel Rebellion, and was rewarded by a land grant of half a section in the North-West territories. Here they settled with their young children and the wife's brother. For some years they had a terrible time, and were often so poor, the widow will tell you, that they could scarcely afford to give a chance wayfarer a bit of bread and a mug of tea. They had to learn how to farm the prairie, and successive seasons of drought nullified their efforts. Being, however, too poor to get away and start afresh in Ontario, where they had originally settled, they had to remain where they were.

As there was no alternative to making the best of it, they stayed on. The years of drought passed, and prosperity came their way. As the boys grew up homesteads were taken for them; and the more cultivation was extended the better off the family became. The death of its head made no change in their fortunes, for by the time this occurred the boys were growing into manhood. The widow and her brother have no fear for the future, even should years of drought recur, for I gathered that each of them had a goodly store of money in hand. Nor have the boys any fear, for they are practical and expert farmers, who know how to prepare the soil so as to conserve the moisture it contains after the winter snows. They were admirable examples of young Canadian manhood—strong, well set up, in vigorous health, and more than contented with their lot.

Leaving this household of prairie pioneers, you drive across another stretch of rolling country. On the east is a broken scrubby land, more or less covered with stunted timber. This, you will learn, was once the home of a number of Scotch crofter families, who were settled there under a colonisation scheme associated with the name of Lady Cathcart. The little beetle-browed Irishman, who has accompanied you from the farmhouse a part of the way, in order that you may "strike" the right trail, will point out to you a tiny cemetery where fifteen of these people lie buried. He well remembers them coming twenty years ago. Their lands, he says, were badly selected. They were fisher folk, not farmers. They did not know how to prepare the soil and sow the seeds and use the implements with which they were

supplied. They would go across the prairie to the valley of the Qu'Appelle and pass their days fishing. Their animals and farms were neglected. Moreover, the times were bad. They fell into such a condition of poverty that relief had to be sent them.

After a mile or two you reach once more the level prairie—the tenacious black lands which are unsurpassable for the wheat-grower's purpose. A stalwart man of middle age, his black hair plentifully streaked with grey, stands at a four-horse drill. His rough clothing is covered with innumerable darns—neat circular or oval darns, cleverly stitched by someone to whom the use of the needle is an art. You stop for a chat, and when he knows your name, and which farmhouse you hail from, he talks freely. He came from Elgin twenty-five years ago, and homesteaded here with his wife. Now he is the owner of a square mile of the best wheat-land in the world. You learn afterwards that he is one of the wealthiest farmers in the country-side. He, too, went through a period of hardship and poverty. The years of drought almost drove him off the prairie. But when a change came for the better, he made money freely enough to buy out neighbours who did not share his stubborn faith in the soil. The North-West, he will tell you, is the finest country in the world—a farmer's life the most natural and independent of any. He is something of a thinker, this Scotchman, for he discourses at length upon the incomparable advantage of life in a country where a man can acquire land of his own, where poverty such as is known in Europe does not exist, and where a man is valued solely for what he is and can do.

There is growing up here, he declares, a race which is physically, intellectually, and morally — he puts significant emphasis on the last word—superior to that of the Old Country, about whose future he shakes his head dubiously. Ask him whether he has come across many English people, and he will reply in the affirmative. A few have done well, but the majority not well. Many with money came to grief in prairie farming, and with what they could save from the wreck of their fortunes went further west—to British Columbia, where the climate is milder. English immigrants without money seldom succeed, simply because the majority of them are from great cities. That, at least, is his view. But English agriculturists—men who have been born and bred to farm labour—are fairly certain of success, if they have the sense to profit by the experience of the earlier settlers.

The more one sees of this vast prairie the more hopeless it becomes to convey through the written word any definite impression of its immensity. Mere figures are useless. Who is there who can form any clear conception of areas and distances from a row of numerals? Most of us have a rough idea of the size of a five-acre field; but when one tries to think of millions of acres the mind refuses to act—my mind, at least. Yet in Manitoba alone there are forty-one million acres. In Assiniboia, where my host lived, there are fifty-seven millions; in Saskatchewan seventy millions, in Alberta sixty-four—two hundred and thirty-two millions in the four districts! The surveyors tell us that it is not, in reality, a great level plain. This it seems to be, for the traveller, wherever he is, sees only land which is

apparently as flat as a table. It lies within the encircling edge of a sky which appears to be far more highly arched—to have a nobler and grander sweep—than in other regions. On the ocean, in some atmospheric conditions, one may occasionally obtain a feeble comprehension of the vastness of the level waters, the spaciousness of the heavens. A clear day on the treeless prairie enlarges even this conception of terrestrial and celestial space. It is doubtful whether the eyes command more than a radius of twenty-five miles on the plain. And what is a disc of twice that diameter in comparison with the whole prairie area? A mere pinpoint, almost without dimension! One may travel for weeks—this way or that—and never see a tithe of the territory. The Dominion has in it not a province or group of provinces, but an Empire. There is room for numberless millions of men. But the mind falters when an attempt is made to appreciate the significance of the figures in which the extent of the prairie is expressed.

Still less, perhaps, will your imagination be able to bring home to you a sense of the value of those plains as a food-producing area for future generations. The cultivation of them has scarcely yet begun. In Manitoba and the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta there are something less than three-quarters of a million of people —on two hundred and thirty-two million acres! Only by taking a large map will you be able to realise how much has yet to be done in opening up the country to new settlement. From Winnipeg to the base of the Rocky Mountains runs the trunk line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with a network of branches to the

South-West, another network to the North through the province of Manitoba, and two other northward lines, one from Regina to Prince Albert, a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles, and another from Calgary to Edmonton, on the upper waters of the Saskatchewan River. On a small map it looks as though the region were fairly well supplied with facilities for communication; on a large one you are impressed, not by the number of lines, but by their fewness, and the enormous spaces of intervening territory yet to be served.

Only the fringe of the culturable expanses has been touched. Calculation shows that only about three million and a half acres were in wheat in 1904, with a yield of some sixty million bushels. Area and yield alike are trivial in comparison with what might be—with what will be, should immigration continue during the next quarter of a century on its present scale. It is estimated by experts that, after making liberal allowance for bad and doubtful lands, there is a culturable area of one hundred and seventy-one million acres. Of this only three and a half million acres are now used—solely because of the lack of population. Imagine what the North-West will be when the remaining one hundred and sixty-seven and a half million acres are under crop! Here, indeed, is a vast reserve of wheat-land such as no other Empire possesses. Have our Statesmen realised this? In England there is lack of bread; here, lack of men to break and plant the virgin prairie. With what measure of wisdom is our Empire governed, when hunger in one overcrowded portion of it co-exists with unutilised wheat-lands in another?

Let the mind be thrown forward to a time when the

entire two hundred and thirty million acres are under the plough. Will limits even then have been set to the wheat-growing possibilities of Western Canada—to the capacities of these immense plains to absorb the superfluous labour of the British Isles, or even of Europe? The answer is in the negative. There are still nearly five hundred million acres of land in Athabasca and the Mackenzie basin alone. It is a matter of conjecture how much of the land in this far northern region is capable of profitable cultivation. The territory is known only to explorers, to the Indians and half-breeds, and to such whites as have left civilisation far behind them, and return to railhead only once a year with their stores of skins. But evidence of its value and its possibilities as a field of future settlement is being steadily accumulated by the Dominion Government, which is yearly extending the area of its effective administration in the wilds that stretch northward to the shores of Hudson Bay. I do not presume to express any opinion on that evidence, which is at present fragmentary and incomplete; but educated and far-seeing Canadians are convinced that these northern lands constitute a national asset of incalculable value.

Moreover, it is quite conceivable that the scientists may yet evolve a wheat which will grow and ripen in the short summers which prevail in the farthest North. No finality can be put upon the experiments on which they are engaged. Here I touch upon matters which are not within a layman's ken; it should not be inferred that I am suggesting that the Experimental Farms will supply the agriculturist with seed which will produce crops within the Arctic Circle. But it is

probable that they will find a wheat which can be grown far beyond the area in which it is now possible to ripen grain. Indeed, they may be said to have solved this problem, tentatively at all events, for wheat, barley, rye, and oats are now produced farther north than it was thought prudent to plant them a few years ago.

When I was in Ottawa I had the good fortune to meet Dr. Wm. Saunders, Director of the Dominion Experimental Farms, who took much personal trouble in showing me over his laboratories outside the city, and in efforts to initiate me into the mysteries of his researches. They were above my comprehension, and I shall not endeavour to describe them. It will, however, be within the bounds of accuracy to say that the studies which are there pursued lead to definite knowledge of what varieties of cereals can be brought to perfection in regions where crops were hitherto thought to be unobtainable. Dr. Saunders furnished me with evidence of Ladoga wheat, plump and well-matured, weighing sixty-four pounds to the bushel, and of oats, barley, and rye, grown on land near the Peace River, four hundred and fourteen miles by latitude north of Winnipeg; of Ladoga wheat and other crops of good quality, grown in Athabasca, five hundred and ninety-one miles north of Winnipeg; at Fort Providence, seven hundred and ten miles north; and, at Fort Simpson, eight hundred and eighteen miles north of the same Manitoban city. The latter fort is the farthest point north from which samples of cereals have been obtained. The period between seeding and harvesting varied from one hundred to one hundred and eight days. This is less than Nature's allowance in the

great wheat belt which lies along the United States frontier.

Then, again, though the open season is shorter, the summer days are longer. Growth is quicker. If Nature is prodigal of her winter, she is also lavish in summer heat, and borrows freely from the night to compensate for the longer time in which frost holds dominion over the earth. She gives a fierce sunlight, a more prolonged daylight. The combined effect of warmth and extended days gives quicker and intenser life to vegetation. The ripening of cereals is hastened. The period in which it is possible for grain to mature may be shorter, but, in the wonderful alchemy of Nature, the grain itself acquires the habit of earlier ripening. Seed which will take a certain time to come to maturity further south, where there is no inevitable necessity for haste, will be ripe for the harvest a fortnight or even a month sooner.

Would life be endurable the year round in these northern lands? It is terribly hard on the more southerly prairies, and, except for a few favoured localities, where the climate is modified by obscure meteorological conditions, the winters farther north must necessarily be longer and keener. Here, however, another element comes into operation—the wonderful adaptability of the human frame to rigorous conditions. I have seen much Dominion ice and snow, and have felt the countless razor-edges of her Polar winds. I should have just a little fear of living on the plains from November to May. But against these conditions there has to be set an added power of resistance to cold. This quality the Canadians, native-born and immigrants, seem to

develop in a marked degree. Indeed, the Dominion is producing a race of men and women finely adapted to the environment of a long and fierce winter and a short but intense summer.

The process of adaptation may be painful, or at least uncomfortable. In the evolution of the type only the fit survive and perpetuate their kind; but the special type is evolved. And it persists. The Canadian, or the man or woman who has been there for many years, is a somewhat different physical being from the Englishman. The native-born are of larger growth, hardier in physique, and certainly in temperament. Their children are sturdier, more robust, and grow with greater weight of bone than those of more temperate latitudes. There are few puny people in the country, few weaklings, few whose deformities arise from rickets rather than accident. I have not seen these suggestions advanced in any writings about Canada which have come my way, though they have, doubtless, been made, and are commonplaces in medical literature. But if they rest on any basis of physiological truth they help to widen the area of development.

Far across the prairie—hundreds of miles beyond the expanse now marked out for human habitation—lies a still vaster tract of Mother Earth, unknown areas of it suitable for cultivation; and on the settled prairie and in the great lands eastward to the Atlantic there is being bred and fashioned and moulded into hardihood by rough climatic conditions a race of men able to adapt themselves to yet greater severity. Aided by immigration, they are throwing out a fringe of their

most vigorous sons, who press ever northward towards the Arctic Circle, narrowing slowly but surely the broad belt of territory which lies between the cultivated prairie and the eternal ice. The railway is following them. The scientist is keeping pace with them, searching the earth for wheats which will grow and ripen in the shortest of summers and with the minimum of heat, analysing soils, reinforcing the labour of pioneer hands with the brain power educed in the Universities of Toronto and Montreal and expended in the laboratories of experimental farms. These are factors which open out an illimitable prospect for such European peoples as can fit themselves into a semi-Arctic environment. Who, then, can set limits to northward migration and agriculture?

CHAPTER IX

THE FINDING OF A HOMESTEAD

TOWARDS the end of April in every year there is a noticeable migration of people towards the outer confines of the settled prairie. Along the railway line East and West there are millions of acres of unoccupied land; but these are the property of great corporations, who hold them for sale at fancy figures which few but non-Canadian newcomers into the North-West would be so foolish as to pay. There are also considerable areas in and about this strip of future wheat-land which are in the hands of men who have acquired them by the performance of "homesteading" duties, and have, for one reason or another, abandoned farming and would sell if they could find purchasers gullible enough to buy at inflated prices. Beyond all these lands, however, lie many millions of acres of virgin prairie, for which nothing need be paid by the settler except an entry fee of ten dollars for a block of one hundred and sixty acres—the "Free Farm," which allures so many English people to the West. It is to these lands the spring migration goes. They may be reached from Regina by a branch line northward which runs as far as the dreary bushlands of Prince Albert; or, again, far across the prairie, from another northward branch starting from the foothills of

the Rockies. That from Regina runs for several miles through the picturesque Qu' Appelle Valley. The train was crowded with homeseekers when I travelled by it. There were a few English immigrants whose means had enabled them to travel thus far. They had determined to spend their all in the perilous experiment of "homesteading," without having first learned the agricultural, climatic, and other conditions of the problem by a season's work with an established farmer. There were several Ruthenians, Roumanians, and Russians who were on their way to Rosthern and other foreign settlements, which stretch across the plain northward in a thin line to the bushland fringe and the land of the fur-trapper. But the majority of the occupants were from the Ontario peninsula and the Ottawa Valley—young men who had left the family roof-tree and wished to farm for themselves where there were no trees to cut down and stump; or farmers who had wearied of forest-clearing toil, and had decided to exchange the heavy bush for the grass-covered plains. A few had already made the preliminary exploration the previous fall; had selected their homesteads and were taking up their wives and children, their goods and chattels, their farming implements and so forth; but the majority were searchers after land, and had little notion where they might find it except that it would be somewhere in the Valley of the Saskatchewan.

The valley of the Qu'Appelle River is a great winding cleft in the surface of the prairie, the sides broken into rounded hillocks which give shelter to stunted maple-trees and coarse shrubs. The railway runs through the cleft, and every now and again a prairie wolf could be seen, taking a morning walk over the mounds,

AN ALBERTAN SHEEP RUN

his long lithe form and head and pointed ears silhouetted against the sky. Emerging to the prairie level an almost uninhabited country was traversed. An eight-hours' run brought us to a farming region, where men and teams were busy on the plain breaking the prairie, or sowing wheat, or harrowing the newly-sown fields. Then a broad wooded ravine came into sight with clusters of wooden houses, and we were soon crossing the southern fork of the Saskatchewan River, on a trestle bridge, at less than a snail's pace; and with some apprehension of a collapse, for the structure had been partly carried away a few days previously by the ice-masses, and hastily repaired, pending the construction of a new bridge. Once across the stream—a much deeper and broader cleft in the prairie than the little river of Qu' Appelle—we were in Saskatoon. Here the train nearly emptied itself, for Saskatoon is the chief "jumping-off place" for the prairie wilds, North and West. It is a name of evil omen in some English households, for there, about three years ago, the "Barr Colony" detrained, preparatory to a trek of some two hundred miles, where unopened lands had been selected for them; and from the Saskatoon post-office many a letter was sent home, telling of illness, death, and disillusion. The colony numbered about two thousand persons, and was largely recruited from the smaller middle classes of London. They were not poor people, and their aggregate capital was considerable. Unversed as they were in the unscrupulous rapacity of the Canadian trader, they fell an easy prey to his extortion. Wherever you meet a "Barr" colonist he will warn you against Saskatoon as containing a disproportionate number of

sharks. The colony camped out on the prairie outside the little town, and provisions and supplies rose forthwith to famine prices. The weather was severe. There had been trouble on the voyage—almost a mutiny some said—and discontent and depression had been rife. Camping out in severe weather in such circumstances as these, and for people who had probably never known hardship more severe than being caught in an occasional shower without an umbrella, led to illness, and the women folk were kept busy making pneumonia jackets. When the long trek was begun, difficulties increased rather than diminished, and the Dominion Government had to send special officers to pilot the colony through the wilds. The settlement—it lies near the Saskatchewan River—is named Lloydminster, after an Anglican clergyman who shared the fortunes of the party. It was said to be "doing splendidly"; but from all I could hear from chance wayfarers who had abandoned it, it was having its full share of the hardships and disappointments which attend the transference of English townsmen to the semi-arctic conditions of the northern prairie.

The main street of Saskatoon faces the railway track and loses itself in a trail which runs north-westward, across the prairie for a thousand miles or thereabouts. At the end of the street is a livery stable, with a large corral for horses, which are driven in from the plains—where they forage for themselves under the snow during the winter—in readiness for sale to spring settlers in the Saskatchewan Valley. I had walked to the end of the town, facing the setting sun—often a spectacle of incomparable beauty in those regions—and when its glories had vanished and there was nothing but a reddish after-

A CORRAL OF BROOD MARES

glow in the skies, I leant over the fence of the corral, and watched the horses, loading a pipe meanwhile.

There were other loiterers like myself, and one of them courteously proffered me a light—an Englishman by the cut of his clothes, and, apparently, a gentleman, though he could not have shaved for a week. We fell to talking about the horses, which were the sorriest lot of crocks ever gathered together; and a broad-faced, thick-set young man, with an accent which suggested a Yorkshire origin, joined in the conversation. He was a friend of the man who had first addressed me. They had travelled out from home together and had just arrived, after a continuous railway journey of four or five days. After the usual conversational fencing, by which Englishmen who are strangers endeavour to "place" one another, we exchanged names.

He was the son of a Scotch doctor, settled in a Yorkshire town which shall be nameless, and his broad-shouldered, thick-limbed companion had been an assistant master in the grammar school there. He had, however, thrown up schoolmastering in disgust at the poor prospects open to a junior, and, two years ago, had emigrated, coming out to a Manitoban farmer to whom he had introductions. Here he learned the business of prairie farming, just as any ordinary labourer would do, and in November went home, with the determination to return and go homesteading for himself. He met there his old schoolmate, the doctor's son, who had no settled career, but whose experiences included many phases of outdoor life in England and a spell in South Africa during the war as an officer with a Volunteer draft. There are thousands of Englishmen like him—

well-bred, expensively educated, for whom it is difficult to find suitable lucrative positions in the Old Country. When he learned that the ex-schoolmaster intended to set up as farmer for himself, he proposed to join him. Hence they came out together, each with as much capital as he could scrape together.

To buy land in Manitoba was beyond their means. Each of them wanted one of those "Free Farms of one hundred and sixty acres" which tempt the passer-by from the windows of the Canadian Emigration Offices in Charing Cross; and they had come straight on to the Saskatchewan to look for one in the Valley.

I told them I was on the like quest, though merely for the purpose of getting further experience of the country, and being able to tell intending emigrants how to find a homestead for themselves. We agreed to go together, and the next morning set to work by paying a visit to the Dominion Land Office, with the object of finding out what "townships" were available, our impression being, from what we had already seen of the country round Saskatoon, that we could pick and choose within an easy walk of the town, or of one of the stations up or down the line.

The Land Office we found on an upper floor of an agricultural implement shop, and it was approached by a rough wooden ladder with a handrail. Up this break-neck stairway we climbed, and found ourselves in a tiny office crowded with applicants for homesteads, who were being attended to by a youth. After a time we obtained a place at the counter and were referred to a map on the wall, marked out in "townships," or squares, each block representing thirty-six square miles of land.

Those squares were subdivided into thirty-six sections, each of one mile square. The sections which bore a pencilled cross were as yet unallotted, and of these we might take our choice. We learned with some surprise that there was no vacant land within thirty miles of Saskatoon. Many of the seekers, we were told, were going in a south-westerly direction, but the youth could not advise us what to do. That was not his province. The map was on the wall, and it was for us to find where the land was and see it, and then file a homestead entry with him. We asked for a map of the Valley such as would help us in our search, but were informed that the office was out of maps, and new ones had not arrived. This did not impress us with admiration for the manner in which the Land Department conducts its business, or for the assistance which it professes to give the immigrant in finding a homestead.

Finally, we learned that the best thing to do was to hire a "rig" at seven dollars or eight dollars a day, and drive out somewhere where we could find a man to "locate" us—that is, show us the land represented on the township plan as unallotted. In the course of time we were introduced to a man who said he could "locate" us on the richest land on earth the very next day. But he must first settle with a man to whom he was selling some harness. He would arrange details with us afterwards. Where were we staying? We mentioned the name of the wretched inn, which was the only place in the town where we had been able to get sleeping accommodation, and an appointment was made for him to call. He never came.

My friends were much troubled in their minds as

to whether they should buy oxen or horses for the farm. It had snowed rather heavily all day, and we discussed the merits and demerits of each type of animal in the smoking-room of the building which called itself an hotel. The word "oxen" was overheard, and soon the usual little comedy was enacted. A man went out. Another man came in and casually remarked to the company that he had as strong and handsome a team of oxen as ever stepped on the prairie. They were young, they were powerful, they could be driven by the "lines"; they would "gee" or "haw," get up or stop, or do anything they were asked to do in the English language. He had no use for them now; they were on his hands in town, costing him money for stabling. They were cheap at two hundred and fifty dollars, but he would sell them at two hundred dollars, and throw the harness in. Did any men in the room require oxen? Did we three men require oxen?

A flippant inquiry as to how many miles they could trot in a hour rather hurt his feelings; but he was equal to the occasion. If we wanted a team that would trot he had a pair of young horses who were fast walkers with the plough behind them, and would trot with a loaded wagon as long as any one of us could hold the "lines." Then followed an artistic description of the physical beauties and mental attributes of the animals, which were purchasable for three hundred and fifty dollars spot cash. He went away after he had talked until his throat was raw, no business having resulted; and he was succeeded by another man who adjured us not to buy horses, for they would surely die a lingering death from marsh fever, but to purchase oxen; and by

yet another, who counselled us not to have oxen on any account, because of their slowness and stupidity, but to buy a team of horses from him—horses which had drunk "sloo" water all their lives, and were proof against marsh fever or any other malady.

Meanwhile we discussed the situation caused by the non-appearance of the person who had agreed to locate us, and having found out the name of another man in the district who did this kind of work for new settlers, we decided to trek out in his direction as soon as the weather cleared. On my return a few days later from a trip to the bushlands of Prince Albert, I found my friends waiting for me with a brand new wagon, a serviceable team of horses, a store of provisions, and a spirit kettle. Before the sun was high in the heavens we had left Saskatoon behind us, and were following a trail leading south-west across the prairie.

They were what the Yorkshireman called a "hefty" team—plenty of bone, with good shoulders, chests, and forelegs, powerful quarters, and an even stride. One was a grey, and the other a brown. They worked well together, each keeping the traces taut; and from the manner in which they picked their way over the gopher holes and drew the wagon along the easier ruts, it was plain that they had for long been accustomed to follow a trail. The prairie, in fact, was their workaday world. Their recent owner had been economical in the use of oats, and they were a little soft and out of condition from continuous hay feeding; but we had not driven them many miles—now at a walk, now at a slow trot—before we found out that there was nothing the matter with them. My friends had paid

two hundred and forty dollars for them, with harness, which was in tolerably good condition; and this was unquestionably a bargain.

The wagon was a new one, and cost eighty-five dollars, and our provisions cost another five dollars. A farm wagon in this region is different from any similar article I have seen in any other part of the world. It is, of course, springless, with heavy axletrees and wheels, and the body of it is an oblong box, about twelve feet long, three feet six inches wide, and about three feet deep. Across this a detachable spring seat is fixed, so that the driver is almost as high above the horses as he would be if seated on the dickey of a Pickford van. The body is detachable, so that the underpart of the wagon may be used to bear a rack for carrying hay, and half the depth of planking at the sides and ends may be removed if only a shallow body is needed.

Altogether, it will have been seen, the outfit with which we three went to look for a free farm of one hundred and sixty acres apiece, cost three hundred and thirty dollars, of which five dollars represented food, lest none should be obtainable on the way.

Leaving the Saskatchewan behind us, with the houses of Saskatoon fringing the bend in the deep cleft through which the river flows, we were soon on the open prairie. The trail took us past a tiny settlement, with a few farmhouses in the distance, a schoolhouse on one side of the road, and a little cemetery on the other. It contained about a dozen graves, marked by new and neatly-cut stones chiselled out of the granite boulders which are occasionally met with in this part of the Valley. It was "recess" as we passed the schoolhouse, and a few

A PRAIRIE SCHOOLHOUSE

children were playing on the ice of a frozen "sloo," while the schoolmistress watched us from the doorway of the building as we passed along the trail.

Why should such trivialities be mentioned? Because we did not come to another schoolhouse for twenty-five miles or more. These little wooden shacks, with their single-handed schoolmaster or mistress, are an agreeable feature of prairie life, for they signify that facilities for education, elementary though it be, are provided simultaneously with the throwing open of newly-surveyed land for settlement. The schoolhouse precedes the church and the post-office. It accompanies the pioneer, and is equally an outpost of civilisation as the shack of the settler. The intending emigrant can be sure that, though he may have to go to the very fringe of the prairie for land, there will appear on the landscape in a short period a little lumber schoolhouse, to which his children, if he have any, may be sent with confidence that instruction will be given by a competent person.

About one o'clock we left the trail, and turned the horses towards a distant farmhouse. There we "unhitched," took the animals to a "sloo," and gave them a drink, obtained water for ourselves, tied the animals to the wagon, gave them a feed of hay, and afterwards of oats, made tea for ourselves, and set to work on bread and canned beef. It was a glorious repast—a veritable feast after the atrocious cooking of the dirty, smelly "hotels" of the West. Then, sheltered from the cutting wind by the wagon, we smoked our pipes and fed the farm dogs with scraps. When the horses had rested sufficiently, we said adieu to the farmer—an Ontarian, who was doing fairly well on his land, and gave us the

rather alarming intelligence that we should have to go another thirty miles or so for homesteads for ourselves.

Late in the afternoon we passed, to the south, a long broad lake, with thousands of duck on the unfrozen margin. We halted, and tried to get one or two of them for supper; but they were too wary. No doubt they had been shot at all the way during their long flight up the continent from the Gulf of Mexico. Though we crawled on our hands and knees through the long dead grass, their sentinels saw us long before it was possible for us to get a shot. They gave the alarm along the whole edge of the lake. The birds rose in thousands against the wind, wheeled round, and flew off, settling a couple of miles or more away. It was a pretty but a tantalising sight.

Resuming our way, the horses plodded along the endless trail in a strengthening and ever colder wind. We needed shelter for them during the night, if not also for ourselves, and we quickened their flagging steps until we saw in the distance a shack and a rude stable. A little spectacled man came down the side trail to meet us. His, he said, was the "half-way" house —half way to nowhere it seemed—and he made it his business to accommodate travellers. We halted at the stable, which was built of thickly packed sods from the prairie. The breaking plough, let me explain, strips off the surface of the earth in lengths of about three feet by fourteen inches, and turns the sod over, exposing the densely-matted grass roots to the air. These sods, doubled over and piled one on top of the other, over a slight wooden framework for sides and roof, make a fairly comfortable stable; and I have seen such places

used for dwelling purposes by homesteaders who were too poor to buy lumber, though their erection in lieu of houses is not a proper compliance with the homesteading regulations of the Land Department.

After the tired horses had been watered, bedded down, and fed, we turned our steps towards the shack, crossing a belt of ploughed land—a "guard" against prairie fires. Here we were received by the settler's wife, who had prepared a frugal but a hot meal and tea, and had a blazing wood fire in the closed iron stove. We needed both the warmth and the food, for the evening had turned bitterly cold, and the keen wind and strongly oxygenated air had exhausted our vitality.

A glance round the shack revealed a single room, with a bedstead partitioned off by thin drapery—the dwelling being about twelve feet by eight. Alongside the bedchamber was a low couch; next to that was a little table, at which we had our meal.

Above it was a variegated assortment of coloured Scripture texts. In the centre of the remaining space was the stove, with a couple of wooden chairs, and, against the wall, some cupboarding, with shelves, which carried a few plates and cups. Where should we sleep? We volunteered the suggestion that we had plenty of rugs and had intended to sleep in the wagon; but the settler and his wife would not hear of this. No one who had ever come that way had slept out of doors, and we should certainly not do so.

We went out to have another look at the horses. The sky was like burnished steel; the stars were luminous points of gold; every dead fibre of grass on the prairie was jewelled with little globes of ice, which

glistened and sparkled in the moonlight; across the great wastes from northward there swept a strong and continuous wind, which drove us into the sod stable for shelter with the horses, while we smoked a final pipe. It was certainly not a fit night for any one to sleep in the open, and under the friendly compulsion of our host of the half-way house we retraced our steps to the shack. A mattress and coverlets had been spread on the floor. The sofa was allotted to me, and the mattress to my companions. The lady of the house was already busy disrobing behind the curtains, and with some embarrassment we disappeared as quickly as we could beneath our coverings, removing only our overcoats. Our host piled more wood on the stove, took off his coat and boots, and vanished. A good-night in C and another in A sharp were thrown out to us over the curtain rods, and we composed ourselves to slumber.

Our host for the night was the native of a little town in Surrey, which has since become almost a part of London. He had been in Canada about ten years, had done all sorts of things, and finally set up for himself in a "shoe-shine" shop in—well, let us say, Toronto. He made no money at this, but found a wife, and went homesteading in the Saskatchewan Valley. He had grown no crop as yet, had no animals or implements, but scraped a living together somehow by entertaining benighted travellers like ourselves, and doing odd jobs for neighbours; and his wife baked bread and darned socks for one or two bachelors whose shacks figure in the landscape thereabouts. A poor life for both of them! But the little man said he was perfectly happy, and preferred the isolation of the prairie to the conditions in

which he would have had to live had he been drawn into the whirlpool of London.

After regaining the main trail next morning we passed through an unoccupied country, on which, however, we knew there was no homesteading land to be had. The wind had shifted to the south-west, and had moderated its force; the sky was cloudless, and the steady sun rays made the morning air delightful. A three hours' drive, mostly at a walk, brought us within sight of a wooden farmhouse, with a large barn and two shacks—one of which we afterwards found to be a schoolhouse, and the other a stable where the children put up their ponies. The prairie was here a gently rolling plain, and the buildings appeared to stand on a slight eminence.

As we breasted the rise three other farmhouses came in sight, and, far away to the north-west, a long range of low hills, with a sharp rise from the plain. These we knew must be the Eagle Hills, and it was somewhere in their neighbourhood—or at least between them and Goose Lake, away to the south—that we hoped to find land. Turning off the trail, we went to the farmhouse which had first caught our attention, and were fortunate in finding that we had come to the dwelling of the farmer whose name had been given to us in Saskatoon as one who knew the locality, and could show us available land of the right kind. But he was away over the prairie, helping a new neighbour to build a house; and we went on a couple of miles further to a point where a stack of Columbian lumber glistened white in the sunlight.

Here we found a keen-eyed, active man, with a

goatee—a true Uncle Sam of the caricatures. He gave us a cordial welcome, and said he could locate us on genuine land as good as that which he had selected for himself; but it was several miles away. It would take a day's driving out and home again, and that not with our heavy horses, but with a light team and buggy which he used for such purposes. We had better go back to the farm, unhitch, put our horses in the stable, and have dinner. He would be home in an hour. We did as we were instructed. Two strapping young men were at the stables, and, after looking round at the horses and the stock until their owner returned from his building work, we went into the house, dining sumptuously off stewed prairie chicken—a full and uniquely-flavoured bird, somewhat resembling a ptarmigan in taste.

Our host was an American farmer from Oregon, from which State he had trekked a year previously with his family, his household gods, his horses, and his cattle. They had travelled by road every mile of the way into British Columbia, and thence into the Saskatchewan Valley. The trip took them fourteen weeks, the rate of progress being determined by the walking capacity of the beasts—some twenty head, including a valuable thoroughbred Jersey cow, which had been imported into the States, and had thus seen much of the world and its pasturage. His family consisted of his wife and two sons. When he reached this neighbourhood the Dominion surveyors had not carried their work so far; but he selected his land, squatted on it, and, as soon as was practicable, filed an entry for a homestead, each of the sons doing likewise. They thus had three adjoining

quarter sections, each of a hundred and sixty acres; and the land, he declared, was as good as any a farmer could wish to have. As soon as the buildings were put up much of the land was broken, and now they were about to commence seeding for the first crop. Altogether, he had sunk four thousand dollars in his enterprise, and he was confident that, given tolerably good seasons, he would do far better than he could have done by farming anywhere in the States.

The farmer's wife, however, I found to be somewhat less enthusiastic. She longed for the flowers and fruits of Oregon, the genial climate, the warm humid airs that come from the Pacific. The Canadian winter was bitterly cold and long and dreary; and, for her, life was an endless round of monotonous duties within doors, broken only occasionally by "surprise visits" from neighbours. The sons liked the change from Oregon. Here, they thought, they had a clear prospect of prosperity as independent landowners; and as for the cold, they did not give it a thought. Last winter had been nothing to complain about, and spring was now here.

Their home was a spacious two-storeyed wooden frame house, with a pointed, sharply sloping roof. The ground-floor was divided into two rooms. In one—"the parlour"—were household gods which had not yet been unpacked after the trek from Oregon. The other was the combined kitchen, general dining-room, and bedroom of the farmer and his wife. The walls were papered with old news sheets. The cooking and heating stove stood in the centre; near this was the table at which meals were taken; at one end of the room was a rude dresser, and beside it a low bench, with water-pails

and a hand-basin and soap for the family ablutions; at the other end stood a double bedstead and a rocking chair. From this room there was a stairway leading to the sleeping-room of the boys, and any wayfarers like ourselves.

I give these particulars of the household because they represent, roughly, the conditions of life on many an American-Canadian homestead in the North-West. United States farmers have crossed the boundary line in very large numbers, and there are many hundreds of prosperous farms worked by them on the great plain which lies to the south of Regina. Forty-five thousand United States settlers came into the Dominion in the year ending June, 1904, and the invasion is continuing unabated, the newcomers going ever further afield. My friend of the Saskatchewan Valley was, doubtless, only the forerunner of other Americans in that remote region. A better and more welcome class of foreign settler—from the Dominion and from the English point of view—does not exist.

The American immigrant is a pioneer, and accustomed to deal with, and adapt himself to, new conditions. He is a man of the plains—resourceful, self-reliant, and enterprising. And he often brings growing boys and girls with him—the best asset that Canada can attract, for what she needs most are young men and women. Youth adapts itself more readily and easily than age to her climatic conditions. Moreover, the American brings the wherewithal to convert the prairie wilds into wheat-fields. He has money in his pockets—bundles of bank-notes and huge "cartwheel" dollars—and he travels thither with horses, cattle, wagons, and implements.

He possesses both the means with which to farm, and a knowledge of farming, and his mind is so alert and impressionable that whatever is new and strange to him is quickly learned. He is, indeed, an aristocrat among Dominion immigrants ; and, it should not be forgotten, he is an English-speaking immigrant.

The immigration officials draw all kinds of foreign fish into their net. During my wanderings I met Turks, Syrians, Maltese, Arabs, Icelanders, Russians, Scandinavians, Hungarians, Austrians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Armenians, Poles, Moldavians—the list might be widely extended. Without being prepared to say that the British Empire is no proper place for some of these, and that the Dominion is in too great a hurry to fill up her vacant territory with fifth-rate human material, I am quite sure that the American is the best foreign immigrant she can get. He has all the virtues of the people of every other nationality, and few of their vices.

We spent the afternoon on the prairie, looking for something that could be either stewed or roasted, arriving—after a long tramp under a sun that was almost uncomfortably hot—at a meandering creek, where wild duck abounded. But the birds were far too clever to be the victims of our guns. Of the two or three who would not deign to fly until the last moment, only one was hit ; and it fell on the other side of the creek, the waters of which were so icily cold that to wade across was a feat requiring more courage than we possessed. But our walk back when the sun was setting was rewarded by a prairie chicken apiece, and with these plump and appetising birds we were fully content.

We had to pass the night in the hayloft, over the horses and cattle. Rising before six next morning, and having well breakfasted on porridge and prairie chicken, we went out to look at the team behind which we were to drive. They were a pair of young bronchos, about fourteen hands, which had been picked up in Oregon two years ago, unbroken, for four dollars, and were not now to be had for less than three hundred dollars. But before we entered the buggy we thought it well to have a business understanding with our American friend. What would he charge? Charge? Why, that need not trouble us a "durn." We gave him to understand that it vexed us very many "durns." Well! there were three of us to be located; then there was himself, his buggy and horses, his knowledge of where the good land lay; all these were elements in his reckoning. To come to the point—he never thought much of any man who would not come straight to the point—his charge would be seventy-five dollars. We recognised the righteousness of his views, and paid admiring tributes to the large-heartedness of his character; it was just what we had expected from him; but, unhappily for ourselves, we were not millionaires. To pay seventy-five dollars would make so huge a hole in our little capital that homesteading would be impossible. Really, there was nothing for us to do but to take the horses and wagon back to Saskatoon, sell them for what they would fetch, and hire out.

Then he paused—a long pause, during which he scanned us narrowly from the corners of his eyes, worked his iron-grey goatee skywards with a twitching movement of the chin, drew it gently back to its true angle

with his hand, and stroked it caressingly. We maintained silence and a crestfallen attitude. Our disappointment was too keen to permit of speech, until one of us so far mastered his emotions as regretfully to suggest that we had better get out the horses and hitch up. This subtle appeal to the business instincts of our host led him to observe that he saw no reason for us to lose heart. We were just the sort of chaps he would like to see settle in the country—genuine Englishmen, of the same stock as himself. Why! his great-grandfather was an Englishman who came to the States from Yorkshire; his wife's people were English, from Leicestershire. For all he knew, their bones were mixed up with the bones of our own forefathers in some ancient village churchyard. We were the same stuff as he and his boys were. He wanted us for neighbours. He knew we'd do well. All we needed was a start right there on genuine land. "Durn" it all, if he wouldn't locate us for ten dollars a head and five dollars a day for driving; and we could have him out as many days as we liked until we found land to satisfy us! As we had previously ascertained that this was the minimum figure at which we could get the work done, we closed the bargain and entered the buggy.

Though the sun was out, it was a bitter day for a drive. A vicious but not blustering north-east wind found its way through clothing and rugs, telling anew how "Winter, ling'ring chills the lap of spring." We could not go straight to our objective—the Eagle Hills, a long, low line against the horizon to the north-west—because of the vagaries of the Eagle Creek, which meanders along for more miles than anyone seems to know, and

has but one bridge—a primitive structure of maple poles from bank to bank, with similar logs laid across them. After passing over this we followed a trail which led us for three hours or so through railway or homesteading land which had already been allotted but was not yet occupied, though we came across two homesteaders who were trying to make up their minds where they should put up their shacks. One was an American, and the other a Canadian from Ontario, and their eyes brightened at the possibility of getting neighbours who would be yet further away in the wilds than they were themselves.

Urging the bronchos forward, we passed through one of the wildest stretches of prairie country I had yet seen. It was seared with buffalo tracks. These animals, now almost extinct, must have found splendid pasturage in the broad valley of the Saskatchewan, and it was easy to imagine the noble beasts passing over the plain in single file on their way to water or to other regions north and east. Badger holes and the holes of other burrowing animals abounded, but we saw nothing larger than the frisky gopher. The trail was bad going, because of the holes; indeed, after a time it became no true trail at all, though the buggies of surveying parties or land-seekers like ourselves had passed before us, their wheel tracks forming a rough guide from one section post to another.

We crossed one broad trail which was of much interest, for it was that which runs due north to Prince Albert Land and the wilder bushland regions beyond; and down this now unused thoroughfare, for a century before the days of railways, the Indians, with their "Shag-a-nappees," or rough ponies, or their dog-sleds,

brought down their loads of furs from the Arctic Circle to the far-away "forts" of the old trading companies. Many a reader of this will remember having seen in the picture-books of his childhood a wood-cut showing Indians and half-breeds, with their animals and loads, struggling through a snowy waste along an interminable track; and, doubtless, there is many an old lady in England with a once costly and now faded but carefully-treasured fur garment which, as a pelt, passed over this very trail when she was in her first youth. Our search did not lead us along this interesting route, and we had to cross much "hummocky" ground. The jolting of the buggy was painful, and we fared scarcely better when we regained the level, for the wheels bumped first into one badger hole and then into another. Our bronchos were clever little animals, and it was a pleasure to watch them pick their way through these leg-breaking places.

As the morning wore on we drew nearer to the Eagle Hills—a bold range for this part of Canada, and giving not only variety but also picturesqueness to the scene. We passed during the morning a frozen lake, some miles long and a few broad in its widest part. It lay in a rather deep depression, and round its edges, where the water had melted, were myriads of geese, white and black, and duck of many kinds. About one o'clock we pulled up to feed the horses and eat some enormous sandwiches which the farmer's wife had put up for us.

We were now, with the Eagle Hills some ten or fifteen miles away to the north-west, on sections available for homesteading. The afternoon we spent driving

over them, trying to discover the best section out of which to pick three separate quarters. Here the ground was too rolling, and the tops of the eminences —if that word can be applied to prairie land—consisted, therefore, of rather light soil. There, though it was unquestionably rich black loam on a tenacious clay subsoil, it lay too low, and was, therefore, subject to early frosts. The higher the altitude North-West from the Regina Plains, the less is the danger of the crop being damaged by frost before it is ripe. In one section there were too many "sloos" and nothing but pasturage; in another there were no "sloos" at all, and hence no grass areas for cutting hay for the horses. Nowhere was there any bush or timber to be seen.

The difficulty of choosing aright was great, notwithstanding the help of our American friend and the experience which our shrewd Yorkshireman had already acquired in Manitoba. At length, however, we selected alternative sections and quarters to file upon—a necessary thing to do, lest someone should have been over the ground the day before, and have filed an entry at Saskatoon before we returned. With these duly marked on our township plans, we turned our backs on the Eagle Hills, and commenced the long *dètour* before we could reach the farm.

It was a cold and uncomfortable drive, though those wonderful little bronchos, which must have covered sixty miles out and home, went at a good pace, never made a false step, and arrived at the stable seemingly as fresh as when they set out. But the last half-hour of sunlight converted the wild prairie into the most beautiful coverlet earth ever bore. The long grass was dead, and

the predominant colour in the slanting sunlight was, therefore, a light saffron. But beneath were the delicate green shoots of the spring verdure. Here and there were tracts of feathery grass, with faint grey sheaths silvered by the sunlight, and broad irregular expanses of reddish brown shrubs with crimson berries. Who could describe the rainbow radiance of the grasses as the almost horizontal sun rays shot through them, the resultant hues varying and blending in exquisite harmony as the shifting evening breezes rose and fell? The colour tones were past counting. There was every imaginable shade of yellow and grey, brown and green, and here and there a big patch of brilliant blue, light or dark according to the contour of the ground and the variations of the dead and living verdure. Blue? Yes—a blue as pure as that which enfolds the hills of Eastern Prussia or washes the shores of the Mediterranean.

Our next business was to file entries at the Land Office at Saskatoon without delay. The day following was Sunday. Rising early, we breakfasted, hitched our horses to the wagon, and took to the trail. It was a glorious day, the wind faint and the sun so hot that by evening the three of us had complexions of a fiery red. Though ice was still thick in the centre of the lakes, the power of the sun was equal to that of a cloudless English July. We reached Saskatoon late in the evening —too late to get a meal at any of the "hotels," and unable to obtain beds at them except on the condition that we shared rooms and sheets with earlier comers. This not being in accord with our fastidious English notions, we threw ourselves on the mercies of a Chinese restaurant proprietor, who gave us tea, a dish of eggs,

bread, and preserved fruit, and let to us a tolerably clean room with truckle beds in it.

As soon as the Land Office opened we struggled up the stairway with a number of others. Each of us swore an oath on a greasy Bible that the land on which we desired to make entry was not occupied by anybody, and had not been made the subject of improvements; and each of us paid the clerk ten dollars, the entry-fee, receiving a receipt, subject to confirmation by a superior office—a technicality of no practical importance. We then walked out into the street, each of us a joint occupier and prospective owner in fee-simple of a quarter of a square mile of Dominion land in the Saskatchewan Valley.

My "quarter" became, of course, lost to me because of non-fulfilment of the statutory "duties." All right to a "free farm" or homestead lapses unless the homesteader builds a house on the plot, resides in it for six months, and breaks up so many acres each year. If he does these things for three years he obtains his "patent" of absolute ownership, and then he may allow it to relapse into its original state if he likes. When a homestead is abandoned before the patent is obtained, anyone may "file on the entry" at the local Land Office—that is to say, may take up the land himself by paying ten dollars entry fee and performing the "duties." My "quarter" has since, I believe, been "filed on" by a relation of my fellow-homesteaders. The last I heard of them was that they had put up shacks and stabling, had lost one of the horses from marsh fever, and had had to buy others; that they had dug a well and found good water, and that they were working from sunrise to dark

breaking up the land, so as to be able to seed as much as possible of it in the spring. I add these sentences on a chill October day in London, writing in a fire-lit library overlooking a spacious and pleasant garden, with all the comforts and some of the luxuries of existence ready to hand, or forthcoming by touching an electric bell. A few streets off are the open houses of friends, the theatres and pleasure resorts of the Metropolis, the thronging and ever-fascinating life of the main thoroughfares. What a contrast to the conditions in which my companions now are! Housed in a mean little timber shack, faring on salt pork and bread and tea, they are "toughing it" on the desolate prairie, forty miles away from any village, for Saskatoon is nothing more, doing their own washing, cooking and mending, and with the prospect of six months' isolation, amid snow and frost and biting winds such as are unknown elsewhere, except, perhaps, in Siberia. The would-be emigrant with a little capital should reflect on these things before he exchanges the comforts of England—even such as are obtainable by the industrious poor—for exile on the frozen, wind-swept prairie.

CHAPTER X

THE COST OF A "FREE" FARM

THE attentive reader will have noticed from the foregoing chapters that to get homesteading land worth having, it is now necessary to go far afield. As the West fills up, as it is fast doing, the immigrant will have to go still farther. This, of course, means that the cost of getting to the land will be heavier and supplies dearer. Railway facilities are, however, likely to be multiplied during the coming decade. Many branch lines are either under construction or are projected ; and when the Grand Trunk Pacific is built, accessibility to what is now remote prairie will be relatively easy. Whether it will be cheap is another matter, for the railway companies of Canada are not philanthropists. It is an urgent necessity for them, however, to get population into the country, and for this reason they carry immigrants at relatively low rates. Once the people are there, the railways have them at their mercy ; and they exercise consummate skill in extracting from the established settler the uttermost farthing for the transportation of persons and goods. The progress of the country and the cost of homesteading may be said to depend upon the extension of the railways. But even now the emigrant can be tolerably sure of getting good home-

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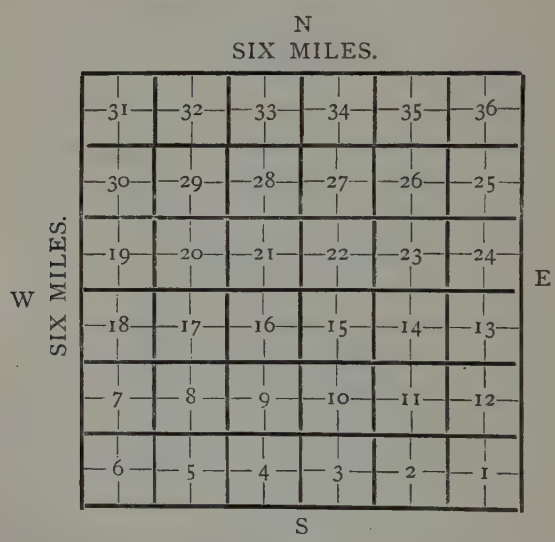
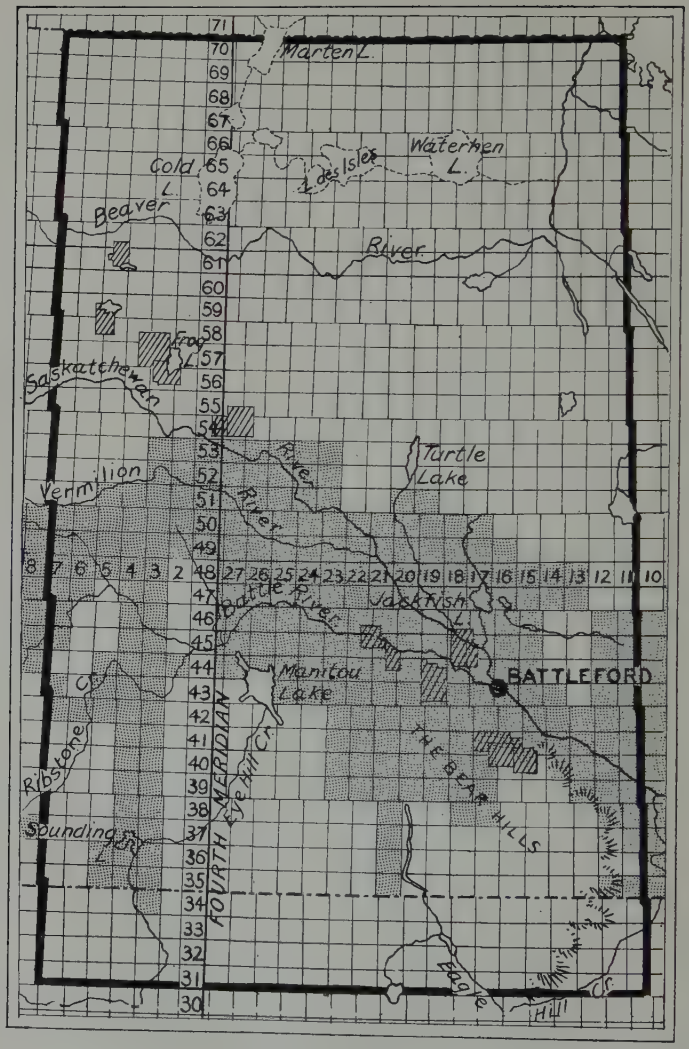
steading land within a few days' drive from a railway line. I propose therefore to enter into a little calculation in this chapter, which should help to inform the intending emigrant of the amount of money which he should have at his command when he takes up a homestead—not when he leaves England, but when he arrives at the Land Office of the district in which he has made up his mind to settle. But before doing this, a few sentences should be written descriptive of the parcelling out of prairie land. It is simplicity itself. The boundary with the United States may be regarded as a straight line across the prairie—it is not in reality straight, because the earth is a sphere. From this line run the meridian lines due north. Look for example at this inset plan of the Battleford Land District, in which I went homesteading. At the foot of the fourth meridian line on the United States boundary is a square numbered 1, with a succession of squares until the 30th is reached. At 31 the boundary of the Battleford Land District commences. Its northern limit is square 71. Across the oblong region enclosed by the black boundary lines is a line of squares, numbered from 10 to 27, meeting the fourth meridian, and then recommencing at 1. These squares represent "ranges." Each of the squares within the plan represents a "township" six miles square. The Office of the Land Agent of the Battleford District is marked by a circle. It will be seen that it is in "township" 43, range 16, west of the third meridian—or east of the fourth; but locally the description is always west of this or that meridian. The "grained" or shaded areas represent those which have been surveyed and thrown open

for settlement. Those not so marked represent land in process of survey, upon which anyone may squat if he chooses, and thus obtain priority of settlement as soon as the survey is completed and plans are accessible at the local Land Office. Those areas marked by lines over the "graining" represent land already taken up at the time this Index plan was printed—it is the latest obtainable when I was in the West. Now a "township"—six miles square—is divided into thirty-six "sections"—each of one square mile, the enumeration beginning from the right-hand bottom corner. Thus :—



Each square mile is subdivided into four quarters, each of one hundred and sixty acres. If an immigrant started out from Battleford and intended to settle near the


Marten L.
Waterhen L.
Cold L.
Beaver River
Frog L.
Saskatchewan
Turtle Lake
Vermilion River
Battle River
Jackfish L.
BATTLEFORD
Manitou Lake
THE BEAR HILLS
Ribstone Cr.
Sounding Cr.
FOURTH MERIDIAN
Eagle Hill
71 70 69 68 67 66 65 64 63 62 61 60 59 58 57 56 55 54 53 52 51 50 49 48 47 46 45 44 43 42 41 40 39 38 37 36 35 34 33 32 31 30
8 7 6 5 4 3 2 27 26 25 24 23 22 21 20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10

Bear Hills he would have to find his way over the prairie trail, township by township, being guided in his search by the landmarks put up by the surveyors. Having arrived at what he thought was suitable land, he would first select a "section," or one square mile. This would contain four quarter sections of one hundred and sixty acres each; and on one of these quarters he would be entitled to "file an entry" at the Battleford Land Office—provided that no one else had done that before him. To avoid a mishap of this kind he would probably have noted down other alternative quarter sections, on one of which he could file if some other homeseeker had preceded him and happened to hit upon the very quarter section which pleased him best. In order to familiarise himself with the parcelling out of the prairie land, the intending emigrant may localise my abandoned homestead. It was section 2, in township 35, in range 12, west of the third meridian.

Now for the calculation of what it costs to accept from the Dominion Government a "free farm of one hundred and sixty acres." Let us take the case of an English agricultural labourer who has come into a legacy or some other windfall, and try and measure the financial difficulties that will beset him before he can start farming for himself in the North-West. He is, we will assume, young and strong, has no one but himself to keep, no claims upon him which will call for the remittance of part of his earnings to the old people at home. And he is strictly abstemious and frugal—the sort of man who does not find it necessary to visit the village public-house every evening for ale and the society of his fellow-men. He is hardy enough, physically, to bear the

rigours of a winter where the temperature may fall occasionally to fifty and even to sixty degrees below zero, and sufficiently vigorous, mentally, to be able to live a solitary life for weeks on end; for the chances are that when he goes homesteading he will be out of sight of neighbours and several miles from any settlement large enough to contain a post-office or a church. Assume further that he has saved up sufficient money to get a good stock of warm clothing, including a Manitoba calf-skin coat, which he should buy in the West, and carry him from his English hamlet to Regina, where he will arrive in April. He will be able to obtain work for the season at, say, twenty-five dollars a month, and thus gain the needful experience of the country and the people. He will need no new clothes. His food will cost him nothing. He ought to leave his farmer with, say, one hundred and fifty dollars in hand. How much more money will he require before he can set up for himself? He will have to spend about forty dollars in travelling and living expenses when searching for homesteading land, away from the settled area in which he has been working. Having fixed upon the location in which he would like to settle, he would go to the District Land office and pay ten dollars for his right of entry. He would then need to build a shack or hut in which to live. The lumber for this would cost him one hundred dollars, and if he were handy with saw and hammer he would be able to put up the structure without expert assistance. Sundry tools would cost him, say, ten dollars.

His next business would be to sink a well, if there were no spring on his land, and this would cost him

from fifty dollars to one hundred dollars, according to the depth to which he might have to pierce. He would have to lay in a stock of food for himself for the winter, and if he could live as plainly and as roughly as a Canadian in like circumstances would live, this would cost seventy-five dollars. He would then have to build a stable for two oxen, and the lumber for this would absorb fifty dollars. He would buy a small stove, which would cost him twelve dollars to twenty dollars, and cut a store of wood either from his own land or from the nearest unowned "bluffs." He would then hibernate for four or five months, taking good care, unless his shack was unusually well built and wind-proof, to keep the fire going night and day.

In the spring he would wake up and start spending again. He would have to buy a hand-plough, which would cost him twenty-five dollars, and a team of oxen, which are obtainable at from seventy-five dollars to one hundred dollars a-piece, according to age and condition—say two hundred dollars for the team, with harness. He could then break up some of the land so as to prepare it for sowing in the succeeding year. Meanwhile he would buy a wagon, which would cost him eighty dollars, a drill, or seeder, at sixty dollars, and a harrow for twenty dollars.

Obviously, he would not be able to plough and prepare his own land and at the same time be working for someone else; but he would probably hire out during seeding and harvesting time, and earn enough to provide himself with food for the ensuing winter. When the spring came he would buy seed, say, at one dollar per acre—sixty dollars, if he had worked desperately hard

and prepared as much as sixty acres of land. While that crop was growing he would have to live, and this would cost him about fifty dollars, for during this time he would not be "working out" for any other farmer. His feed for the oxen would, of course, have been provided by the prairie, where he could cut rough hay for the winter store.

Now let us see what is the total sum—the minimum which our imaginary agricultural labourer from England would require if he went homesteading in the North-West. The account would stand thus:—

Search for land	$40
Homestead entry	10
Lumber for house and stables	150
Team of oxen, with harness	200
Sinking well	100
Wagon, seeder, plough, stove, and other requisites	215
Seed	60
Food	125
Total	$900

or about £180 sterling. But against this should be set the one hundred and fifty dollars (£30) which the man would have earned during the first season in the country. It follows from this that an agricultural labourer who brought £180 with him, and worked the first summer for a farmer—as every sensible emigrant should if he would learn the method of cultivation and the ways of the people—would be able to start homesteading. It

also follows that homesteading is impracticable for an agricultural labourer, or anybody else, without capital. To that I will refer later.

The figures I have given may be contested. They do not agree with those which are sometimes advanced by emigration agents and others who draw bonuses from the Dominion Government for every emigrant they despatch to Canada. Some of these plausible and imaginative gentlemen would almost make one believe that homestead farming can be commenced on a few loose sovereigns. But the figures were given to me by an old homesteader who has been in the North-West for a quarter of a century; and they agree not only with figures obtained from others, but also with the prices for lumber, oxen, implements, etc., ruling in the prairie country when I was there. And in arriving at them I have allowed no margin for waste due to error or gullibility on the part of a newcomer to a strange country. For example, in buying oxen a man needs to know what sort of beasts are worth having. Otherwise he would pay a long price for a team so lacking in strength as to be useless after a few miles' haul or the breaking of a few acres, or so stupid and vicious as to be more or less unmanageable. I have seen not a few immigrants on prairie trails reduced to speechless despair by the behaviour of their beasts. Powerful and intelligent oxen are indeed a treasure to the homesteader of limited means. A man will soon learn how to drive and handle them either in a wagon or with a plough. But weak or fractious oxen will wear down a man's will and strength faster than a team of difficult horses. Again, the probability is that the

average agricultural labourer with £180 in his pocket would fall a victim to one of the land sharks who infest the prairie towns, and part with his money in buying land—and bad land to boot—and going into debt for his implements and lumber. Unless he keeps aloof from the predaceous gentry of the towns, he will be robbed at every turn. He will be "spotted" as a stranger at once. The touts will flock about him with offers of friendly help this way or that, but with the object of ascertaining what hard cash he possesses and how he may best be relieved of it. The newcomer cannot be too wary, for there is a large class in Canada which has no other means of subsistence than those afforded by the advent of strangers. They live upon and by and through the immigrant. Not until a man has had some experience of the country by working for a wage does he become qualified to cope with the chicanery of land-sellers, horse and oxen dealers, and the like. A further point: in considering the sufficiency or otherwise of the figures I have submitted, it should not be forgotten that they permit of homesteading only on a modest scale. The item for food is calculated for a man only—not for a man with a wife and family. Oxen are allowed for, not horses, which would cost more in the first instance and would certainly be more expensive to keep, for it is doubtful whether the homesteader would get a sufficient crop of oats off the land the first season to keep the animals going through the winter, even though, in addition, there was a slough depression on his "quarter" from which he could cut hay. Nor are the implements priced above of the newest type and most expensive. These, and horses and appointments for his

shack, he would have to get in later years as he prospered, and perhaps acquired an adjoining section. This he would need if he wished to make a comfortable living and save money, or if he had to support a wife and children in any tolerable scale of comfort, for no Englishwoman, perhaps no woman other than a Nova Scotian, who can endure anything, could be expected to share the penurious lot of the homesteader in the early years of his travail, or to bring up a family on the productive power of one hundred and sixty acres alone. It would not, however, be difficult to get possession of an adjoining quarter section in a newly-opened part of the prairie. If many homesteads are taken up, many also are abandoned before the "patent" is granted, or are sold for a song when it is once acquired. If the second of the four "quarters" of the whole "section" in which our agriculturist found himself, were taken up by an Ontarian, the chances are that that quarter would never be available. If the third were held by a Scotchman, it is probable that that also would not come into the market—except at a very long price, for the Scotch immigrant is almost the equal of the Ontarian in staying power, besides being a better man of business. But if the fourth quarter were in English hands, the probabilities are very strong that it would pass into the possession of our agriculturist—assuming, of course, that he was frugal and the other was not, and that he was, generally, the better farmer of the two. It is surprising how few Englishmen there are farming on the prairie. The number is very small, compared with that of Scotchmen and Ontarians. One hears of many who have tried it and gone away; and wherever you find an old home-

steader who now has a half or three-quarters of a section of land, the almost invariable explanation is, that he bought up an English neighbour or neighbours, who got into debt, or could not endure the cold and the winds, or, because of one or two bad seasons, lost heart and went away.

If the problem of homesteading is difficult for a man with a cash capital of £180, what must it be for the man who has no money at all? As I have said, it is impracticable for a man without capital to go homesteading. Anything said or written to the contrary is moonshine. But candour requires the statement that a homestead can be acquired by a labouring man who has nothing but his wages to set to work with. He need not wait until he has £180 to his credit. Few indeed are the homesteaders who have so much. Credit is very easily obtained. A man who has selected a homestead, and paid his ten dollars entry fee, can buy everything he needs on long terms. He can go into debt for his oxen, his implements, his lumber, and everything else. But this is a very expensive way of setting to work, and if the first crop should not happen to be a good one and to sell at high prices, the chances are that the homesteader will find himself without the means of continuing to work his land. Nevertheless, men without capital have succeeded by a judicious use of the credit system. A few good seasons in succession may enable a farmer to clear off liabilities which would involve him in bankruptcy were a single crop to fail while the debts continued. Where credit is taken the enterprise is a huge gamble. The risk is great and the interest charges high. It works out something like this: implements which would

cost, say, $100 cash, are charged $125 on long credit, with from 10 per cent. to 14 per cent. interest on the latter sum, and for security, a mortgage on the man's goods and chattels. The implement seller is on the right side. It may be costly for him to collect his debt when the crop is reaped, but his profits are none the less enormous. Unless a man has grown first-quality wheat—wheat which grades as "No. 1 Manitoba hard," and this is a matter of luck—and unless he sells when prices are high, there is very little money left for him to get through the winter. He has to go into debt perhaps for provisions, clothes, and so forth, and may continue in indebtedness year in and year out for years, until a few bad seasons bring him to utter ruin, or a few exceptionally good ones enable him to get straight and possibly have a balance in hand. Of those who gamble in this way a few have luck and in the long run succeed in becoming independent, but many come to grief. This is what the labouring man should bear in mind when he is tempted to use the credit system. The chances are, that being once in debt he will, unless he develops unusual resolution and lives with singular frugality, never get out.

How then can a penniless immigrant become the owner of a homestead? The answer is, only by taking several years in which to accomplish his purpose—how many or how few will depend entirely upon his earning capacity as a worker for other farmers, and upon his ability to save his wages. For example, a man who has saved enough out of his summer earnings to pay an entry fee, buy lumber for a shack, a stove, a few tools of his own, and a store of winter food, can enter upon possession. He will at least live rent free during the winter.

Possibly he may get an odd job with a neighbouring farmer, who has established himself and can afford to pay for a little assistance now and again, if only in carting and chopping wood from the bluffs. In the spring he will be able to hire a team and a plough, and thus break up enough land to enable him to claim that he has performed his "duties." The homesteading regulations are interpreted elastically in such cases. Only serious and persistent neglect of them is visited by forfeiture of the entry. The Inspectors have discretionary power, and are men of sense, who know the difficulties of the poor homesteader—probably from personal experience. The breaking done he would hire out to a farmer for the season. If he had a trade of any sort—were a carpenter, a blacksmith, or a wheelwright—there would be profitable odd jobs for him to do in the winter; and in the summer he would be fairly certain to be able to earn high and steady wages in the nearest town, or in putting up dwellings and stables for new homesteaders who had capital. Each year he would break up a further patch of his quarter; each year he would sow a larger crop, and each winter he would live in his own shack; and both winter and summer he would earn more than enough to keep himself fed and clothed. In due time he would be able to buy a plough of his own, next, oxen or horses, seeder, harrow, wagon, and so on. With these he would be able to concentrate his energies upon his own homestead. Mere wage-earning would not be essential to him. Nor is the course here suggested wholly impracticable for a man with a wife and family, if we assume that the man and his wife have been in regular employment in an established farm, the

husband as labourer and the wife as housekeeper, and that their joint savings have enabled them to see their way a few years ahead in the matter of food and clothes for the household, for the man would still be able to hire out away from his homestead. The difficulties would be great in the case of either a single or a married man; the life would be terribly hard; but they could be overcome, and the life endured. Experience proves this to be so. Many prosperous farmers—men who now own and farm whole sections a mile square—began as homesteaders with only a few dollars. I know three brothers in Assiniboia who went there eighteen years ago with only one hundred dollars between them. One now owns a whole section and the two others three-quarters of a section each. Indeed, the really successful men—the men who now own great blocks of land free from mortgage—are usually settlers who homesteaded with a very little capital in the days when the art of farming on the prairie could be learned only by failures, such as the later immigrant, if he will but take local advice, can avoid. Such men say that, paradoxical as it may seem, it is an advantage to start homesteading almost without capital. Case after case can be cited where men who had money—and plenty of it—lost every cent in homesteading, while those who had nothing, or next to nothing, and struggled through anyhow, succeeded, and are now prosperous. In the North-West so much depends upon the man—his frugality, resolution, and staying power. These are, after all, the principal factors; for the man without them will never earn sufficiently good wages in Canada to be able to save much out of them, nor will he be able to utilise those savings in such a way as

to develop into a landed proprietor, earning bread for himself and family on soil which none can take from him. And, as a general rule, unless a man does attain the status of an independent farmer it is not worth his while to have gone to the North-West. If he has no ambition above helping on the land of others, or little capacity to realise his ambition, he will be no better off, and perhaps worse off than if he stayed in England, where, at least, there is more abundant provision for him when ill-health or old age incapacitates him for self-support.

CHAPTER XI

WESTWARD AND NORTHWARD

One of the dreariest railway journeys the world affords is that of the thousand miles across the prairie to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. The monotony of the uncultivated plains—for most of the land within sight of the line is held for a rise by railway and other corporations and private speculators—is broken only by an occasional wooden farmhouse and by widely distant "towns" which, with the possible exception of Winnipeg, have no present pretensions to structural durability. Regina, the capital of the newly-created province of Saskatchewan, is as yet a mean little place of wooden villas and shanties, and for nearly seven hundred miles, until Calgary is reached, there is no town which has the appearance of substantiality. For fifty miles or so west of Regina, the prairie is covered with rich grass; but out of sight on both sides of the line lies a rather thickly settled farming country, where the soil—a glutinous black loam—grows the finest wheat in the world. At Moosejaw—so called because, in the early pioneering days, an Indian saw a white man mend his Red River cart with the jawbone of a moose—there is a prosperous little town. The farmers thereabouts, many of whom were homesteaders, are fairly well-to-do, and for lands

which cost them nothing originally are now asking twenty to twenty-five dollars an acre, though the houses, barns, and stables may be mere wooden shacks. But beyond Moosejaw, for many hours of travelling, the country becomes indescribably dreary. Away on the left are the drift hills of the Missouri plateau—the great pile of rock which geologists believe to have been deposited on the prairie slope by huger masses of floating ice in some glacial age unthinkably remote. On the right is an apparently endless plain of gravelly and sandy soil, with coarse grass and every now and then an alkaline lake.

Signs of habitation are few and far between until Medicine Hat is reached. This is an attractive little town in the valley of the South Saskatchewan, and it has lately become prospectively important, because of the discovery of supplies of natural gas, which is used for lighting and heating. The importance of such a resource in a country of long winters and bitter cold need not be emphasised, and Medicine Hat—an Indian medicine man with extraordinary head-gear gives the place its peculiar name—looks forward to pre-eminence among the growing villages of the prairie.

Ascending from the valley, the traveller is again on the plateau—the third of the prairie steppes which lead to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. On this plateau there are few farms, for the country is arid and the soil poor. It is used for cattle raising, and the population is insignificant. Large sums are being spent on irrigation works, however, and it is claimed that by these means the soil can be made arable—or perhaps it should be said saleable. If this is so—and such work on

MOOSEJAW CREEK

similar areas of the prairie on the other side of the United States boundary line suggests that it is—it is possible that this dreary and infertile region may be changed into acceptable farm or ranching lands. As the Bow River is reached, signs of settlement are again observed, and many hundreds of cattle are out on the prairie. Away to the south lies a ranching country, and there the herds are reckoned by the thousand. At Calgary you leave the western train and change for the branch line north to Edmonton.

Calgary is a ranching city, and the Mecca of the superfluous son. Thither go the young gentlemen from England who cannot, or do not, pass their examinations; or cannot, or will not, sit on a stool in their father's office; or who have neither the capacity nor the will to make for themselves acceptable careers in the Old Country. They go to Calgary, usually with some capital, to "raunch." When they have lost their money, as they sometimes do, they still "raunch"—as "cow-punchers," for somebody else, at from twenty dollars to forty dollars a month, according to their skill as stock-men. If they have not the grit to do this, and keep at it, they write home for money. Many of them have regular allowances. The remittance men form a notable element in Albertan society, and Calgary is their head-quarters. They abound in the lounges and bars of the hotels, clad in riding breeches and Norfolk jackets, and wearing round, soft felt hats, with enormous brims. I wonder how many fathers there are in England who have sons out there whom they are not particularly desirous of seeing at home again, except for a very short holiday, and are pestered every mail-day by recitals

of misfortune, which can be summarised into a request for money? There must be a good many, judging by the crowded state of the Calgary bars.

Some of the ranchers are English gentlemen, who have put considerable capital into the business of stock-raising, and such as these have made a certain impression on life in Calgary. There is one hotel which has slight pretensions to comfort and refinement. Calgary city itself is well built, chiefly of stone quarried in the neighbourhood. Its situation on the south bank of the Bow River, at its confluence with the Elbow, is picturesque, and from the hills above the town there are fine views of the serrated peaks of the Rocky Mountains, some fifty or sixty miles away. The climate is less severe than that of the Eastern plains, for the warm winds of the Pacific, which course through the gaps of the mountains, sensibly modify the temperature in winter. It is not surprising that Calgary and the surrounding country, particularly that to the south, should have attracted a class of Englishman with money to invest in horse and cattle raising, or that such an area, thus colonised, should be regarded as a suitable destination for superfluous sons.

Edmonton, the capital of the autonomous province of Alberta lies nearly a day's journey by rail northward from Calgary. It is the gateway to the extreme north-west of Canada—the Farther North-West, as it may be called. On the east, for some hundreds of miles, are the rich valley lands of the Saskatchewan; and about these the reader already knows something from the chapter descriptive of the search for a homestead. For about fifty miles to the south, and also to the

A WESTERN RANCH

north, and eastward to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, is a tract of rich black soil, which is known to be as good as that of the wheat-belt of Manitoba and the Plains of Regina. Away to the north lies the vast and, as yet, but partially explored basin of the Mackenzie. What the soil may be worth in this farther region remains to be demonstrated. But within a radius of fifty miles from Edmonton, in any direction, there is land which is as good as any to be found east of the Rockies. Without posing as an expert in such matters, it may be said that I was long enough in Canada to learn the difference between good land and bad—to be able to distinguish at a glance land of the kind on which mammoth crops are grown and that which would not support a goat. The soil in the Edmonton district is of the first order.

The good land of the region begins from the south at the Red Deer River, that which lies between Red Deer and Calgary being better suited for cattle and sheep runs. At Red Deer, by the way, is a farm which bears the name of an historic scholastic town —Berkhamsted, about thirty miles on the north road from London. At Berkhamsted a school has existed since mediæval times. Under Dr. T. C. Fry, formerly of Cheltenham, it has been greatly enlarged, reorganised, and newly equipped, and it is now taking rank as one of the foremost educational institutions in England. I make this digression because at Red Deer—over five thousand miles from the ancient and picturesque Hertfordshire town—there is an extensive "mixed" farm, owned by him and managed for him, where Berkhamsted boys go to fit themselves for Colonial

life. Dr. Fry's idea is that in every large school there are lads who, for diverse reasons, are better suited for Colonial life than for more conventional or exacting careers, and that it is an advantage for such as these to graduate on a Colonial farm which is linked with the organisation of a Home school rather than be sent out by parents to take their chance with a little capital or as the recipients of a small allowance—two tolerably sure roads to ruin for a very young man in Canada. Hence the Berkhamsted Farm at Red Deer.

It is an interesting experiment in colonisation as well as in education; and certainly a successful one from the point of view of the lads and their parents. I met with more than one youth of the well-to-do classes who, for want of just such help and guidance as he would have got at Berkhamsted Farm, had lost heart because of the roughness and hardships of life in the West, and gone to the bad. At a school farm he would be initiated gently and gradually into the harsh realities of pioneering. He would still be under the glamour of school traditions. There would be a continuity of wholesome influences such as make a youth steady in endeavour and firm in will; and the companionship of others whose minds and characters had been formed by kindred associations in the Old Country. The chances of slipping down to the ne'er-do-weel plane of life would be slight. The fact that in the newly-opened region of the Red Deer River there is a Berkhamsted Farm which is used as a training ground for youths from the ancient foundation in Hertfordshire, has an even

broader significance. It helps to give actuality to talk of Empire. Here in a wild land, inviolate to the foot of the white man little more than a generation ago, is a group of young men who have carried thither the memories of an historic school and town, and are working out the problems of life in the new world on a basis of familiarity with England's past. They are engaged in the rough work of subduing a remote bush-land; but it is none the less for England and for Empire, —for the preservation of good traditions in government, in social life and in religion—that they labour. One could not help but think, when passing through the Red Deer Valley, that it would be beneficial for England and for Canada if other public schools followed the lead of Berkhamsted. English immigration into the Dominion would at least be leavened with men of liberal education. Such an element would of itself constitute a strong bond of Imperial union, and would exercise a wholesome influence upon the public life of Canada—assuming, of course, that the educated class mastered the economic difficulty of becoming well-to-do in the Dominion. Candour compels the addition that few succeed in doing this by farming or ranching. The Ontarian and the Scotchman get ahead of the Englishman by an instinctive adaptability to the circumstances of the country and by sheer frugality of living. This I found to be the case in the Farther North-West, even as in Manitoba and on the Regina Plains.

An errant pen has taken me far from Edmonton. The little town is beautifully situated on the northern side of a tortuous and tree-covered ravine, the river

winding about some two hundred feet below, and looking like a silvered ribbon carelessly thrown down over yellow gravel and sand. Here, at Strathcona, on the south side of the ravine, is the terminus of the branch line from Calgary. But this is not the only railway to serve the district, for the main line of the Canadian Northern has passed through the Saskatchewan Valley to Edmonton. Moreover, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will go through Edmonton, on its way to the ocean. Then, again, the C.P.R. have located a line from Edmonton, running south-east through the vast pear-shaped tract enclosed by the forks of the North and South Saskatchewan. And from Edmonton a line is to run due north to Athabasca Landing, towards the great waterway of the Peace and Mackenzie Rivers. What do these things mean? Take a map of Western Canada, and look at Winnipeg. Remember what the country was like when Lord Wolseley led the Red River Expedition to Fort Garry in the seventies, and compare that recollection with the present network of railways radiating from Winnipeg. Next, look out Edmonton on the map, nearly a thousand miles to the north-west, and think of it in relation to the railway extensions I have mentioned. You will then see that Edmonton is destined to become a railway centre such as Winnipeg now is. That is one reason, apart from the richness of the land, why I suggest that this unknown district may in time become the home of millions. Settlement will surge up the Saskatchewan Valley, and is, indeed, doing so to-day; it will pass northward over the arid lands east of Calgary to the rich soil of Red Deer Valley, upwards

THE SASKATCHEWAN AT EDMONTON

to Edmonton, and beyond that town to the Peace River region.

That is not a wild prophecy. The directors of the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Canadian Northern Railway, and the C.P.R. do not lay railroads through lands which are not habitable or do not present solid attractions to homeseekers. They know the soil over which the trains will pass. They are not likely to have formed an erroneous judgment as to the numbers which will throng along the lines of communication. Population, indeed, is moving north and north-west to Edmonton now. There is no homestead land to be had within thirty miles of that town. Those who went out into the wilderness ten years ago are asking twenty dollars per acre—a ridiculous price, but symptomatic of something besides the Canadian love of a one-sided bargain. From Saskatoon I had to go nearly forty miles west, into the valley of the Saskatchewan before homestead land could be reached. These facts show that the land is being taken up rapidly, and though the acreage yet available is reckoned by millions, the early comers will snap up the best locations—those which are nearest to the lines now under construction or shortly to be built.

Daily while I was in the region a trainload of homeseekers went north from Calgary. Some of them dropped off at various points of the Red Deer region and beyond; but the majority went on to Edmonton to search for land on the north Saskatchewan. That process will be repeated next year and the next and for many years, over the existing line and over lines now being constructed. There can be little doubt that

the region of which Edmonton is the centre will contain a very considerable population. Here, at any rate, is a spacious homeland for England's excess of population.

But, the reader may ask, is it possible to colonise so far to the North-West? If the winter is severe on the Regina flats, what must it be a few hundred miles nearer the Pole? Paradoxical as it may seem, the winter is in fact milder. This is owing to the near neighbourhood of the mountains and to the prevailing westerly winds of the Pacific, which, in a way that could only be made intelligible by a meteorologist, are warmed by passing over the mountain ice-fields. It is the genial Chinook winds which make the winter temperature of these northern Edmonton lands appreciably higher than that of Manitoba and Assiniboia. As a matter of strict fact, grain is successfully grown four hundred miles north even of Edmonton, for the Hudson's Bay Company have a fine modern mill working at Fort Vermilion, while there is another at Peace River Landing three hundred miles north.

But it is not on grain alone that the North stakes its hopes for the future, though here there are great possibilities, as anyone can see, who will consider this chapter in relation to the efforts of the scientists to evolve an earlier ripening variety of wheat. It is essentially an area for "mixed" farming. Hog raising is already an important industry. Cattle and sheep do well. There is bushland in abundance—in superabundance, perhaps, when one thinks of the severe labour involved in clearing the ground and tearing out the stumps. But the timber is not large. Many of the trees are of the girth of clothes props, and there are large tracts of willow bush

which can easily be burnt off. There is a bountiful supply of timber for log housebuilding and fuel; and in this respect the region has an advantage over any homesteading land west of the third meridian, where men have to go twenty miles or more before enough wood can be obtained to cook a prairie chicken.

And Nature, ever lavish, has furnished the Edmonton country with natural gas and illimitable coal, which lies just under the prairie and crops out in the ravine of the Saskatchewan. To get tolerable coal all one has to do is to back a wagon against the side of the ravine and shovel the fuel out of the earth.

The agriculturist has, of course, to reckon with the danger of early frosts. They may come before the wheat is ripe to cut and reduce a potentially valuable crop to a thing of little worth, save as food for stock. This is a risk which has everywhere to be faced in the prairie country, and especially in the newer regions of it; but experience seems to show that the danger diminishes with the cultivation of the soil. The earth is so rich that the cereals grow rank. They continue to shoot up when they should be ripening. Then comes the night frost of late summer, blackening and destroying them. But after the superabundant richness has been lessened by the growth of a few crops, and air and sunlight have got into the earth, the ripening process begins earlier. That is the theory, and Canadians claim that its truth is demonstrated by the history of the settled areas of the prairie. The farmer of the Edmonton district and the Saskatchewan Valley makes light of the frost difficulty, though he may suffer severely for the time being. He is convinced that what has happened in Manitoba, where

wheat crops are now seldom lost from this cause by farmers who know their business, will also occur in the far North-West. In this conviction he pursues his way, sublimely confident that acres which are as yet unsaleable will make his children, or at least their children, rich men and women.

CHAPTER XII

ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS

FRANCIS BACON in his essay "Of Travaile" adjured the wanderer not to stay over much in one city. "Let him remain," said he, "more or less as the place deserveth, but not long." Following this sage counsel, I left the rolling and diversified lands of Edmonton, though with regret that I could not penetrate the yet more northerly wilds, and returned to Calgary, striking thence due west through and across the great mountain range. Taking a steamer at Vancouver, I passed down the Strait of Georgia to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, on the south-east corner of the island of Vancouver, and, wishing to see what was possible of that mountainous, forest-clad gem of the North Pacific, followed the Esquimalt line of railway to its terminus at Nanaimo.

It is a beautiful spot, notwithstanding that much coal mining is done there. The blue waters of the Pacific are studded with verdant islands. Eastward of the bay are the towering mountains of the mainland, stretching north and south in rugged, snow-capped grandeur as far as the eye can see. To the west lie the lesser mountains of Vancouver Island, densely covered from base to summit with gigantic cedar, spruce, and

pine; and beyond them are the thousands of miles of ocean which join these new and almost unpeopled western lands with time-worn and populous Asia.

Whoever would know the majestic beauty of the British Empire must cross the great sierras which stand between the Pacific and the prairie. The Himalayas may be finer, but here there is a surfeit of grandeur and of beauty. The eyes are enchanted and bewildered. To translate one's visual impressions into words would be an impossibility. The brush, and not the pen, is the instrument for such a task; even a master colourist would fail to get upon his canvas more than a feeble suggestion of the imposing splendour of the scene. The photographer is scarcely less successful, but the illustrations now reproduced will give a clearer idea of these majestic heights than any words at my command.

British Columbia is a quadrangle of mountainous territory—many of the peaks being a mile above ocean level—lying between the Pacific and the great central plain. Exclusive of the Yukon territories, it is about seven hundred miles long by four hundred wide, and it is threaded by many passes, at elevations of from two to seven thousand feet. From the prairie, the first range is formed by the Rocky Mountains proper—a belt of about sixty miles wide. Then, after a noble valley, comes the Selkirk Range, some eighty miles in breadth. Westward of this is a great plateau, some three thousand five hundred feet above the sea, but deeply broken in parts by lake and river systems. Then there is the Coast Range, a belt of crystalline rocks which slope precipitously to the Pacific, and are broken by fjords and

A MOUNTAIN GLACIER (SELKIRK)

inlets; and across the Straits of Georgia are the tops of a submerged archipelago, of which Vancouver and the Queen Charlotte Islands are the most prominent.

What is its value as a part of the British Empire? What use can be made of these stupendous mountain ranges, these deeply-fissured valleys, these illimitable forests? The answer is that it is of incalculable value, and that no limits can be set to the use to which the region will be put by future generations. It has a population at present—whites, Indians, Chinese, and Japanese—of something under a hundred and sixty thousand—about as many as you will find in a single London borough. It could support, and it may some day contain—if we do not suffer it to be overrun by Orientals, about whom I shall have something to say later—sixty millions of whites.

For the white race the climate is ideal. Below the snow-line there are no violent extremes of cold, and even in the lowest valleys the heat of the summer sun is not oppressive. Naturally, the further north you go, and the greater the altitude of the mountains you ascend, the longer and more severe is the winter; but the records show that it is not colder in the valleys than in Central Russia, and is less rigorous than on the American Plain. One feels, indeed, a marked climatic difference as soon as one has climbed over the foothills from the prairie and entered the mountain gap. The change becomes still more noticeable after a few hundred miles westward. The air is soft and humid. It may blow with strength, but it has no cutting force. It does not lash the skin. One might be in the south of England, or on the coast of Brittany in early June. I

write, of course, of the lower valleys through which the railway passes on its way to the ocean, and of such coast regions as I visited. In the valleys and on the Pacific the air is luxuriously soft. In winter there is little or no snow, but much rain. When snow falls, it does not lie. Severe and prolonged frosts are unknown.

Of the abundance of rain the rich vegetation in the lower lying lands and the rank pine and fir on the mountain slopes afford eloquent testimony. The prairie was changing into green when I left it; and while I was travelling a heavy fall of snow covered it from end to end for a depth of a few inches—a veritable gift of the gods for the farmer of the Plains, who had been consumed with anxiety lest his newly-sown grain should be denied its mantle of moisture. But one passed in a night's travel from winter into early summer, with the new foliage everywhere developed and flowers in full bloom. The homely dandelion—the white man's foot, the Indians call it, for it does not seem to have been known before his arrival—and the graceful buttercup bedecked the luxuriant grass, and at the wayside stations one saw lilac and gorse, geraniums and pansies.

At Vancouver the lawns in front of the houses were of a fresh, deep green, such as one sees in Devonshire, and syringas and wistarias were glorious masses of bloom. So was it at New Westminster, on the Fraser River, and at the beautiful little city of Victoria, across the Straight; and so it was at Nanaimo, where the miners' cottages—their own freehold in most cases—are set amid trim lawns, with porches and verandahs in a framework of flowers.

"THE THREE SISTERS"

What told even more forcibly than foliage and flowers of the geniality of the region were the forms and complexions of the white inhabitants. Not only had I passed into another of the several Canadas of which the Dominion is composed, but also another of the diverse types of people who make up her population between the Atlantic and the Pacific. How shall I describe the difference without seeming to make invidious comparisons? Perhaps it can best be done by saying that there life is less strenuous, the struggle with Nature less severe. Existence is pleasant all the year round, despite the copious rains. No one suffers from cold—and by that I mean suffering such as the Canadian of the East and of the Plains unquestionably and heroically endures. Long-continued frost hardens men and women. It sets the features grimly, and coarsens and furrows the skin. The people of British Columbia have not undergone that hardening process. The essences of life have not been frozen within them. That is the difference. Their forms are less angular, their skins are clearer, their bearing is more leisurely, their voices brighter and pleasanter, their expression kindlier, their manners softer.

Here one sees the fresh, clear complexions one associates with the women of England—the glossy tresses, the bright eyes, the smiling features that tell of lives of comfort in a pleasant land. Nor need one go far to find the reason why women who live on the Coast outvie their sisters of the east. They are not cooped up in hermetically-sealed houses during long periods of zero weather, breathing stale air, which is often still further poisoned by the gaseous fumes of imperfect stoves; and

they have—what the women of the prairies have not—a limitless supply of pure, soft rain-water for bathing. Moreover, their lives are tolerably free from the coarser kinds of manual labour. The Chinaman does the scrubbing, the washing, the cooking, and the heavier work of the household. They have fewer cares, and are, therefore, less careworn.

What of the economic resources of the region? Here much might be written, though little is known—little, that is, in relation to the extent and diversity of the land. It has inexhaustible supplies of some of the largest-growing timber in the world. On the ride through the mountains one can see many hundreds of square miles where the sound of the woodman's axe has never been heard; and from the summit of a mountain near Nanaimo I looked over a sierra country, crowded with giant cedar and pine, which has not yet been entered. The prairie is treeless. Only north of a line drawn from Prince Albert to Edmonton is there timber much stouter than a broom handle. The supports and planking for every farmer's shack and stable, and often the fuel for the winter fires, come from British Columbian forests, or from the competing forests south of the United States boundary; and from British Columbia lumber is shipped to all parts of the world, east as well as west. In its timber alone the province has an industry which is, as yet, only in its infancy, and one which as time goes on should give employment to many thousands.

Then there are the minerals—coal, iron, gold, silver, mica, and many others. These have been known to exist for half a century. The British investor is too well acquainted with the region as a mining field to make it

necessary for me to emphasise this aspect of its latent wealth. Much English capital has been sunk there. To put the matter moderately, some of it has been grossly mismanaged, with the result that the country has suffered in the estimation of the investing classes. But there is a vast field for exploitation by capital and labour—by American capital, if British should not be forthcoming, and by Asiatic labour if a determined effort is not made to keep this as a white man's province. It is not, however, to mining that one looks for a broad and deep foundation on which to erect a social edifice of many millions of our people. Agriculture provides a surer and more permanent basis. In her coast and valley lands British Columbia possesses wide areas, which in generations to come will doubtless support a large population.

I could give a long list of arable valleys west and north of the Fraser River, and could fill pages with geographical data pointing to the existence of cultivable and pastoral lands, the acreage of which would have to be reckoned by tens of millions. It is true that much of it is forest-covered, that it can only be cleared by infinite toil and effort, and that, again, much of it is inaccessible save by Indian trail and lake and river work; but it is there. Hardy pioneers are entering it in twos and threes. As the rest of Canada fills up, and railway extensions are made through the mountain gaps, others will follow. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which is expected to have its outlet at Fort Simpson, will open up some of these little-known and unpeopled valleys, and the time will surely come when British Columbia will be clamouring for population as insistently as the North-

West is doing to-day. At present she is neglected. She is in that stage of development when only immigration with capital is acceptable. She does not ask for, and could not yet absorb in great numbers, the penniless immigrant who has only his labour to put into the market; but as Canada becomes richer and money flows towards the Pacific coast for investment, a labouring population will also go, selling its strength for wages, as it is now doing on the prairie, and working on in the hope of acquiring land of its own.

What is that population to be—white or yellow? Is this grandly beautiful region, with its mild and attractive climate, to be a homeland for the surplus people of England or for the offscourings of Asia? Is our own overflow of population to occupy this fair and fruitful area of Empire, or that of China and Japan?

I had been in the yellow man's company, more or less, from the Atlantic sea-board to the Pacific. Until the western limits of the prairie are reached, it is as a washerman only that he is known. In that capacity he discharges a necessary and useful task, relieving the women folk—who are all too scarce in the Dominion—from much distasteful drudgery. One seldom meets him out of doors. As one passes his mean little shack one sees his head, through the window pane, bent over a board, and hears the thud of his iron on the linen. In the newer prairie settlements John Chinaman may keep a restaurant, but, in the main, his occupation on the plains and in the east is at the washtub. In British Columbia, however, his ambition extends beyond the laundry. There he works in gangs repairing the railway track, in hauling the logs out of the forest to

A BRITISH COLUMBIAN VALLEY

the water-courses, and in the salmon fisheries, which, in the company of Japanese, he monopolises, so far as they afford employment to the wage-earner. You find him also unloading scows at the jetties, clearing forest land, pushing the coal trucks at the surface of the mines, and in the hotels and in many private houses he is cook, chambermaid, scullerymaid, and I know not what else.

Undoubtedly he has made for himself a place in the social economy there. No one can deny either his usefulness or his merits. Let it be admitted that he is patient, industrious, sober and honest, and that the work he does is needed by the community. But he could be dispensed with. His labour could just as well be performed by whites. He is not, either individually or in bulk, and for social and economic reasons, a desirable element in a British population. Canada is not a tropical country, where white men cannot toil in the open, and where servile labour is a necessity if white occupancy is to continue. It is essentially a part of the Empire where our own people can labour, building up communities free from racial excrescences such as the Asiatics present in British Columbia to-day. In Vancouver city, as in Victoria, there are some thousands of them congregrated in a few mean, disreputable streets, reproducing there, in what should be distinctly British towns, the squalor and overcrowding of the Coast places of Asia.

The case against the yellow man need not be put higher than that. His vices may or may not be worse than those of the European. It is not necessary to discuss that question. The point to drive home is that the province is a British, not a Chinese or Japanese

heritage. If we are to have there an unpolluted civilisation, British Columbia should be jealously preserved as a reserve for our own people, or, if not solely for them, then also, and only, for such men and women as belong to the European family of nations and desire citizenship at our hands.

That principle is admitted by the Dominion Government, which now imposes a poll-tax of five hundred dollars on every Chinaman entering Canada. But the tax is either insufficient or is evaded: and it is, therefore, argued that nothing short of exclusion will be effective. According to the census of 1901, there were nearly seventeen thousand Chinese in Canada, fifteen thousand of whom were in British Columbia. Some of them, the opium and tea merchants in particular, are well-to-do; but the majority herd together in huts, with tiers of bunks, and live under conditions and on a scale far lower than the most degraded class of whites would be content with, either in the New or the Old World. Every Chinatown in British Columbia is more or less of a plague spot, though the sanitary authorities and medical officers of important centres, like Vancouver, Victoria, and Nanaimo, do what is possible to enforce the health regulations.

This, then, is the community which has been allowed to establish itself in a British country which, for climatic reasons, is superlatively well suited for settlement by our own people. Broadly stated, the economic effect has been to retard white colonisation. It is very little use for a man to invest money and energy in market gardening there; the competition of the Chinaman prevents him from making a satisfactory

living out of the land. If he wishes to hire out to farmers, he finds himself in acute competition with coolie labour. That wage-earning market is closed to him. If he has taken up land and seeks to cut his timber into cordwood and sell it for fuel, he cannot do it and live —except on the same scale as the Chinaman lives. Similarly, if he wishes to get work at a shingle mill, or in salmon canning during the fishing season. Nor can he find employment for his growing children. Underground coal mining is almost the only avenue of manual work outside the town where Chinese competition has not yet made it impossible for our own people to earn a living wage. The result is that white labour is driven out of the country and will not now go into it on any appreciable scale.

The progress of British Columbia has been retarded by the presence of Orientals, for white labour will not go where it is subject to this degrading form of competition; and what the province needs is an immigration of whites of the class which have been the backbone of Eastern and Central Canada—whites who will seize every wage-earning opportunity that presents itself, and by frugality in living will save enough to take up land, on which they can work for themselves and rear their families. At present in British Columbia immigrants of this class would find that there is plenty of work to be had, at least in unskilled callings—but only at the wage for which Chinese, under a Chinese "boss," or ganger, will do that work.

In practice this means that there is no work at all, except in skilled trades, and so far as I could arrive at an estimate of the condition of the labour market on the

Pacific coast, there is an abundant supply of technical labour of all kinds. If wages are high—ranging according to the trade, from two and a half to four dollars a day—house-rent, clothes, and provisions are also correspondingly dear. We arrive, therefore, at the conclusion that this portion of the Dominion, pre-eminently suitable though it is as a field for the surplus labour of England, does not, because of the presence of the Asiatic, offer a livelihood to the out-of-work labourer in England. It is not a British community which is to be found there, but a small investing, residential, and trading class, with an Asiatic proletariat, which it makes use of because it must, and of which it would fain be rid if it could.

There is no poll-tax on Japanese, who are free to come as they will, provided that they have passports from their own Government. Five years ago the Japanese were there in considerable numbers. Before the commencement of the war there were about six thousand in the Dominion, of whom nearly all were in British Columbia. During the hostilities this number greatly decreased. But the British Columbians apprehended that when peace ensued there would be a revival of the immigration on an unexampled scale. Whether this fear will be groundless remains to be seen. Their argument is that the Japanese constitute an even greater menace to the province and to the interests of white labour than do the Chinese. Broadly speaking, the objection to the Japanese is the same as that to the Chinese; but it is the more intense, because of the intellectual superiority of the Japanese over the Chinaman. The former can live quite as cheaply as the latter,

but his intelligence is much more active, he is quite as industrious, and he is far more adaptable.

As British Columbia knows him, the Japanese not only drives out the white man, but the Chinaman to boot. Neither can compete with him. He is too frugal, too active, too clever for either of them. In fishing, mining, sealing, land clearing, tailoring and other sedentary occupations he beats down all competition, white or yellow. He learns English readily, does not herd together so thickly as the Chinaman, adapts himself to European ways of life, is cleanly, sober, law-abiding, and ambitious. Morally he is an excellent person, though his matrimonial system permits of concubinage. But he is not the sort of immigrant the province wants. He forms a floating rather than a stationary population. The community does not and cannot assimilate him. He often comes only for a part of the year, swamping the labour market, and he carries the bulk of his earnings away with him. The only white man who can live is the white man with capital who employs him as a labourer.

Hence British Columbians who wish to see this province inhabited by a British population look forward with apprehension to a large influx of Japanese, and, as English readers know, they have passed and re-passed legislation which has exclusion for its object. This legislation has been successively disallowed by the Dominion Government at the instigation of the Imperial authorities, who, in the case of an ally, could not sanction the principle of exclusion on merely racial grounds.

It is a difficult question, permanent local interests

conflicting with Imperial policy; but I would suggest that it should not be allowed to remain as it stands. Statesmanship will have to find a solution consistent with the preservation of British Columbia as a white man's country—as a country for the white unskilled labour, of which England has an excess. It may be that the apprehensions of a large Japanese influx after the war may be unfounded. The Japanese Government have shown a disposition to restrain their people from going to the Pacific Slope, which in practice means the Canadian portion of it, for the United States restrictive legislation is effective against yellow men of every kind. But racial migrations occur, despite the restraining influences of Governments; and with so populous a state as Japan, with a people so energetic and adventurous as hers, it is quite conceivable that part of the overflow of the islands will cross the Pacific. There was an organised immigration there a decade ago, and the British Columbians have reason to fear that it will be repeated. If it is, it will have to be checked—unless, against the will of British Columbia and of the Dominion, the Imperial Government are prepared to see this part of the white man's inheritance pass into the practical occupancy and ownership of our Asiatic allies. Observation there, however, leads me to the conclusion that, in the long run, whatever the Imperial Government may do, or may fail to do, this will not happen. Neither the province, nor the Dominion as a whole, would tolerate such a result.

Canada is a democratic country. It enjoys manhood suffrage. The working man rules. He may be, and is, under the domination of railway, manufacturing,

and ecclesiastical influences, each of which exercises great power in internal politics, both provincial and Federal; but he knows his own strength, and will surely exercise it to preserve Canada as a country for the white, not the yellow, labourer, whether Chinese or Japanese, and whether Imperial interests are affected by a policy of exclusion or whether they are not. This is a tolerably safe prophecy. The example of the United States and Australian democracies in excluding the yellow man will be followed by the Canadian democracy.

Canada has been so sorely pressed for want of population that she has hitherto been somewhat careless, or, at least, indifferent, about the Asiatic inflow. She has had no whites to spare for British Columbia, and has not seriously concerned herself with the question of how the interests of that province, and, indeed, of the Dominion, might be affected by the incoming of an alien race. The white labour already there is opposed to yellow immigration root and branch, and in this it has, and will have in an ever-increasing degree, the support of the people elsewhere in the Dominion. On this ground alone—the solidarity of white labour in a democratic community—I suggest that the demand for the exclusion of the yellow man will become irresistible. Judging from what I saw in this province, the claim is just and necessary, not only in the higher interests of the region and of Canada, but also in those of the population of our islands. For them British Columbia is a reserve homeland which, in extent, in actual and potential resources, and in scenic grandeur and beauty, is a territorial jewel of great price.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GREAT CLAY BELT

Beyond the majestic range of the Selkirks are placid, crystal lakes which mirror with weird and enchanting beauty the forest-clad and snow-capped mountains surrounding them. But for quiet loveliness and restful charm no region of Canada which I saw surpasses the chain of lakes embosomed in the undulating bushlands of New or Northern Ontario. Of these Lake Temagami is the most beautiful. Until within the past year or two it was inaccessible save by a toilsome journey through the bush, or by canoe from Sturgeon River, above the falls crossed by the Canadian Pacific Railway from North Bay. A railway, however, has been built by the Ontario Government from North Bay, which will eventually meet the projected trans-Continental line to be known as the Grand Trunk Pacific; and this passes the head of the lake. On my return across the continent I broke the journey here and branched off northward once more, in the hope of seeing something of "the Great Clay Belt" which the Grand Trunk Pacific is to make accessible for future generations of immigrants. Much is likely to be heard in England concerning this belt, for it is possible that there may be development there somewhat similar to that which has taken

MOUNTAIN AND LAKE

place on the prairie during the past thirty years. It is part of the newly-discovered cultivable lands in the north.

If the reader will take a map of Canada and trace a line westward to Lake Nipissing he will see that the whole of the country to the north is unoccupied. Until lately it was unknown save to the traders with the Indians. No white settlement existed between the rocky land about Lake Nipissing and the shores of James Bay. It is in this region that the "Great Clay Belt" lies—a belt computed to be about two hundred miles wide and a thousand miles long. The trans-Continental railway of the Grand Trunk Pacific is to run through this area; and it is argued that a large agricultural population will in due course be attracted. The Government of Ontario regard it as a field for colonisation—as an area which the projected railway is ripening for settlement. They have themselves made one part of the belt accessible by building a railway from North Bay, on Lake Nipissing, in the direction of Lake Abitibbi, and this line is to be continued until it forms a junction with the Grand Trunk Pacific. It is now completed as far as New Liskeard, on the northern shore of Lake Temaskamingue, a distance of about one hundred and thirteen miles, and its continuation will throw open the country which lies aback of the Blanche River.

The Government line northward takes the traveller through as wild a tract of the primeval world as one would wish to see. For the first fifty miles he passes over the rock formations which stretch westward for nearly a thousand miles. This is, or, geologically,

should be, a mineral belt, which is for the most part unexplored. After fifty miles the rock belt ceases, or rather, is hidden by a thick layer of clay, though here and there it crops out again in great masses and ridges, giving boldness and variety to the scenery; and among these ridges silver, cobalt, and nickel have lately been found in such abundance that an active mining industry has come into being.

Lake Temagami—the Indian name signifies Deep Water—is not the largest of the lakes. That distinction belongs to Lake Temaskamingue, which may almost be described as a miniature inland sea separating the province of Quebec from the northern area of Ontario. But Temagami is incomparably the more beautiful, because of irregularity of form and multiplicity of islands. It is situated in the heart of a vast forest reserve—an area of nearly a million and a half acres, which the Ontario Government have kept inviolate against the lumberman. No settlement can take place upon it. Such Indians as inhabit it or may enter it are, of course, free from disturbance; but no white man can obtain concessions to cut lumber within it or to farm. It is unsuitable for colonisation; but its scenic beauties, its wealth of woodland life, its lakes and rivers, teeming as they are with fish, make it an ideal holiday ground. The explorer, the sportsman, the fisherman, the canoeist, have here an expanse of the primeval world which is quite unspoiled.

Thousands of tourists might frequent the region and yet never be seen by the traveller who takes his own canoes and camp equipment with him, for the configuration of the lake is such that seclusion is easily obtained.

If you take a penful of ink and dash it violently upon a sheet of paper you will get a central blot and innumerable irregular radiating splashes. The shape of Lake Temagami is not dissimilar. Wherever there is water there are islands, with the result that there is a bewildering number of channels and a new view of water and woodland at almost every stroke of the paddles. Once on the water, you can travel into other lakes for a distance of fifty miles from north to south and sixty from east to west, or along river-courses back to the line of civilisation. The panorama is supremely beautiful. And within the limits of the forest reserve game abounds.

The region beyond, where settlement has begun on an insignificant scale, but where it is henceforth to be directed by the provincial Government, is far less beautiful but more valuable—that is, if it be assumed that what is reported of its agricultural potentialities proves to be true in practice. The matter is worth careful consideration by the English immigrant with a little capital, for when he reaches Toronto he will probably find himself subject to official persuasion to throw in his fortunes with this undeveloped region rather than spend his strength on the prairie. On the north-west shore of Lake Temaskamingue he will find two tiny towns about seven miles apart—Hailebury and New Liskeard. In the neighbourhood of the latter there are several farms well cleared of bush, and along the colonisation roads and on the banks of the river are similar clearings, with wooden houses and barns, and, in some cases, a few cattle. Altogether I saw about a hundred clearings in various stages of progress, on which pioneers were

endeavouring to establish themselves. All else was forest —a rolling open country, with heavily-timbered bush extending as far as the eye could see. Occasional clearings were also to be seen in the course of a day's steaming up the Blanche River to Tomstown—the farthest limit of white settlement—the pioneer in this case being an aged Englishman who had lived in the bush thereabouts since early manhood. I met one man coming down the Blanche River, who had spent five months exploring the country as far north as the Lake Abitibbi, and another at New Liskeard who had been surveying for two seasons south and east of that lake. Each had the same story to tell. The clay belt was an indubitable fact; but it was also an interminable forest, available only for agriculture when it shall have been cleared.

It will be obvious, therefore, that the problem for the emigrant settler in the Temaskamingue region and throughout the clay belt traversed by the Grand Trunk Pacific is a different one from that which confronts him on the prairie. He will have to learn to swing an axe, which is something of a fine art, to log trees, and haul out the logs, to drag the stumps out of the earth. These things will have to be done before he can sow or keep stock. But the counterbalancing advantage is that the logs he cuts are marketable. If there is white pine on his lot, and there is sure to be some, he can get a price for it. His labour is then remunerative. But if the soft woods predominate, the price is low—at least at present, for the English market is overstocked with deal and pulp woods. None the less the lumber is an asset. It can be converted into hard cash. The only

capital that need be put into the business of cutting it is the price of an axe. I write, of course, figuratively, not literally, for a man would have to keep himself alive while he was accumulating logs for the lumberman.

Moreover, a forest region has this advantage over a treeless prairie—timber for housebuilding is cheap. A man can build quite a palatial dwelling out of rough logs. Then, again, no fuel has to be bought. There is an inexhaustible supply of firing to be had at one's doors for the labour of chopping down the trees, sawing them into two-feet lengths, and splitting them with an axe. On the prairie one may have to take a team and a wagon twenty miles before coming to available fuel. To buy wood for winter use is a very heavy item in the domestic budget, whether in the towns or on the plains.

On the other hand, it is the work of a lifetime for a man to clear a lot of a hundred and sixty acres. It should not be so, but in practice it is so, as in the heavily-timbered parts of Australia. To spend money on clearing for the sake of clearing, selling the lumber for what it may fetch, regardless of the state of the market, may cost, with stumping, anything from twenty dollars to forty dollars per acre, according to the size and density of the forest growth. Such a course would be impracticable except for men of considerable capital. The wiser plan is to go slowly—to clear a few acres month by month, sow the cleared land, and extend cultivation year by year. This is what the present settlers on the edge of the clay belt are now doing. Consequently the clearings are small, and they are too

recent to enable one to form any just estimate of the fertility of the soil.

It appears, however, that the land will grow anything from grain to potatoes, and that it is surprisingly good for oats and peas. Growth is astonishingly rapid, and drought is unknown. The winter is long. It sets in in earnest in November, and the frost is not out of the ground until May. On 7th June the oats on the clearings among the colonisation roads north of New Liskeard were scarcely showing above the ground, while on the prairie, which I had left late in May, the wheat was from four to six inches high. The explanation was that Nature had been freakish—that the spring was late that year in Ontario and early on the prairie, while normally the reverse is the case. Be that as it may, the effect upon the settlers was somewhat disheartening. I found them weary of waiting until the warm weather came. The ground, they complained, was "cold," as newly-broken ground in Canada always is, whether on the prairie or in a forest clearing. There could be no doubt that the settlers, most of whom were poor and without the capital with which to develop their holdings, were confronted with what is known in Canada as "a hard proposition." But they were tackling it with grim determination, men and horses working like Trojans to tear the stumps out of the earth. A few sentences of description will give an idea of the magnitude and severity of the task. The colonisation road is merely a broad straight path cleared through the forest. Alongside one of these roads, or along lake shore, or river bank, the settler selects his holding. His first business is to clear a sufficient space upon which to set up a shanty,

which he can, if he is too poor to buy lumber, build up with the logs. His next task is to create a field out of the surrounding backwoods. He goes through the forest with an axe, felling right and left, taking care that the logs fall in such a way as not to impede his progress. To do this he must needs be, or learn how to become, an expert axeman; and in learning it he will misspend much of his energy. The cutting done, he must haul away the marketable logs to lake or river, pile up the remainder and burn them. He may have to wait for months before he will get a "good burn"; and here also experience and knack such as Canadians alone possess are necessary, though an English immigrant who will observe his Canadian neighbours and learn from them, as well as exercise his mother wit for himself, will find the task manageable, even if tedious and troublesome. The logs disposed of, the slighter stumps would have to be torn from the ground, with the help of a hired team, if the settler did not possess horses of his own. It is arduous and exciting work. A horse accustomed to it pulls with brains. He leans with gradually accumulating force against the broad breast-band to which the chain traces attached to the tackle round the stump are fastened, and thus "feels" the resistance of the stump. Again and again he throws his weight upon the band until the stump moves and "gives." The man at the stump watches these movements, axe in hand, and severs a root branch here and there which helps to imprison the stump. When the horse has pulled and pulled and finds the roots "giving" more and more, he puts power into his work and at the right moment gives a mighty tug—and out the stump comes. Some

of the stumps give an infinity of trouble, and the labour wears out men and horses. The heaviest are often left in the ground for many years.

Imagine what an infinity of labour will have to be spent on "the great clay belt" before it can be converted into a farming region! But the forest is not so dense and heavily timbered as was old Ontario. That region has been cleared by the sweat of man and horse during more than a century. The "belt" can only be made into agricultural land by similar long and painful toil. This then is the work which the English emigrant who goes there will have to do. It is a Herculean task; and because it is so, settlement and cultivation must necessarily be slow. The problem should not, however, be looked at from the standpoint of the modern English townsman, who has probably never seen an axe—certainly never an axe such as the Canadian backwoodsman swings with such consummate ease, and with which he can fell a towering spruce in a few strokes, and before which the saplings go down by a single easy cut. It has to be regarded in the light of human experience from the beginning of time. The greater portion of the earth was once forest-covered. Only areas such as the plains of North and Southern America, of Central Asia, the desert regions of Africa and the heart of Australia, were destitute of this umbrageous covering. Wide stretches of Northern and North-Eastern Europe are still forest-clad. There is a graphic resemblance between much of Russia and the backwoods of Canada. England was once almost all forest. Broad expanses of primeval woodland existed in our own land until long past the Middle Ages. As humanity spread over the earth and developed from the

A BREAK IN THE BUSHLANDS

nomadic stage into settled and organised societies, it has had to clear the forests away by the axe and by fire. Human ingenuity has done no more to lessen the labour than by the invention of improved horse-tackle and stumping appliances. The twentieth-century emigrant to New Ontario will therefore have to do what his early forefathers did in England before they possessed the land for other purposes than the chase. He will go into a primeval world to do such work as his ancestors did in remote ages. Only by strenuous labour and wear and tear of body can he make a holding of one hundred and sixty acres yield him a subsistence. He will, in fact, have to sacrifice himself for those that come after him—a sacrifice which will last as long as he has strength to lift an axe, for the clearing of one hundred and sixty acres is a life work which few men accomplish single-handed. To keep at it for years breaks some men's hearts. Others go on, season by season, in dull despair of accomplishing their desire before death claims them.

"The clay belt," as I have said, is computed to be nearly a thousand miles in length, with a breadth of two hundred miles—some authorities say more. The exact size of the probable farming area is immaterial. It is sufficient to say that it is enormous. I climbed high ground wherever that was possible. The colonisation road, north from New Liskeard, goes up and down over heavily rolling country. There are points where extensive views are obtainable. In every direction the scene was the same—a panorama of forest-clad hill and valley, the trees everywhere so close together that one could not swing a walking-stick without striking a trunk. And this, to judge from what I was told by

explorers from the Abittibi region, is characteristic of the country northward to the shores of the Hudson Bay, the only important difference being that the farther north you go the slighter is the timber, and therefore the easier the land to clear. This, then, is the sort of country through which the Grand Trunk Pacific is to pass after it leaves the populated region of Eastern Quebec until it emerges upon the prairie—and again as it goes north of the Saskatchewan at Edmonton, north-westward into Athabasca, and thence through the northern mountain country to the sea in the neighbourhood of Queen Charlotte Islands. Looking northward from beyond New Liskeard and northward from beyond Edmonton, the traveller can but speculate how many generations of men will have come and gone before these vast forest lands are subdued. The railway of itself is a stupendous enterprise. It will be carried through. The Dominion Government is pledged to that. Many thousands of labourers from all parts of Europe will be brought into Canada to do the work. A thin line of settlement will grow up on each side of the permanent way. What will be the lot of these settlers? Will they prosper? Will such of them as are of our own race be glad to have exchanged a life of struggle in densely populated England for such economic independence as a forest holding in the Canadian backwoods may afford? These are questions which no man can answer. The emigrant must take his chance. All that an inquiring traveller such as myself can do is to state his own impressions of what he saw, and hint at his misgivings. Nor do these last arise only from a contemplation of the struggles of the few settlers who have, thus far, gone into the

"great clay belt," or from a sympathetic appreciation of their uphill fight with the forces of Nature in a climate which is almost semi-Arctic; for that is what it is, however artistically the writers of emigration literature for European consumption may suppress or disguise the fact. Perplexing doubts leap to the mind whenever one tests one's own dubious opinions by a critical reading of the reports of official explorers and surveyors. They talk of lakes which are magnificent sheets of water, of sloping and level clay-lands, of rolling clay-lands and the like, well or fairly timbered. If I were to attempt to marshal the knowledge contained in these and similar documents, this book would be of portentous length. The sum and substance of it, so far as Northern Ontario is concerned, is that north of the height of land there is an arable area—when cleared of forest—of about twenty-five thousand square miles. But experts are very cautious when they come to close quarters with the agricultural problem; and rightly so, for there is so little experience to guide them, only a handful of settlers, hardly themselves established, at one corner of the area. "The climate of this region is *reported to have no features* which would prevent the ripening of grain or the growing of wheat crops" is a sentence which may be quoted as an example of this disquieting caution. (The italics are mine.) And when one studies the weather records, such as those kept at the stations of the Hudson Bay Company, and appreciates what it means when rivers are clear of ice only about May-day, and snow may fall in summer one is surely justified in concluding that only emigrants who are of iron frame and unflinching stoutness of heart, should betake themselves to these northern wilds. If

that is a conclusion disagreeable to the "boomsters" of the Dominion, it is, I suggest, that at which most men would arrive who had an acquaintance with the country itself and with the official evidence of its natural features and resources. The "boomsters" have that knowledge for the most part, but the fact that they are sometimes financially interested in railway projects, or get a bonus on emigrants they send out, may warp their judgment and excite their imagination.

CHAPTER XIV

WHY NOT AN IMPERIAL EMIGRATION POLICY?

In a spirit of deference to those who have made less superficial studies of the emigration problem, certain suggestions and conclusion will, in this chapter, be submitted to the judgment of the reader. Five months' investigation in Canada has but enabled me to see the many-sidedness of the subject and the need of focussing upon it the special experience and mental activities of others. The elucidation and co-ordination of knowledge could be accomplished by a Royal Commission, or even by a re-appointment, under comprehensive but precise terms of reference, of the Departmental Committee which, as I write, is sitting at the Colonial Office, under the chairmanship of Lord Tennyson, to inquire into and report upon certain Colonisation proposals made by Mr H. Rider Haggard, who visited the Salvation Army Colonies in the United States, and wrote a narrative which has deservedly attracted much attention. It deals with an important feature of the emigration problem, and the labours of the Committee may be expected to add materially to public knowledge and assist in the formation of opinion. But whatever the verdict of the Committee may be upon the specific proposals made by Mr Rider Haggard, there is, I venture

to think, occasion for an investigation of greater range and thoroughness. The time is ripe for an inquiry with the object of eliciting definite recommendations to facilitate, on an organised system, the settlement on the unutilised Crown lands of the Empire—not alone of Canada—of such people in the United Kingdom as may desire to emigrate, or for whom emigration would be advantageous to the community in England, and those in lands over-sea. Such recommendations might supply the basis of an Imperial policy with regard to emigration. The proposition I suggest for acceptance is that the movement from our shores should no longer be left undirected and unorganised, but should be brought within the range of constructive statesmanship, and regulated by an administrative system. The first step to that end is an inquiry into the facts relating to all parts of the over-sea Empire where the white race can thrive. An adequate examination of them could only be made by men of trained minds, accustomed to deal with masses of sociological evidence, and impressed by the necessity of evolving a working plan for the better distribution throughout the Empire of the white population of the Empire.

Put shortly, the fundamental facts are these:—In Canada, as in other self-governing Colonies, there are vast areas of uninhabited Crown lands—reserves of territory for our racial increase for centuries to come; an immense "granary," so to speak, where the land-hunger of our people can be appeased. In the United Kingdom, from sheer pressure of population on a small area, there is a surplus which should either find room elsewhere to live, or, by remaining where it is, must

intensify evils which seem to be already beyond the powers of statesmanship greatly to alleviate, much less to cure. In the Colonies the Empire has the land and not the people ; in the United Kingdom the Empire has no available margin of land, but ever-increasing millions of men. Obviously a remedy is to be found in a re-distribution of people.

Should such redistribution be left to accomplish itself by natural processes, or should it be assisted and guided by the State? Should an Empire, with congestion of people at the centre, and vast belts of unutilised Crown lands, easily reached by the highways of the sea, formulate for itself an emigration policy for the Empire as a whole, or should it leave emigration to go on unaided and undirected? Having seen something of what may be called the haphazard emigration of the present day, I submit, as a positive result of study in the Dominion of Canada, that these questions should be brought within the scope of an authoritative inquiry.

Let it be assumed that his Majesty thought fit to appoint a Royal Commission ; that the terms of reference were comprehensively framed ; and that the Commissioners were themselves men of constructive mind. The public throughout the Empire would then, in all probability, be in possession of a set of definite and authoritative recommendations ; and with these as a basis for action it would be comparatively easy for a Secretary of State for the Colonies, in conjunction with the Ministers of the Crown in the Colonies, to create and work an Imperial emigration policy which would be in harmony with the immigration needs of each Colony, with our own necessities in the matter of obtaining re-

lief from congestion in the United Kingdom, and in better accord than at present with the welfare of emigrants—the last being not the least important point. Let us see what the nature of its investigations might be It would, it may be assumed, be charged :—

I.—To inquire into and report upon the extent and suitability for colonisation of Crown lands in such parts of the over-sea Empire as are habitable by the white race, and the systems under which they are administered.

II.—To inquire into and report upon the methods now in operation, or suggested, for attracting population to those areas ; and to inquire into and report upon the economic conditions in which emigrants thus attracted would find themselves.

III.—To inquire into and report upon such schemes of colonisation as have been carried out in the self-governing Colonies, and such schemes as may be in progress or may now be projected.

IV.—To consider and report whether assistance should be accorded to persons desirous of emigrating, and on what principles such help should be given—(*a*) To intending emigrants without means on leaving the United Kingdom ; and (*b*) on their arrival in a colony.

V.—To consider and report what administrative machinery should be created with the object of facilitating emigration—(*a*) In the form of settling families or individuals on the Crown lands ; (*b*) in the form of labour for hire.

VI.—To inquire into and report upon the feasibility of establishing, with the advice and assistance of the

Governments of the self-governing Colonies, an administrative system in the United Kingdom and in each of the Colonies, to be operated on principles and by methods mutually agreed upon ; the cost of such a system, and of such financial help as may be given to emigrants individually, or to bodies of emigrants proceeding to a colony under any approved system of colonisation, to be apportioned between the Imperial Government and the Colonial Government accepting the charge of such emigrants.

These would be, I apprehend, or might advantageously be made, the broad avenues of inquiry by a Royal Commission. Much would, of course, depend upon the ability of the Commissioners, the thoroughness with which they did their work, and the measure of assistance they would receive in and from the Colonies. I have no title to speak for Canada, but I should judge that her statesmen and people would welcome the appointment of such a Commission, and would co-operate eagerly in making the inquiry fruitful in practical results.

It is of vital importance to Canada, and perhaps also to the British Empire as a whole, not only that she should continue to receive an abundant immigration, but that the immigration should be of the right quality. A great nation is being built up there—a nation whose ultimate numbers and power no man can foresee. Only by a well-conceived and well-directed policy of emigration, on a bolder scale than at present, will this nation be in the future predominately British in blood and speech and traditions ; and here let me say that for

all practical political purposes the French may be regarded as British. It is not of them I am thinking, but of the thousands of foreigners of all kinds, chiefly from Central and South-Eastern Europe, who are pouring into the country. It is to the best interests of the Dominion in the long run, as it certainly is to the best advantage of the Empire, that the immigration into Canada should be exclusively or almost so, a British immigration. This is what Canada herself desires, so far as I have been able to gauge her political thought. If British emigration does not go there, the overflow of Continental Europe will go—is indeed now going rapidly. To the extent of this foreign influx Canada is developing on wrong lines—on lines which she herself would wish were otherwise; on lines which may not wholly correspond with Imperial interests. No one would prefer to see a greater Canada composed of heterogeneous races. The desire is for a development of the united French and British Canada of to-day—a natural expansion arising from the fecundity of the French and British Canadians, aided by British immigration. If that hope is to be realised, something must be done to strengthen the British influx into Canada. If it is not done the Dominion will become increasingly cosmopolitan and to that degree indifferent to Imperial interests—a matter on which something will be said in later chapters dealing solely with political thought and tendencies in the Dominion.

The reasoning set forth above applies generally to all parts of the Empire where the white race can live; and it may surely be assumed that the Governments of those regions would gladly co-operate in an Imperial policy

for diverting the streams of emigration from England to themselves. If not, it would be the business of statesmanship here and in the self-governing Colonies to overcome such reluctance to receive emigrants as might be exhibited by, for example, short-sighted democracies in Australia, whose tendency it is to misuse the right of self-government, by locking up the Crown lands entrusted to their management, against the people of the Motherland.

At present all that the Imperial Government does to relieve congestion in England, to people the Empire, and to help the would-be emigrant to help himself by getting away to this or that region where his labour may be more marketable, is to provide an office in a back street in Westminster. It is called the Emigration Office, but is merely a sort of bookseller's shop, where penny pamphlets are sold. An inquirer is received by a polite and attentive youth in the service of the Colonial Office, who repeats certain official formulæ learned by rote, and offers pamphlets for sale. The offices open only during hours when the working classes cannot attend. When I went there to ascertain what advice and assistance it could afford to an intending emigrant to Canada, there was no one there who had ever been outside England! An Emigration Office such as this is a waste of public money.

Let us try to imagine what might be a possible outcome of an inquiry and recommendations by a Royal Commission. A special branch of the Colonial Office might be charged with the administration of emigration. The principles on which emigration would be managed would be settled by the Secretary of State for the

Colonies in agreement with the governments of the Colonies requiring immigration; and the new department or branch of the Colonial Office would work in conjunction and in harmony with the Immigration Departments of those Colonies. All poor-law authorities and private societies sending out emigrants might be required to do their work through the Emigration Department. The offices of the Department need not necessarily be in Downing Street, but in a great thoroughfare in a populous working quarter. Or, if the head office were in Whitehall—the offices where the policy was framed and its execution directed—the building in which the executive work was done might be in the City Road, or Mile-End Road, or some artery through which the tide of industrial population pours daily. The building need not be a marble palace, but should be sufficiently imposing to attract attention; and unmistakably declaring its character and purpose as the would-be emigrant's gateway to the over-sea empire. It would, presumably, be under the direction of a Controller, who would have under him, apart from the clerks, a sufficient staff of men who had travelled and lived in one or other of the Colonies, and knew at first hand the climatic and economic conditions. There would be an expert or experts of this kind on Canada, whose duty it would be to deal with emigration to Canada; and similarly for Australasia and various parts of Africa. The staffing of the Bureau with the right kind of men from the Colonies themselves would not be impossible. The Bureau would be open in the evenings and on Saturday afternoons; and similar Bureaus might be established in the chief provincial

cities if the outward movement of population continued to be on a scale which justified that course.

To such a Bureau the intending emigrant would go and put his case thus:

"I wish to emigrate. My trade or calling is such and such. I am single (or I have a wife and — children, as the case may be). I am thinking of Canada. I can pay my passage out. Shall I go? And when and where and what can you do to facilitate my transference?"

Or he might put his case thus:

"I am unemployed. My resources are at an end. If I stay in England I must either starve or die by inches on the streets or go into the workhouse. I'd rather go out of England to one of the Colonies. Can you send me, and where, and when?"

The Bureau would, it may be assumed, deal with either class of case. Its Colonial specialists would be able to say whether this or that man and family would be more useful to himself and to the Dominion by being directed or sent to Canada, or to South Africa, or to this or that part of Australasia; and it would have command of the administrative machinery by which emigrants could leave the country.

But what of the cost? It would be considerable, no doubt, however the expenses might be apportioned between the country parting with emigrants and the colony receiving them. On the other hand, if the Emigration policy were sound in itself, the expenditure would be, socially and Imperially at least, as efficacious as the addition of a new battleship to the fleet or a few regiments of infantry to the army—matters about which

no one nowadays troubles himself. A Secretary of State for the Colonies, who was also Secretary of State for Emigration would, if he were worth his salary at all, be able to obtain from the House of Commons whatever money was necessary for carrying out a well-conceived and defensible policy. He might have a little tussle in the Cabinet with a Chancellor of the Exchequer, but that is no more than every War and Navy Minister has. Once the Cabinet had agreed on the principle of organising an Emigration Service in co-operation with the Colonial Emigration Services, the rest would depend wholly upon the ability of the Emigration Minister or Secretary for the Colonies. If he required money for plans which he could support with irrefutable arguments, he would get it from the Cabinet in the long run; and as modern Parliaments merely register the decrees of Cabinets, he would be reasonably sure of obtaining the money in the House of Commons, which votes millions for all sorts of purposes with scarcely a thought. Here, in such an Emigration Service, there is at least a starting point for a more intimate working union between the component parts of the Empire. For the Mother Country and the Colonies to devise executive machinery in concert for the better distribution of population, to the advantage of the whole Empire, would seem to be a somewhat simple problem. It is, at anyrate, simplicity itself in comparison with the task of achieving organic unity by Fiscal bargaining or by Colonial contributions for the upkeep of an Imperial navy and army.

In these suggestions there is, of course, nothing original—except, perhaps, in that which would provide that the advice and help given to the would-be emigrant

should be forthcoming from men of Colonial experience and not from untravelled clerks, whose only qualification was that they had passed the Civil Service examination. State-aided and directed emigration, State schemes of colonisation, are as old as Imperialism itself. The ideas at the back of them illuminate Carlyle's tirades on the incapacity of the aristocratic class so to govern the Realm as to eliminate preventable poverty and misery from the body politic. But if there is no originality in the suggestions, that does not of itself detract from any merit they may have. They have not been put into operation. Nothing has been done—except to open a pamphlet-selling shop in a by-street—because past Secretaries of State for the Colonies have not applied their minds to emigration. A Royal Commission, or other sufficient means of investigation, would at least provide the material for ministerial thought, if not also supply the Government with the framework of an administrative scheme by which an Imperial policy of Emigration could be put into effect.

The intending emigrant, meanwhile, must content himself with the penny pamphlet, and exercise his own judgment upon emigration literature, the statements of salaried agents who obtain Colonial Government bonuses upon emigrants sent out by them, and the views of travellers, and other private persons. It may be well to epitomise for the emigrant the case which is presented in the foregoing chapters.

Canada is a country about three thousand five hundred miles from east to west, and about one thousand four hundred miles from north to south. The inhabited and sparsely populated strip east to west is, say, four hundred

miles broad; the remaining breadth of a thousand miles is primeval bushland, extending into the Arctic region.

For about two thousand three hundred miles westward from the Atlantic it is a forest country, with the exception of old Ontario, cleared only in the neighbourhood of its centres of population. Next comes a belt of prairie, a thousand miles from east to west, and about four hundred miles from south to north. Save for parts of Manitoba, where there is stunted timber, this belt is almost treeless, though beyond it, in a northerly direction, is a vast forest, of lesser and poorer growth than that of the eastern forest provinces. Then there is the mountain belt of six hundred miles. About this the emigrant need not concern himself until he is rich enough to buy land for a fruit or dairy farm, when he can live out his old age amid magnificent scenery and in a climate as genial as that of Devonshire.

Now as to the climate. The emigrant should clearly understand that from October to April the snowfall is so heavy and the frost so severe that the hardest English winter within the memory of the oldest inhabitant is not to be compared with the normal winter of Eastern Canada and the prairie. On the other hand the summer is hot, though the nights as a rule are cool. Throughout the year there is an abundance of sunshine—in winter whole days and weeks of it. Only during snowfalls is the sky obscured. The air is brilliantly clear. There are no fogs. It is dry and exhilarating, intoxicating even—so long as you are well fed, thickly clad, prosperous, and contented. Canada in winter is, then, a land of ice and snow and sunlight; and the nights are as glorious as the days—of a glory surpassing credence by those who know only the humid and variable winters of England.

Now these climatic conditions have an economic bearing on the question of emigration. It is important that the emigrant should appreciate what the relation is. If he does not, he will go to that part of the Empire under a misapprehension. He will be disillusioned and disappointed, and may do as many others have done —take the first steamer back to England. The chief economic bearing is that, broadly speaking, except for work in the woodlands, in the factories, shops, and offices of the cities and towns, human activity of the productive order is necessarily limited to seven months in the year.

From this unalterable fact the following deduction may be made.

An emigrant to Canada, who goes without capital or without secure and definite employment, should be a single man, under forty years of age, of strong physique and accustomed to, or prepared to enter upon, the roughest kinds of manual labour. That is the only kind of immigrant who is sure to obtain work sufficiently continuous and remunerative to enable him to feed and clothe himself the year round well and comfortably, and save a little money with which to become independent of wage-earning, either by farming a homestead or engaging in business. Thereafter he would be able to support a wife and family.

Wages, in Canada, taking a broad view, are in reality no higher, and employment is no more continuous and certain, than in England. Wages look much higher. The London bricklayer, who reads that the pay for such craftsmen in Ontario towns is thirty-eight cents an hour, should divide the one shilling and sevenpence

by two, for it is only possible for him to work at his trade during the summer months. His real earnings are ninepence-halfpenny an hour the year round ; and he should remember that rent, clothing, and the incidental expenses of life, thanks to the rapacity of the Protectionists of the Dominion, are at least 25 per cent. higher than in England. Facts and figures might be taken from the official *Labour Gazette* of Canada, dealing with all kinds of trades and callings, to show that the artisan and labourer who can get fairly continuous work in England is as well off here as he would be across the Atlantic. The advantage of going to Canada does not lie in the seemingly high rate of wages, and certainly not in conditions which offer continuous employment, for these do not, and cannot, for climatic reasons, exist, except in certain permanent phases of city life. It lies in the fact that Canada is a growing country, in which there are opportunities for an adventurous and frugal man to develop or change his calling. The agricultural labourer, for example, can do what is impossible for him in England, however frugal and industrious he may be —become a farmer owning his own land. The plumber who is the first to appear in a little prairie village which is becoming a town has an excellent chance of making money freely as a master man. These examples will give point to the argument.

Another conclusion is that at present there is a surfeit of labour throughout Canada, and particularly in the North-West. The immigration of people without money has shot ahead of the immigration of those with means with which to take up land, and thus broaden the demand for hired labour. In the country there are more

agricultural labourers, chiefly unskilled, available for hire than there are established farmers and new homesteaders who can afford to pay for hire. The inflow has been greater than the amount of available capital for employment on the land. In the cities and towns and villages the immigration is in excess of the amount of capital existent for the extension of business operations and the profitable absorption of the newcomers—at least from the standpoint of newcomers, who have not only to earn enough to keep themselves while the sun is shining, but also during the coming winter. These conditions will, of course, be modified for the time being when the projected new railways are proceeded with in earnest, for many thousands of labourers—at mere subsistence wages —will be needed upon them.

At the same time it is indisputably true that penniless immigrants, even in a somewhat overcrowded labour market, such as now exists in Canada, can, and do, earn a livelihood, and work their way upwards to comfort, if not also to wealth. They have done it in the past, and they are doing it to-day. Canada is the land of the self-made man. There is scarcely a score of men in the country who were "born with silver spoons in their mouths," but there are thousands who landed without a dollar, and are now in comparative affluence, some of them exercising authority and influence in public life.

On the terrace fronting the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa—as fine an example of pure Gothic as can be found in modern architecture—is a statue of Mackenzie, the famous "Liberal" statesman. He went from Scotland as a working stonemason, without a cent. The statue is symbolical of economic and social conditions

which still prevail in Canada, and will last as long as there is a "section" of virgin land within the cultivable zone. But Mackenzie was an exceptional man, strong-brained as well as strong-handed. All the prosperous and successful immigrants I met were of this easily recognisable type. But the immigrants in the mass are not of this stamp. They are quite average men in mental power, ambition, force of will. Mediocrity can attain to only mediocre success; and the economic conditions in Canada, as elsewhere, are such that mediocrity should have no illusions as to the degree of prosperity awaiting it. The Dominion is, in brief, a hard country in which to live and work and succeed. The immigrant without capital is heavily handicapped. Whether he should be assisted, and in what way, is a question which calls for consideration.

Taking a broad view of the matter, my impression is that the emigration movement to Canada should be so directed and controlled that the labour force it represents should be expended upon the Crown lands, rather than be left to shift for itself and swell the host of landless men, living on intermittent and seasonal hirings, and ever at the mercy of combinations of capitalists who introduce "Dagos" or Italian shovelmen, Galicians and Jews, in order to keep the remuneration of labour down to the lowest level on which the labourer can subsist. Out of the many thousands of English people now going yearly to Canada, there is a considerable proportion who would make successful peasant proprietors if means could be devised, by the suggested Royal Commission or otherwise, for keeping them out of the maelstrom of the seasonal labour market, and placing them on the soil.

PART II

An Analysis of Canadian Thought

CHAPTER I

THE REPUBLICAN TENDENCY

The current of thought in Canada is setting towards Absolute Independence. In a few short chapters an examination will be made of the varying and sometimes conflicting considerations which suggest that conclusion. No analysis of the condition of opinion among six millions of people can be made with scientific accuracy. Errors are inevitable. But, being a journalist—a professional student of political phenomena—my investigations were not restricted to the subject of immigration. I made such explorations as were possible into the Canadian mind—a domain almost as far-reaching as the territory of the Dominion. The opportunity was unique. For five months I was thrown almost exclusively among what in England would be known as the "common people." Except for a fortnight spent in Ottawa, in observation of the working of the parliamentary machine there, and in endeavours to follow the currents and cross-currents of thought among professed politicians, my time was spent among men whose minds were as an open book. I made it my business to read the pages. Now the Canadian is a thinking man and a facile talker. The people are scattered thinly over a great land. Often there is little

opportunity for human intercourse. There is much for reflection. The Canadian exercises an unusually vigorous intelligence upon public questions. Politics in the broadest sense is the staple of his intellectual life. He has an engaging candour. There is nothing he enjoys more keenly than instructing an Englishman upon what Canada is thinking and doing and what she intends to do. He is at his frankest and best, perhaps, when he meets an Englishman with as good a grasp of Imperial affairs as himself. He revels in verbal combat and his power of self-revelation is immense. Of these traits I took some advantage, and many discussions, often animated, should have given me a grip of, and insight into, Canadian thought, which could hardly have been obtained by prolonged association with professed politicians—who sometimes try to mislead a public writer—or much study of books and newspapers. They have, at least, engendered ideas which may be novel to any English reader who still thinks of Canada as a struggling colony subservient to Great Britain. They are tolerably certain to excite disagreement as well as, or it may be, rather than, concurrence. In the *rôle*, however, of a self-constituted interpreter of Canadian thought, I ask to be allowed to place those ideas in the arena of debate.

Absolute Independence! that is the Canadian ideal. Canada looks forward to becoming a Nation, self-acting in all matters, foreign and domestic. And she regards her present Fiscal freedom as the foundation-stone of that ultimate independence. Nor does she consider that this ideal is necessarily incompatible with retention of the Imperial connection. There is no valid reason why a King of England should not also continue to be King

of Canada—sovereign lord of our Dominions over-sea. Charles V. was none the less King of Spain because he was also the German Emperor. Canada would not, however, do as Spain did—spend her resources in non-Canadian interests except quite voluntarily. Liberty of action such as the Cortes vainly tried to assert in the sixteenth century would unquestionably be reserved and exercised by Canada. But such a reservation would not debar Canada, as an independent Kingdom with a British Sovereign, from taking part in such foreign enterprises as she judged to be necessary or desirable in her own interests.

Both monarchical and republican tendencies exist in Canada. There is, however, no excessive admiration for republicanism, any more than there is for kingly splendour and the social usages of Courts. Some Englishmen and some Canadians have an ineradicable habit of thinking that republicanism has the force of natural law on the American continent. The majority of Canadians, however, recognise that it has no greater validity than any other institution. It will continue there only by reason of its fitness as a form and method of government. It has no more divinity than kingship itself, which survives in England solely by reason of its utility as a unifying force in national life. The tree is judged by its fruits; and no one with any acquaintance either with the history or existing conditions of the American Republics, from the 49th parallel to the Straits of Magellan, can say that republicanism is a more beneficial form of government than that of a limited monarchy. No Canadian thinks that law and order are better kept across the border than where

the King's Writ runs. In that respect, Canadians claim a decided superiority over the citizens of the United States. I have known United States immigrants who have asserted that they left their own country because of the lawlessness and ruffianism which still go on more or less unchecked in the Western lands. Some of the best citizens of the United States are being transferred to Canada from this cause and others of a kindred nature. I can recall more than one case in which a Western farmer, who had migrated into Canada, said that he had done so because Sunday was strictly observed there, and disregarded in the State he had left. These men preferred that their families should grow up amid less irreligious surroundings. The reason may be sanctimonious; but it strengthens the Canadian argument that society under the British Crown is more highly organised than in some of the States over the border. Among the foreign immigrants in the over-crowded dens of Winnipeg, knives are used occasionally; but no Canadian, English or American settler or traveller, thinks of going armed.

The population is essentially pacific. It polices itself. Every man is an unofficial member of the force. I am thinking more particularly of the prairie and bush country —of the little body of constabulary scattered in twos and threes over the wilds. Old settlers tell of affrays in the sixties and seventies, when revolvers were drawn and used. Such things do not happen nowadays. A man can travel anywhere with perfect confidence that not even in the lowest drinking dens of the towns will he need any other means of self-protection than his own sobriety and straightforward speech. In my wanderings in the

West I heard of only one case of violence, and that was committed by an American citizen who murdered his companion on an expedition into the bush. Public opinion is firmly set against violence. Obedience to the law is voluntary and implicit. Canadians never tire of contrasting this condition of things with that which prevails in the South. Many of them speak from personal experience, for in the years of depression thousands of Canadians had to earn their bread across the frontier. That movement has almost ceased. There is now a homeward migration of Canadians who have regained faith in the future of their country. Such as these declare with emphasis that there is far greater security for life and property under the Union Jack than beneath the Stars and Stripes.

An inference to be drawn is that republicanism is not necessarily the final outcome of political development in Canada. The rule of thought there is that whatever is Canadian is best. There is now a strong feeling against anything savouring of incorporation with the United States. Annexation has become impracticable, except, perhaps, as a military problem on the unthinkable basis that Great Britain would desert Canada if the United States attacked her. Even then, there would be a fierce and sanguinary conflict. Annexation would cost the United States dear, despite the disparity between the population of the two countries. Even if it could be accomplished, there would be an irreconcilable element for some generations—how persistent, only those who have mixed with United Empire Loyalists can, perhaps, appreciate to the full.

On the other hand, there are very strong tend-

encies which flow in the direction of peaceable amalgamation with the United States at some remote period. The chief of these is the commercial intercourse now intimate and certain to increase between two peoples side by side along a political frontier for some three thousand miles. If that boundary were a mountain chain it would be a barrier to intercourse; but river banks, lake shores and a geometric line over the plains make the passage from one country to the other almost as easy as crossing a street. United States capital is invested on whichever side of the line seems to promise the best returns. Canada incites it to come by special privileges. Successfully to tempt a United States enterprise to establish a factory on the Canadian side of the line is a great gain. There is, then, no international barrier to the inflow of United States wealth. The Canadian prospector who has found a silver vein never thinks of any when he gets into a train for New York in search of a capitalist to enable him to exploit the property. And this point opens out a number of considerations bearing upon the question of an eventual amalgamation with the United States and severance of any formal tie with Great Britain. For the prospector to go to New York takes him only as many hours as days would be used in reaching London. He has to spend only as many dollars as he would need pounds for the journey to England. Moreover, when he arrives at New York, he can walk into the office of a capitalist, straightway see the principal, and get a quick "yes" or "no" to his proposal. In London, he will tell you, he has to run the gauntlet of office boys and junior clerks, whose instructions seem to be to deter anyone

from ready access to the head of the firm, who is secreted and guarded in an inner sanctum as though he were a Grand Lama of finance. The difficulty of obtaining a hearing, unless a man has a letter of introduction from an influential correspondent, is great. A seeker after capital in London has to kick his heels in office corridors and endure the vexatious delays imposed on a despised suppliant for a favour. In many cases he leaves England with a feeling of soreness. He has been treated superciliously, perhaps, by a pompous magnate of the city, or by a starched and affected junior partner, whose snobbish education and upbringing have taught him to regard himself as a being of different clay from a rough-mannered, blunt-spoken bushman, in ill-cut clothes. He has been made to feel that he is a "Colonial." He thinks he has been "looked down upon" for that reason, and has been snubbed. In his own land he is the equal of any man. He can get access—and frank, manly and incisive speech—with anyone, from the Prime Minister downwards. In New York he is in a like atmosphere of equality. Men of business encourage rather than deter those who come to them with ideas. So noteworthy is this, and so hard is it to enlist John Bull in the development of Canada's latent resources, that some Canadians think, against their will and desires, that commercial considerations will determine the question of political union against Great Britain. John Bull, they will tell you, is old, fat and lazy. He lacks enterprise, alertness, imagination. His ignorance of Canada is unfathomable. Of the geography of that vast domain he often knows nothing, while the United States business man usually knows everything. He is frigid, unsympathetic, inappre-

ciative of conditions other than the conventional ones in which he passes his commercial and social life. Nine out of ten travelled Canadians will speak thus of the Englishman of the cities; and the idea has filtered down through the untravelled masses. It has become a national thought. Canadians will tell you that they would prefer to enlist British capital and brains in the exploitation of Dominion resources, but they go to New York because they can get their business done—on hard terms it may be. Still, they can get it done, because, they say, the American capitalist is more adventurous and better informed than his English rival and does not treat them with priggish condescension. How far is this view of English superciliousness and lethargy towards "Colonials"—a designation which Canadians detest—correct? It is widely entertained in Canada. The very shopkeepers will complain contemptuously of the difficulty of persuading English houses to supply what the local market requires, and will describe in glowing terms the alacrity with which United States merchants will go out of their way, even at the temporary loss of their margin of profit, to furnish what is needed. From this cause much business goes to the United States which might be kept within the Empire; and more will follow. "How did you get on in London?" I asked a Toronto trader who told me he had just returned from the capital. "I did not get on," was the reply. "Your people are all right if you can get beneath the crust. But the crust is too thick for my liking. You've too much starch in your country. Everyone thinks himself better than the man next to him, especially if that man is from the Colonies. It's only your work-

ing men who have the manliness to open out to a stranger. Your big men of business, your officials and the middle and upper classes generally, think themselves superior to Canadians—and they show it. No, I sha'n't go again. I can do all my business in New York, and the social atmosphere there doesn't stifle me. John Bull will have to come off his pedestal if he wants to keep a Governor-General here and what is left of the trade of Canada."

This critical and resentful mood cannot have arisen spontaneously. Is it not due to want of knowledge, of sympathy, of quick understanding among us? That may pass; my point is, that its political significance is great. Increased commercial intercourse, the yearly immigration of many thousands of United States citizens into the North-West, the establishment of United States factories in Canada, the exploitation of Canadian mineral resources by United States capital—all these are powerful factors in unifying the political as well as commercial interests of the two peoples. They tend to foster in the Canadian mind a sense of closer affinity with fellow-Americans in the United States than with Englishmen. That affinity in modes of thought, manners, forms of speech, accent, intonation, the sense of social equality, has, I suggest, a profound influence upon the question of Canada's political future. It accounts largely for such tendency as there may be towards absorption by the United States — or, as a Canadian would audaciously put it, the absorption of the United States by Canada. There are not a few Canadians who affect to believe that this will occur in the long run, because, they say, the

Dominion comprises the largest and richest half of North America—richest, that is, in natural resources. So fantastic an idea need not now be discussed. Here, however, are the pros and cons of the republican tendency.

CHAPTER II

ARISTOCRACY AND THE MONARCHICAL IDEA

In the former chapter certain considerations were outlined in support of the view that the intimate and extending intercourse between Canadians and citizens of the United States may lead eventually to political amalgamation. In the present, counterbalancing considerations and tendencies which are monarchical in character will be examined. Among them are the existing—and transient—feelings of hostility towards the United States Government, *not* the people, because of overreaching diplomacy in the matter of the Alaska boundary; admiration for the personality and the family of the Sovereign; the fact that Great Britain is Canada's best customer; the gradual formation of a class of rich men—of whom Lord Strathcona may be accepted as a type—who may desire to play a part in the larger life of the Empire rather than remain mere wealthy citizens of a small community; the growth of an educated class with a sense of continuity with the history of these islands and a distaste for the provincialism of Colonial life.

There is in Canada, among the professional and reading class, a vital feeling of pride in the power and greatness of England. Democratic as the country is and re-

latively small as the population is, there is growing up an aristocracy of intellect and of wealth which looks to England for recognition and honour. This class in particular is predisposed towards retention of the tie with monarchical England. Titular and social distinctions lie that way. In republics there is no Sovereign who is the fount of honour. As Canada increases in wealth this class will grow; men of great riches will multiply; and when they spend their superfluity on public benefactions they will look for the titular rewards which are supposed to raise individuals above their fellows. The intellectual class will also increase —is, indeed, increasing somewhat disproportionately already, for the tendency among successful farmers and traders is to place their sons in the professions, through which social esteem may more readily be won than by commercial success. The country has already the nucleus of an aristocracy. It is easy to imagine that in the course of a few generations class distinctions will be developed there, though they may never become so pronounced as in Europe. The gulf that separates the labouring from the shopkeeping class in England, and the shopkeeping class from "those above" is being reproduced in Canadian Society. The social organism is developing itself there on much the same lines as here. In Ottawa there is an exclusive "set," consisting, for the most part, of wealthy vulgarians, which lives, or imagines that it lives, in an atmosphere of social glory. In Montreal and Toronto, and even in Winnipeg, there are fashionable "quarters," inhabited by a "Society" which tries to imitate the manners and customs of the rich and leisured classes of England. These "sets" have

special columns in the local newspapers through which the wider public are informed of the clothes that were worn and the food placed on the table at this or that reception. The average Canadian expresses his contempt for the "sets" and their doings. His mental attitude towards them is quite as derisory as that which he maintains towards contemporaries who have accepted titles from England. But his scorn has no retarding effect upon the movement towards social classification. He is himself, probably, toiling night and day so that his sons and daughters may attain to such a station in life as will enable them, by means of his wealth, to obtain access to circles which would not care to admit him, and in which he would think it ridiculous for him to figure. He may never have possessed a dress suit or a silk hat. He may think the garb idiotic for a high-souled democrat in a Land of Equality, where little thought is taken as to what a man shall put on, and where clothes which are worn by work are habiliments of honour, visibly entitling a man to the respect of his fellows. None the less he is rearing sons to whom dress suits and silk hats will be a social necessity, and daughters whose chief end in life will be to get into "Society" by virtue of his money and a fashionable wardrobe. Perhaps the matter may best be expressed by saying that the dress-suit brigade, with its feminine counterpart, though small at present in Canada, is growing rapidly. An aristocracy chiefly of wealth, insignificantly of intellect and attainments, partly of officialdom and partly of snobbery, is in process of evolution in every centre of population. With the development of the country this element will inevitably gain in numbers

and in influence. Its outlook is towards aristocratic England rather than towards the democratic States. Such an element is intensely conservative in all constitutional matters. It would strive hard to keep control of the cable which anchors it to an aristocratic system. It would be monarchical in sentiment.

Canada is not content, and is unlikely to remain so, with her present measure of autonomy. Her ideal is Canada a Nation, self-dependent and self-sufficing in all matters, linked, perhaps, with the Crown of England and accepting the sovereignty of an Imperial figure-head for the sake of an historic idea and the social glory and picturesqueness of the institution; but not being in any effective way ruled and governed by a Sovereign in England or by any delegate of that Sovereign. The future which most Canadians of British blood imagine for themselves is that of an independent kingdom, either republican or under the British Crown—preferably the latter—so they think at present; a kingdom in voluntary alliance with Great Britain, but co-equal with, and in no sense subordinate to, Great Britain. This I believe to be a truthful interpretation of Canadian thought and aspirations.

Our fellow-subjects across the Atlantic think in large terms. Their ambitions are on a grand scale. They live in a country of stupendous size—far larger, they will tell you, than the United States. It is a superb region to look upon. There is a spaciousness about its scenery which seems to enlarge the mind and give impetus to the imagination of those who dwell there. This limitless ambition and unconquerable sanguinity of the Canadians may be referable in some measure to physio-

graphic causes. Whatever the cause, it is there. It was and is present in the inhabitants of the United States. Englishmen were wont to contemn it as American "brag" and "bounce." Yet the United States has now a population of nearly eighty millions, and is a world-power, politically and industrially, as formidable as any in the universe. Canadians see what has been done to the south of the 49th parallel, and they firmly believe they can do as much, if not more, to the north. Remind them that they are, after all, but a feeble folk of some six millions, and they will tell you that their country is at the beginning of a more remarkable development than any known in human history—which for most Canadians began with the revolt of the Thirteen Provinces. They will affirm with unshakeable confidence that, within sixty years, their population will be sixty millions. If you present them with statistics which seem to show that, until quite recently, the population for many years remained almost stationary, despite what should have been the natural increase of births over deaths, and notwithstanding a continuous volume of immigration, they will reply that they lost their population to the United States, and that that loss has now ceased, because the United States are filled. All the available land there, they will tell you, is occupied, and neither in agricultural nor in industrial pursuits is it possible for a man to obtain so good a living as in the Dominion. Where, you will be asked, is the overflow of the British Isles—aye of Europe!—to go to except to Canada? Africa? Why, Canada is being traversed from end to end by discharged English soldiers who served during the war, and would have settled on

the veldt if the game had been worth the candle. There is no emigration to South Africa—except of Chinamen. It is a yellow and a black man's country, not a white man's. Australia? Australia is for the most part a desert. Life there presupposes vast schemes of irrigation. Where in the world, except in the Dominion, are there millions of acres of unoccupied land to which the people of Northern Europe can and will go? If you hint a doubt whether the climate of Canada, particularly north and north-west of the present inhabited strip, is not somewhat too severe for human endurance, you will excite either the scorn or the pity of your companions, who will not scruple to let you know that, being an Englishman, there is of necessity an undue proportion of insular foolishness in your mental endowment. If, undeterred by contempt or arrogance, and fortified by knowledge of what life in the wilds really is, you cite facts, official and otherwise, which suggest that a great white population would not multiply and build up a permanent society in regions which have hitherto maintained only nomadic Indians, grading northwards and downward to the Esquimo, you will be told that Canada is producing a new type of white man adaptable and fitted for the climatic environment of the extreme North. When you think of Canadians as a race, you will be compelled to admit that there is force in the argument, for men and women of greater weight of bone and more noticeable physical hardness—and hardness of temperament—you will not have seen in any travels in the old world, and certainly not among any tropical races you may have known. Should you suggest that the crux of the problem of

populating Canada lies in the rearing of children, and that your observation in the North-West and study of the statistics indicate a lack of reproductive power, if not also an abnormal infant death-rate, you will be told that the evidence does not exist on which safe generalisation on this matter can be made. Should you retort by saying you are arguing on the only evidence available, you will be referred to the extraordinary fecundity of the French Canadians in Quebec; and if you have been in that splendid but, in winter time, fiercely cold and forbidding province, you will be compelled to agree that a severe climate and inhospitable country are not insuperable barriers to an astounding racial increase. Having conceded thus much, you will be overwhelmed with statistics of millions upon millions of acres of available land accessible from existing settlement or shortly to be opened out by the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific—land which can be had for nothing now and would easily fetch one hundred and twenty dollars an acre if it were in the United States; land which will grow more per acre than any in the United States, and will yield a more valuable variety of wheat than can be grown anywhere in the world—even on the plains of Manchuria. And you will be told that these millions of acres are not within the far northern belt, as to which some doubt may be entertained, seeing that little is, in reality, known of it, except from explorers, but are lands as good as those of Manitoba and the Regina Plains. You may reply that you have seen these lands, that you have "struck them" from three far distant points on the Continent—from New Liskeard on the Temaskamingue, from Prince Albert on the

North Saskatchewan, from Edmonton, far higher up that river. You may say that it is a vast forest belt; that a few generations of men will have left their bones there before any appreciable portion of the land is cleared for cultivation; that at such settlements as exist you found the farmers sick at heart because of the "coldness" of the land, the liability to night frosts, the isolation and hardships of their lot.

But nothing you can advance will affect the invincible confidence and optimism of your friends. Was not old Ontario covered with dense forest? Is it not now cleared, dotted with cities and towns, farmed from end to end and covered with farm-buildings of brick and stone? Was not the land in Manitoba "cold" to the early settlers? Did they not lose heart—and regain it? Had not that been the uniform experience in Canada wherever the tide of settlement overflowed the land? Had it not been demonstrated in practice that the clearing and cultivation of the land—the letting of the sunlight and warmth into the soil—had so far changed the climatic conditions as to make human life easier? By the fact of settlement and labour on the soil, cultivation which at one time seemed to be impossible had been made facile. The men who did it had become wealthy. This had been proved to be the case in old Canada and in Manitoba and the North-West, and the experience would assuredly be repeated in the Farther North-West, where possibilities are even now being converted into realities by the yearly growing of wheat as far as eight hundred miles due north of Winnipeg.

The argument is a summary of many conversations—of five months' questioning, suggestion, and patient listen-

ing. It may at least serve to create an impression of the argumentative resource of the average man in Canada. He is a man of strong natural intelligence; and, unlike many men in the street in England, his intellect is not fuddled by drink or paralysed by anxiety as to whether this or that horse will first pass the post. He knows Canada and thinks of little else but Canada. His mind is full of the vastness, the illimitable resources of his country. He is feverishly desirous that Englishmen should share his thoughts and should look into the future through spectacles of Dominion make. Opposition, criticism, doubts, fears, these do but stimulate his enthusiasm about the ability of his country to run quite alone, and cause him to redouble his efforts to impart his faith to others; but as to whether Canada, the fully autonomous and great Nation of his dreams, will retain the monarchical idea he is in reality indifferent. It is a side issue of no importance to him. He is a man of intense practicality of mind. So long as a monarchical system and the presence of a representative of the Sovereign do not stand in the way of Canadian development and are not in conflict with growing Canadian ideals, material, political, and intellectual, Canada will retain the system. Should causes of conflict arise Canada would discard it without convulsive emotion, for the "loyalty" of her people is to Canada first and to the Throne only in a secondary degree.

CHAPTER III

THE IDEA OF NATIONHOOD

The English reader will now understand the ideas which operate in the Canadian mind. He will have formed a conception of the superb—I had almost written the sublime—self-confidence and hopefulness of the Dominion population. Is it not inevitable that a self-reliant and assertive race of men, who think on so bold and sweeping a scale, should aim at Absolute Independence? So far as I could form an opinion, nothing short of the realisation of that ideal will content them. Few they may be just now in numbers. But they are great of heart, keen of brain, strong of hand. Are they not subduing the earth—not an earth such as ours in England, but one which for six months every year is frozen ten feet deep into a solid rock, with ten feet of snow on the top? Have they not already subdued no mean portion of it? Are they not daily conquering difficulties which would have overcome men of lesser breed? Inured as they are to hard conditions, conscious of what their forefathers have done, of what has been done in the colossal State next door to them, and seeing immigration pouring in at the rate of thousands each week in the open season, they set no limits to the growth and power of their Nationhood. Is it not natural that they should project

their minds to a time when they will be a kingdom equal in numbers and co-equal in constitutional status with Great Britain? We have some forty millions in these islands; in the days of Elizabeth there were fewer people in England than London alone now holds. Canada thinks that she can easily maintain a hundred and forty millions without encroaching on forest solitudes shading off into the Arctic Circle. She is convinced that, within a few generations—a moment in the life-time of nations—she will have a population at least as large as ours. I am not discussing whether this thought is justified, nor whether it will be translated into fact. I am stating its existence as an incontrovertible result of such explorations into the Canadian intellect as I have been able to make. It enforces the argument that Canada is aiming at Nationhood.

If that needs further support, let it here be said—superfluously to the majority of readers, no doubt—that Canada does not consist of six millions of people of British descent. One-third of the population is of French origin—a somewhat unprogressive but simple, industrious, deeply-religious and wholly charming peasantry, tenaciously retentive of their Gallic characteristics and distinctively non-English in their mental outlook. These are in alliance with us for the development of Canada; but they are French Canadians first and British subjects afterwards—an attitude quite consistent with genuine though not effusive loyalty to the Throne and the Imperial connection. Then there are the Canadians whose ancestry on the American continent goes so far back that they have become Americanised (the United States is *not* America, but only a part of it) in temperament and

thought. These also are Canadians first and British subjects afterwards. Next, there is the great mass of old and new English and Scotch immigrants who, in various degrees, are undergoing the sometimes painful process of Americanisation—that is to say, of becoming good Canadians first and British subjects in a secondary sense only. I almost despair of making the untravelled reader quite appreciate this point. He must have lived in Canada to understand the subtle and elusive change that comes over men's minds and political views upon permanent transference from the conventional and ordered and class-organised life of England to the freer, rougher, more self-reliant existence which is the rule in this great Dominion. But the change is a psychological verity; and the result in moulding men's views in the direction of Canadian Nationality is unmistakably apparent to any observer of political phenomena. Next, there are German-speaking peoples, Scandinavians, Icelanders, Russians—Jews and Slavs—Greeks, Turks, Syrians, Italians, Finlanders, men of mixed stock from the United States by the thousand, Chinese, Japanese, and North-American Indians. All of these are distinctively, it might almost be said aggressively, non-English; and most of the races here mentioned are being reinforced at a rapid rate. Canada is a country of mixed peoples. It is a turbid flood of immigration which flows to her shores. Another point: it should not be supposed that the emigrants who leave our country have an overmastering love of England. Why should they have? They are very poor and they are almost totally uneducated. They can read with some ease, can write badly, and can "do arithmetic" of an elementary kind. But

they have no education in history and literature such as enables a man to take pride in the achievements of his race and feel himself a citizen of no mean country. What has England done for the majority of them? It has given them a childhood in an urban or village slum. It has fed them badly, housed them badly, clothed them badly. Their parents have either died prematurely from disease engendered by hardships and struggle with poverty, or are housed in workhouses, or are otherwise more or less dependent upon public and private charity. They have felt the pinch of hunger. Their lives have been a ceaseless, unsuccessful conflict with Want. They have lived under the heel of the classes "above them." They have known both the scorn and the patronising pity of the rich. As members of the "lower orders," whose function in the social system has been to labour for and comport themselves with lowliness and reverence towards their "betters"—which sometimes means those who wax rich by exploitation of the masses—life has had little indeed to offer them. So little material welfare has England yielded them that the majority have been able to keep body and soul together only by dint of such toil and hardship as have made life in England no longer worth having. They have left England for that very reason—left it because they have been told that by going to Canada they can get work and bread, and live the life of self-dependent men. They were partially disillusioned when they got there. But that is another question. What, however, they were not made to feel is that as poor labouring folk they were the pariahs of the social system. Hard as they may have to work, and poor as their rewards may be until

by hook or by crook they have saved up a little money —and until they have learned how to use it—they are able to hold their heads as high as anybody. They are in a land where all men who work, whatever they work at and whatever they gain, be it little or much, are on a social equality. It astounded me to discover how few people on the emigrant ship had a thought of regret at leaving England. Most of them had been extruded from that pleasant land by economic forces which they had lacked the strength or the good fortune to overcome. They were the disinherited of England's working class; and, so far from having an affection for the country which they had abandoned, they had a feeling of bitterness towards it. "England!" said one of them to me, "England's a country for the rich man. It's no place for the worker who does not want a pauper's funeral. What chance would my children have in England? A worse chance than I have had—and for years past I haven't had more than nine months' work out of every twelve, and in the best of times haven't earned more than 35s. a week, 7s. of which has had to go to the landlord for two top rooms in a dirty back street." "England," said another, "is not a country where a man who is a man can live. If he doesn't touch his hat to the squire and the parson and the whole brood of gentry (he was an agricultural labourer), then woe betide him. The chances are he'll lose his work. Anyhow, even if he keeps his work, he can't earn enough to keep his wife and children in good food and clothes. And if he won't cringe and scrape and be humble, and teach his children to do the same, no coal or blankets

will come his way. England's a class-ridden country, and that's why I've come out of it quite as much as for the chance of getting enough bread and clothes for my family." Men who think thus are easily convertible into "good Canadians"—into the citizens of a New Nation which knows England only as a rich and disdainful relation, whose patronage is not needed. As for Canadians themselves, their views of England are coloured by similar feelings, derived from fathers and grandfathers who in one form or another felt the tyranny of "the powers that be" in the village and the town. "In your country," said one of them to me, in tones of acrid contempt, "a man daren't call his soul his own. Why did my father leave England? The squire struck him with a whip because he didn't open a gate fast enough to please him." The speaker was an old man. The incident must have occurred early in the Victorian era. It was idle to argue that no squire would dare to do such a thing now, except under pain of being dragged from his horse and rolled in the ditch. My friend was still convinced that the poor man in England is little better than a chattel. The point of view which is here set forth may be all wrong. But it exists. And it has a political bearing. Canada is an intensely democratic country. The population is made up of people who have cut themselves free from, or have, in an economic sense, been pushed out of, societies in which the feudal spirit survives; and these people are bent on making a Nation where the social ideal is that the measure of a man's value is in what he can do, not in what he has at the bank, or in what clothes he wears, or into what class he happened to be born.

These then are the materials—Foreign and English—of which the foundations of a great Nation are being constructed. They are heterogeneous.

How else will they become homogeneous save by the impulse towards Nationhood? Is not the ideal of Canada a Nation the expression of that natural instinct which impels men brought together from diverse subdivisions of the human family to weld themselves into a political entity? By her system of education Canada is making these races into an English-speaking people. But it is beyond the power of her statesmen, nor is it their intention, to convert them into Englishmen. Their ideal is to make Canadians of them. The racial characteristics of the Russian, the German, the Scandinavian, and the Anglo-Saxon in Canada will persist, though they blend the one into the other. What the resultant type will be, except that it will be English in speech, no one can tell. Much will depend upon whether the immigration into Canada continues to be predominantly Anglo-Saxon, about which there is a deplorable lack of concern in Canada, as is proved by the recklessly cosmopolitan character of her immigration policy. But one thing can be predicted with certainty—and that is that the type will not be English. If it were, Canada might continue to be an English self-governing colony on the present footing for centuries; because it is not, Canada will be, I suggest, an Independent Nation. Even now a Canadian is as easily distinguishable from an English immigrant as a Dutch peasant is from a German. A recognisable type of man is in course of evolution in the cities, the forests, and on the plains. Hence a New Nation is coming down the arena of the world—a

Canadian nation with the Anglo-Saxon strain, a permanently strong element in the racial admixture, but, nevertheless, not an *English* nation in Canada. Nationhood implies absolute independence. That surely is the teaching of history, at least in cases where, as in Canada, there is a vast stretch of fertile earth which gives ample room for racial expansion. Canadian statesmen, true to the people whose instinct they share, and responsive to the mental environment in which they work, have set Absolute Independence before them as their goal. That is, I suggest, the belief of the democracy of Canada. Where then, it may be said, is their loyalty to the Throne and the Empire? The reply is, that movement towards their objective is perfectly consistent with loyalty, which, like most things of the collective mind of man, is an elastic, indeterminable and variable quality. The statesmen and people of Canada are not governed by abstract feelings of loyalty or any reverence for the thing itself. "You English people," said a Canadian to me on one occasion, "often discuss the question—'are Canadians loyal?' I wish you would tell them in your newspaper that we don't think about the subject. Of course we're loyal, we're not rebels. The present system suits us while we're growing. Loyalty does not enter into our minds when we consider our growth and the future that growth will bring. We don't think about loyalty. We go on in our own way, and are too full of our own affairs and progress to ask ourselves whether we are loyal or not. Why should you English people worry about it?" My friend was a politician of some importance. His attitude seemed to me to be typical of that of the new Canadian Nation. Statesmen and people are going forward not in

obedience to the formulas of loyalty and the sign-posts set up by constitutional wiseacres, but in harmonious activity with the mysterious, dimly-perceived, and almost inscrutable laws which govern the development of human societies, the growth of small communities into mighty States.

CHAPTER IV

NATIONALITY AND FISCAL FREEDOM

In an earlier chapter it was asserted that Canada regards her present fiscal freedom as the foundation-stone of an ultimate independence. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has definitely declared that the Dominion would never surrender her fiscal autonomy. In this, so far as I could judge, Canada is wholly with him, irrespective of party. It is the very essence of her status as a self-governing community. It is the vital part of the National Idea. How, then, is it consistent with an organisation of the Empire as a fiscal entity? What are the factors in Canadian thought and political practice which have to be taken into account in any consideration of that matter? These questions I propose to examine. Though unwilling to abandon one jot or tittle of her fiscal freedom, Canada is open to consider a commercial "deal" with Great Britain, as with any other country, or with any other part of the Empire. That is as far as the official pronouncements on the subject have gone, and, to the best of my judgment, that is as far as the people of Canada are willing to be led, either by their own statesmen or by English opinion. Would such a "deal" be influenced by Imperial, in the sense of sentimental, considerations? A negative answer must

be entered, not only from such appreciation of Canadian thought as I have been able to form, but also for reasons of a practical character which will be sketched later on in this essay. The matter would be approached and handled as a business transaction, determinable solely by considerations of profit and loss. This would be the case whichever party—the Liberal or Low Tariff, or the Conservative or High Protectionist party—was in power at Ottawa. In Canada politics is synonymous with hard business. Political action, in matters of trade at least, is regulated there by self-interest alone—real or imaginary. Two dilemmas have to be considered. The first, or business, dilemma is this: how could Canada frame a tariff which would protect her manufacturing industries against British competition and yet at the same time enable British manufacturers, in return for preferential access for Canadian foodstuffs into the English market, to compete with those Canadian industries in the Dominion market? The second, or political, dilemma is: how could Canada retain her fiscal independence and simultaneously become and remain part of a system by which the Empire would be a fiscal entity for offence and defence against other commercial nations? And there is a third dilemma —an Imperial dilemma—assuming that the first and second could be overcome. It arises from the fact that in no conceivable case would Canada tie her hands for all time. If she entered into any system on the basis of an Imperial fiscal entity she would reserve her right to withdraw if at any time she conceived that it suited her individual national interest to do so. The other great Colonies—nascent Nations like herself—would, presumably, make

the same precautionary reservation. If Canada, or any other great Colony acted upon it, the Imperial fiscal entity would be an entity no longer. The edifice would collapse. That is the Imperial dilemma. And from it there can be no escape so long as Canada stands by Sir Wilfrid Laurier's declaration that Canada will not take any course which carries with it any loss of fiscal independence.

On the basis of what can be learned by any one of the condition of commerce and internal politics in Canada to-day, let us see what would be likely to happen if Canada were part of an imaginary fiscal entity Empire. Assume that the experiment of overcoming what in the preceding paragraph is termed the Canadian business dilemma were undertaken by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal party—the party now in power. Their policy is to make manufactured articles less costly to the consumer than they now are under a Protectionist system. If this practical end could be attained by entering a scheme of Imperial fiscal entity, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberals would be the most likely people to take that road—subject, of course, to the reservation of full fiscal independence. What would be the result?

The manufacturers, who are allied with the Conservative or High Protectionist party, and profess the loftiest Imperial sentiments, would necessarily be shorn, by the effects of British competition, of the exorbitant profits they are now able to extract from the consumers of their protected shoddy. They, and the thousands of workmen who would be displaced by this competition, would clamour for the downfall of the arrangement, just

as they are shrieking now for the abolition of the existing preference, on the ground that British competition is making the woollen and cotton industries of the Dominion unprofitable. They would become furious champions of the fiscal independence of Canada. They would assert that Canada was shackled in her "all-round" development as a manufacturing as well as agricultural community. They would set their class and sectional interests above any advantage which the agriculturist might be obtaining from the preference his products received in the market of the Empire; and, inasmuch as, in all probability, the railway companies would relieve the agriculturist of that advantage by still greater rapacity in the matter of freights, the task of detaching the farmer from the Imperial fiscal system would not be insuperable.

If he could not be detached, the manufacturing interests of Eastern Canada would be pitted against the agricultural interests of the West. There would be two Canadas, each divided against the other, not one Dominion with its common commercial interests and a single fiscal policy. Then again the manufacturers exercise great political influence even within the Liberal party. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has to work with them as far as may be. If he did not bend to them they might break him. Their organisation pretends to be non-political, but as a matter of fact it exists to extort from this party or from that the utmost measure of Protection against British and other competition which the people of Canada will bear—and they will bear a great deal, so long as agriculture is prospering.

It was because of their power that Sir Wilfrid

Laurier, who is a Free Trader in principle and a taxer of imports only because direct methods of raising revenue are impracticable in the existing state of Canadian opinion, was unable to frame the low tariff promised in the programme on which he was returned to power in 1896. What he could not accomplish directly he achieved by indirect means—namely, the preference of 33⅓ per cent. on British imports. He thus, by a side stroke, relieved the Canadian consumer from the oppressive exactions of the local manufacturer, subjected the Canadian manufacturers to a healthy competition, and turned the tables on opponents who had twitted the Liberal Party and himself with disloyalty to the Empire. They could not resist the preference, because to do so would have exposed them to the stigma of "disloyalty" which they had sought to fasten upon him; and the Conservative party, as such, cannot complain about it now, though their manufacturing friends do so without stint. These, then, are some of the practical political difficulties in the existing state of Canadian opinion, which stand in the way of the Dominion casting in her lot with an Empire on the basis of fiscal unity.

Assume that the Conservative party were seated at Ottawa. Would the difficulties be less? Imagine Mr. R. L. Borden—an able and courteous gentleman, who in many respects would be an admirable Prime Minister—drawing up the schedule of a tariff which would at the same time protect the Canadian manufacturer against the British and yet enable the latter to compete with the former in the Dominion market. One of his strongest supporters is, say, a soap-boiler—a bad soap-boiler, who

has waxed rich and become able to contribute freely to campaign funds because he has been in a position to foist an indifferent soap on the Canadian people at a long price. How is Mr. Borden to reconcile him to a reduction of the duty on British soap? He will be able to argue with great effect that the Canadian consumer will get the best British soap made, at a price lower than that which he has hitherto paid for the skin-scarifiers of his friend's offal-pot. He may plead that in exchange for this the agriculturist will be getting a preference in the English market, and thus will be able to afford to use more soap. He can point out also that it is still open to his friend to make as good a soap, or a better, than the British boiler, and to sell it at a price as low—or even lower, and thus sweep the Britisher out of the field. What reply will he receive? He will be urged, with threats, to leave soap alone and turn his attention to lollipops. The protected lollipop manufacturer will protest with the like emphasis, and recommend Mr. Borden to try it on Jew's-harps. And so on throughout the whole list of dutiable commodities. Mr. Borden would be assailed with threats of revolt on every side. Even if—dexterous and persuasive party-leader as he is—he succeeded in framing a schedule, and matters were carried to such a stage with the Imperial Government that it was accepted as a fitting exchange for a preference on Canadian food-stuffs, how long could it remain in force? Those whom the schedule left with no protection would be bitterly envious of those who had a little; those who had a little with those who had much; and those who had much would be still insatiate. It would be a case of confusion worse con-

founded. The Conservative party would go to pieces. Here, then, lies the impracticable nature of the policy?

Carry the argument a step further: the British manufacturer would not be silent and inactive. On what principle would the duty be fixed on iron and steel, cottons and woollens, lead, knitting-needles, and syrup of squills? It does not matter what commodity is taken for the purposes of argument; syrup of squills, whatever that medicament may be, is as good for controversial use as garter elastic or tipped or untipped corset wires. Unless there were a uniform *ad valorem* duty on all manufactured imports, how is it possible to determine what is an equitable duty as between one order of British manufacturer and another? If the British maker of syrup of squills has a ten-cent barrier against him in the Canadian market, why should the manufacturer of lamp-wicks have a barrier represented by twenty-five cents? And why should the manufacturer of saltpetre have no barrier at all—on the assumption that the present schedule would remain in force so far as he is concerned? If the Empire were a fiscal unit, it is scarcely possible that British manufacturers would suffer these relative duties to be determined by Canada alone, or by the Colonies severally. They would bring pressure to bear upon the Imperial Parliament to secure re-adjustments of the tariff to the advantage of British manufacturers as against their rivals in the Colonies. This difficulty is quite clearly apprehended in Canada—necessarily so, in a country where politics resolve themselves into a sordid fight over the tariff.

Even if a uniform *ad valorem* duty on British manufacturers could be agreed upon in Canada, and as between Canada and Great Britain and the rest of the Empire, a disruptive struggle could not long be avoided. The Canadian manufacturers would not be content until the duty were raised, and the British manufacturers until it were lowered. What a bone of contention to throw into a possible Federal Parliament! And here let it be said that I found no desire in Canada for representation in such a House.

Walking one day with a member of the Dominion Parliament along the lawns which surround the Legislative Buildings on the lofty bank of the Rideau River, I broached the old suggestion, as a possible means for the better organisation of the Empire, of the admission of Colonial members to Westminster. Why should not the British Colonies and India be represented there, as the French Colonies were in the Paris Chamber? Did Canada desire such representation? My friend was thoughtful for a moment, as though weighing the matter in his mind. Then he threw his arm westward and northward over the magnificent panorama of river, valley, and Laurentian hills, and quietly asked me: "Have we not enough to do *here?*" I had just come from the Pacific Ocean. In a flash there passed before my vision the vast stretches of mountain and plain, lakeland and river vale through which I had journeyed; and I realised the eloquence of his gesture and the force of his answer. I saw anew the narrow rivulets of population flowing westward and northward through this great domain; the populous cities which are destined to become as great as those of

the old world, the little towns growing swiftly into cities, the many hamlets which in due time will be towns. Before my mind's eye there arose a spectacle of the Canada of the future—a great human concourse, reproducing, alas! the evils of all societies throughout the ages. What a field for statesmanship, for political activity of the higher kind. What scope for the energies of ambitious and public-spirited men! Well might my friend ask—"Have we not enough to do *here?*" Indeed, men who enter public life in Canada already have their hands overfull, for with the development of the country there is also a corresponding accumulation of ineradicable human evils. Canadian problems are even now serious enough and difficult enough to demand the powers of the best intellect the Dominion can produce. To what complexity they may arrive when the country is filled with human beings may be left to the imagination. Canadian patriotism and public spirit will be engrossed in Canadian affairs. There will be little mental energy to spare for sitting in an Imperial Parliament and grappling, say, with the problem of redistribution of seats in these islands, or the disestablishment of the Church in Wales. Canadians care nothing for such things. Why should they? Have they not enough to do in their own country, now and hereafter, without hankering after sitting space in Westminster? Their aim is to concentrate on Canada, to preserve a spirit of detachment from non-Canadian affairs, to be free and great and strong of themselves—free to sever the cord that binds them to England, should English affairs be so managed as to enmesh them in doubtful policies, and yet free, as

an entity among the nations of the world, to put forth their strength for themselves, and possibly for England also, though only by their own free will. When one reflects on these things, the dream of a Federal Imperial Parliament in London dissolves like a morning mist.

CHAPTER V

TREATY POWERS AND IMPERIAL DEVELOPMENT

CANADA seeks to obtain for herself the right of making Treaties with Foreign Powers. That in itself is a difficulty in the way of Imperial fiscal unity, for, by sharing fiscal unity with the rest of the Empire, the Dominion would be debarred from making separate commercial treaties with other States such as she thought would be advantageous to herself. How many people in England realise that Canada desires this treaty-making power—nay, not only desires it, but is determined to get it in due course, and if the Nation grows as Canadians expect it to grow, will undoubtedly get it, whether Great Britain makes such a concession of its imperial rights gracefully or grudgingly? Politicians in England, with insular concentration upon English affairs, may rub their eyes at such a question. "Canada make treaties with foreign Powers! why! Canada is a colony! She can make representations through her Ministry and the Governor-General, but treaties with other States can be negotiated only by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs." That is so—at present. But Canada does not wish it to continue to be so. She has no great love for the

British Foreign Office. She thinks she has often been "given away" by Foreign Ministers in London. It was the British Foreign Office which allowed her to be jockeyed out of the desirable territory which is now the State of Maine—and by a trick of map-suppression, which no honest man in the United States can palliate, much less justify. The Foreign Office has repeatedly sacrificed Canadian interests to conciliate the United States Government, whose hostility has been so consistent as to convince Canada that the settled policy of her neighbours has been to coerce her into joining the Union.

The latest instance is that of the Alaska boundary decision. Whether rightly or wrongly, Canadians think that the Foreign Office either wilfully or stupidly so mismanaged the negotiation that Canada was bound to lose her case. The form of arbitration was not to Canada's liking. She was disgusted —the term is not too strong—to find that the United States jurists who were accepted by Great Britain as members of the Tribunal were men who, as senators, had derisively pronounced against Canada on the issues of fact and treaty interpretation which were involved. It is idle to attempt to persuade a Canadian that Lord Alverstone's decision in favour of the United States—a decision given as President, with a casting vote in an otherwise equally divided Tribunal—could only have been reached on the strict merits of the facts—that it was a strictly juridical verdict, entirely uninfluenced by considerations of international politics. He will assert an unshakeable

conviction to the contrary. He is no respecter of high judicial personages and reputations. He places no credence in that unchallengeable superiority of character which Lord Alverstone possesses—a superiority which made it impossible for Englishmen to do aught but have implicit faith in the integrity of the decision as a piece of juridical and intellectual workmanship. He is familiar with crooked courses in the public life of his own country. He is accustomed to look for sinister motives and influences in the doings of political and even of judicial personages in the Dominion. It is contrary to his mental habit to think that a higher standard can prevail in any other country than his own. He is intellectually incapable of believing that a great judge who has also "been in politics" could deal with a political matter solely as a jurist, untrammelled by broad international considerations such as might be present in the minds of the statesmen who selected the judge to discharge the juridical function. Certainly he is incapable of realising the offensiveness of his imputation, that Lord Alverstone decided as he did, not on the strict justice of the facts and the rightful interpretation of treaties, but because the Government which appointed him secretly instructed him—this is the insinuation—that such a decision must be reached as would enable the Government to keep the peace with the United States, even though Canadian rights were sacrificed. He shuts his mind against reasoning of this kind. He is equally oblivious of the point that Lord Alverstone's decision was in accordance with the verdict of the two United States

Commissioners, who were men of judicial eminence and high character; and his scorn for the United States in political matters is such that he utterly refuses to believe it to have been possible for those Commissioners to have swept out of their minds the knowledge and opinions which induced them to pronounce against Canada when speaking as senators, and to have approached the matter anew and without bias when they were appointed as jurists. He will not see that as their work as jurists was done on fuller evidence than that on which they spoke as senators, the conclusion at which they arrived at Paris was necessarily less assailable than that which they had advanced on imperfect evidence such as was open to them when they spoke at Washington in circumstances of lesser responsibility. In brief, he imputes bad faith. He insists that the decision was what it was because Great Britain thought more of cultivating the goodwill of the United States than of securing justice for Canada. He will go farther, and rail generally against the Foreign Office for truckling to the great Republic. This view is universal throughout Canada. There is ill-suppressed bad feeling on the subject. Whether the Canadian idea is right or wrong is immaterial to the present purpose. It exists and is ineradicable by reasoning on facts available to every student of diplomatic affairs. Canadians shut their minds firmly against such reasoning. They reject it with the emphatic statement that if they had had the making of the treaty, the result would have been different, and they assert that the right to regulate their foreign affairs must therefore be con-

ceded to them. They intend themselves to carry on such negotiations with foreign States as their circumstances may require. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, ever alert in interpreting the mind of the Nation, has himself said that they might "request treaty-making powers," and the declaration was received with profound satisfaction.

The Canadian view of this Alaskan matter is so described as to suggest that it will be found to have had a profound influence upon the development of Canadian Nationality; for it is from this Decision that the "request" for treaty-making powers has arisen. It will be apparent that the demand foreshadows absolute independence. If it were conceded, and on modern theories of our Colonial relationships it could be resisted only by persuasion and argument, and never by force, by what ties would the Dominion be linked to Great Britain? The shadowy sovereignty of a British Emperor! It is a large question, at present in its initial stage, and therefore disregarded by English statesmen and people, who have a complacent habit of ignoring contemporaneous historical causes. But it is a subject that calls for elucidation, for if there is one thing which excursions into the Canadian political intellect teach with some certitude, it is that Canada is filled with the ambition to become equipped with the full rights of Nationhood. It may be doubted, however, whether Canadians realise the significance of their desires. They do not understand how completely they are dependent upon Great Britain for defence against foreign aggression, though the difficulty they had in finding men to man the defences of Halifax and

Esquimault should have taught them something. Canada feels that the Monroe doctrine may secure her from any attack from Europe; but she has no conception of the risk of aggression by the United States which is implied by the very assertion of the doctrine, notwithstanding qualifying declarations which are supposed to safeguard existing rights on the American Continent. Still less does she appreciate her inability to defend herself against the United States. She has no navy, no fighting force other than a rough and ready militia. Nevertheless, there lies aback of the Canadian brain the idea that in due time she will have fitted herself to repel attack from any quarter whatsoever; even now, such is the spirit of her people, the idea of present self-sufficiency in matters of defence is widely prevalent. It is a remarkable illusion; but it is by virtue of such delusions that small nations grow into great. They believe in themselves, and from that belief the power of accomplishment is born. One would think that the prudent course would be for Canada to contribute to the upkeep of the Imperial Army and Navy proportionately to the population and the local interests at stake; but the Canadian political mind is not developing on these lines. It is taking a direction of its own—one leading to Nationhood, with the full assumption of all the rights, responsibilities and burdens of a Nation. This seems, in homely language, like putting the cart before the horse! Englishmen may think it a trifle absurd. They may remind themselves of the frog that inflated itself in the belief that it could out-size the ox. But Englishmen should not forget that, though Canada is now a country of only six

millions, she may soon be sixty, and ultimately a hundred millions. So astounding a development is not outside the range of the possible, even of the probable. The land is there. That is incontrovertible. And every year that passes piles proof upon proof that it is capable of sustaining an enormous population. As for the character of that population, these chapters will have failed in one of their purposes if they have not shown the English reader that it is as hardy, as capable, as ambitious and as self-willed—and perhaps as cross-grained—as that which lies to the south of the 49th parallel.

If development proceeds on its present lines we shall, then, see Canada an independent Nation, great in numbers, in wealth, in commercial power—an equal may be of ourselves. Indeed, so enormous is her territory and so bright her prospects, both as a manufacturing and agricultural region, that she may well surpass us from these natural and unalterable causes, just as the United States has done. Would such an equality and a conceivable numerical and other preponderance be a source of weakness to Great Britain, assuming the absolute independence of Canada? Perhaps not. The chances are that it would be a source of strength in the councils and rivalries of nations. Influences and tendencies in Canada and the other great Colonies, which now seem to be disruptive, may, in the end, give to the Anglo-Saxon races the dominance of the world. The number of *à priori* friendly Powers with whom Great Britain could make offensive and defensive alliances would be enlarged. Such an alliance has been made with Japan—notwithstanding a feeling in Northern Europe that it

savours rather of the compact Francis I. made with Solyman, and may cloak bad faith towards the European family of Christian nations. A formal alliance is often spoken of as likely between the United States and Great Britain. It is at least possible that the future may have this in store. How much more easily thinkable is it that Canada as an independent Nation, under a British Emperor, should be in treaty-alliance with us? And the South African and Australasian hegemonies also? Imagine a Canada with fifty millions of white people, South Africa with twenty-five, Australasia with twenty-five!—each a still growing Nation, each independent and owing a nominal fealty to a British Emperor, and each linked to Great Britain by formal alliances. Each would have an army and navy of its own, and each would have world-wide interests, for the commerce of each would be with the universe. That of Canada certainly would be, for, on the industrial side, Canada hopes to manufacture for the world and, to some slight extent, does already invade the English market with factory products; and, on the agricultural side, she looks across the Pacific for a market for her cereals. Japan is beginning to be a wheat-eating country. Wheat, a Canadian will argue, will displace rice in Asia. It may not do that; but the Far East is assuredly a great prospective market for the cereals of the North-West. Canada's interests lie Asia-wards as well as towards Europe. A mighty nation, midway between East and West, and comprising the largest and most favourable wheat-growing region in the world, would have a huge commerce to protect, important interests to defend. A

navy and an army would be essential to her national preservation.

Excluding the United States, here, then, is a vision of three new and ever-growing Nations in treaty-alliance with Great Britain, linked also with Great Britain and with each other by the nominal overlordship of a British Emperor. Individually and collectively, they would be of great wealth and strength, in men and in all the resources that make mighty and unassailable communities. The political fashion of the age is for something imposing—something that fills the imagination. Is not this ideal magnificent enough and fascinating enough for the imagination of the boldest Imperialist? Is it not, as an ideal, as fine as that of a fiscally-organised British Empire? If it is not it is less difficult of realisation than a system based on mutual preferences; and for the reason that such a system contains within itself such strong disruptive influences that it might not endure, while that of a family of independent Nations, whose relationship to the parent state and to each other was defined by treaties of alliance, could be the result only of natural growth, and would therefore last. The one would be a forced development. It would be cramped by the limitations of the intellects of the statesmen who brought it into being; and what those limitations are we all can judge. It would be a thing of bonds and fetters —a device of props and barriers, enclosed by an Imperial ring-fence staked in nothing better than the shifting sands of economic expediency and the mutations of party strife in England and in the Colonies. Its fall sooner or later would be certain.

The other would be the result of natural and national forces such as are now in active operation in Canada —a growth, a progression in accordance with the inscrutable laws which govern the rise of new States, the expansion of small communities on great areas into powerful Nations. It would at least have the unquestionable advantage of leaving the hands free. The old country and the new Nations would be at liberty each to follow what it conceived to be its best interest, commercially and politically. It would be open to Great Britain either to maintain or depart from her present fiscal system with a single mind for the welfare of her own population only. Each of the new Nations would still be free to protect its industries as it chose, to give preferences to Great Britain in partial recompense for the absence of fiscal barriers in Great Britain, or to act with full justice by conceding to Great Britain the like freedom to enter its market as Great Britain gives to the Colonies. And all the new Nations would be able to deal with each other on similar principles. This is what they would wish to do. It is what they are beginning to do now, as is shown by the preferential arrangements between Canada and Australia and South Africa. Canada, at anyrate, is taking time by the forelock, for she is already so adapting her fiscal system as to fit it for her coming development as a nation which exports manufactures as well as food-stuffs. There is the analogy of the United States to guide us. She may eventually out-rival the United States as much in manufacturing as she now does in wheat-raising. Whatever her fiscal system may be—whether she

becomes still more Protectionist or the Free Traders get the upper hand, or whether preferences lead eventually to unrestricted trade within the Empire—her industries will grow because she has the land, the iron, the coal, and unlimited motive power in innumerable water-courses. Given her growth into a populous Nation, the world will be her market in due course.

CHAPTER VI

CANADA AND THE ENGLISH FISCAL SYSTEM

EARLY in 1905 nearly every Canadian desired to know whether Mr. Chamberlain's suggestions were finding favour with the English people. The ex-Colonial Secretary was the idol of the hour. On the hoardings of the streets the wayfarer was besought to wear a "Chamberlain" hat—a rakish type of "bowler" which seemed to sit somewhat uneasily over an eye-glassed countenance having a grotesque resemblance to the distinguished statesman. In the tobacconists' shops you were offered a "Chamberlain" cigar, gorgeously enwrapped, and with a gold embossed portrait in the centre of the label. "Chamberlain" collars and ties were on sale at the "stores"; and in the public room of the "hotels," where manners are free, one was almost certain to find a half-drunken cattleman discoursing volubly upon "Loyalty" and "Preference," "Joe Chamberlain" and "Little Englanders." It was eloquent testimony to the power of Mr. Chamberlain's personality, the intense interest which his ideas of Imperial re-organisation excited in the colonies. But it indicated only a passing phase of Canadian opinion, for, as time went on, one saw less of Mr. Chamberlain's portrait and heard less of his name.

Mention of his speeches sometimes caused irritation. People had been annoyed by suggestions that Colonial loyalty and the maintenance of the Imperial connection were contingent upon the success of his policy. One of the newspapers expressed this mood with true Colonial frankness, by asking Mr. Chamberlain to leave the Colonies alone: who had given him authority to speak for Canada in such a matter? Canada wished to mind her own business; she objected most strenuously to being made to share in the party strife which broke out in the Old Country, despite Mr. Chamberlain's urgent appeals for non-partisan treatment.

Adulation gave place to criticism, and by the summer Mr. Chamberlain's suggestions had ceased to interest. He had captivated the Canadian imagination for a time by a golden prospect of profit; but once the people realised that he had not the power to gratify the expectation he had raised, they had, as an Ottawa politician said, "no further use for him." The phrase is brutal but singularly illuminative. One needs to have lived in Canada to appreciate its force. It is the final allocution in the commerce of daily life, and signifies as no other form could do the mental outlook of the man who utters it. When a man "has no use" for some other person or something which that other proposes to him, it means that he can see no chance of "making a deal" advantageous to himself. Hence he thrusts the thing from his mind. The formula is a defensive barrier—a sort of verbal *chevaux de frise*—against further argument. Mr. Chamberlain had infected the Canadians at first with his own

sanguine confidence of success; but as soon as they saw the English Democracy was not behind him they "had no further use for him." This was their mood since he was unlikely to succeed in obtaining a preference for Canadian food-stuffs. The English people, apparently, would not revolutionise their fiscal system to put money into the pockets of Canadian agriculturists. Canadians themselves did not wish that they should do so if the struggles of the poor in England would thereby be increased. It was not a living issue for them. Hence they ceased to talk and to think about it. It was for the English people to decide. It would be time enough to bother about it when the English nation had fought out the controversy to a definite issue. To any formal and official proposals Canada would give eager attention; but until they were forthcoming she would mind her own affairs. If Canada were called to a Colonial Conference she would go into it with an open mind and free hands; but meanwhile Mr. Chamberlain's suggestions were put on the shelf.

Memory of them lingered chiefly in the minds of the professed politicians in Session at Ottawa; and these were far more desirous of discovering the state of English opinion than of disclosing ideas of their own. They had, in truth, little to reveal except that it would be a good thing for Canada if her food-stuffs could be given a preference over competing nations in the English market. When asked what Canada could do in return, except at the sacrifice of her protected manufacturing industries, the utmost they could say was that it might be possible to devise a tariff which would still preserve

those industries and nevertheless give England easier access to the Dominion market. But they would not give concrete instances of commodities in regard to which a tariff could be so framed as to accomplish two opposite purposes—protect a Canadian manufacturer against British competition and simultaneously allow the British to compete in the Canadian market on equal or nearly equal terms. Discussion invariably broke down at that stage.

A public, accustomed to daily assurance that "Canada is with Mr. Chamberlain to a man," will find it somewhat hard to believe that opinion in the Dominion is what is here described. But the plain truth is that Canada has "no use for" Mr. Chamberlain until he shall have converted the English people. That process proved to be so tedious to them that they grew weary of the subject and dropped it.

The reader who has grasped the idea of Canadian Nationality will already have apprehended that Canada will become an exporting manufacturing as well as agricultural country. She may be a second United States. Need the prospect alarm us in England? Some will argue that we should then have to protect ourselves against her. Why so? We do not now protect our industries against the competition of the United States and of Europe. Our trade with the world continues to expand and our manufactures to thrive despite, or perhaps because of, such competition. We are a free-trade country, not from any stubborn adherence to theory or blind love of abstract doctrine, but because the majority think it to our advantage to be Free Traders.

An addition to the number of competing nations would not of itself affect the position. If it is profitable for us to carry on our national business on free-trade principles now, presumably it would still be so then. Assuming the Protectionist system to prevail in the Colonial Nations as in foreign countries, we should still be the only free-trade nation in the world. Why should it be feared that we should be less well off then than now?

The free-trade system is good or bad for us independently of whether other nations think it good or bad for them. We should be, as the Colonial Nations would be, entirely at liberty to vary our practice at any time. If a Colonial kingdom or foreign State traded unfairly with us by "dumping," we should be free to retaliate by whatsoever means it was to our advantage to use. Such retaliation against any other State has nothing to do with free trade. It is a measure of discipline. Whether "dumping" is in reality a disadvantage to the nation which is dumped upon, and whether any "Retaliation" would be effective, are issues which would have to be fought out on concrete instances; but assuming that the disadvantages of the one and the effectiveness of the other are provable, England would still be free to defend herself.

Her fiscal independence, which is surely as vital to her as this attribute is to Canada, would stand. The Colonial kingdoms would be in a like case. Each could become a free-trading nation if it thought fit, or free trading only with Great Britain and with other free-trading Colonial kingdoms. By leaving affairs to develop naturally, each of the component parts of the

Empire would retain liberty to follow its own line of self-interest; and so long as England remains a free-trade country there is always a probability that the Colonial kingdoms may eventually conclude that it may also be for their advantage to become Free Traders.

Our present system is an outgrowth of Protection, and of preferential trading with Colonies. We grew so much that our fiscal suit burst at the seams. It is possible that the Colonies will also outgrow Protectionist garments. If they do, the world will have advanced some distance towards that universal free trade which everyone recognises would be advantageous. There is a free-trade party in every country and in every colony. Even in Canada it is not altogether negligible. There are thoughtful Canadians who predict that the Labour party—now in its infancy but, in so democratic a land, surely destined to exercise a predominant influence in Dominion politics—will also be a free-trade party. But this is to look a long way ahead.

That, however, is exactly what should be done. The fiscal-entity policy, with inter-Imperial "scientific" tariffs, and similar "scientific" tariffs between the Empire and the rest of the world, is rooted in the assumption that the Colonies will always be highly Protectionist, that Protection against other manufacturing nations is vital to the continued prosperity of Great Britain, and that Protection is a sort of permanent law—or at least a method that will endure—outside Great Britain. There is ground for the contrary assumption—that other manufacturing nations,

and the Nations which will arise in what are now our autonomous Colonies, will outgrow Protection, just as we in England have done. Whichever assumption be taken as the basis of our national conduct, the fact remains that self-interest and that alone will determine the question in Great Britain. We shall remain Free Traders, or revert to Protection, according to our estimate of the relative advantages and disadvantages of the two systems for the people of Great Britain. We should not imperil the welfare of the people of these islands artificially to stimulate the progress of the Colonies, any more than the Colonies would now modify or abandon their Protectionist systems to enhance the welfare of the people of Great Britain. We could not afford to do that any more than they could. The Colonies would act only in the interests of their own population. They do so now, and they would do no less when they had attained to Nationhood. The talk of commercial self-sacrifice between different parts of the Empire for the common good of the Empire may be stirring rhetoric. But self-sacrifice does not enter into trade either between nations or individuals. Business transactions imply the elimination of that quality : trade is the negation of the idea of self-sacrifice. It is the apotheosis of the idea of self-advantage. In its political bearing it is the self-adjustment of the interacting economic forces known as supply and demand—forces too vast and complex in their inter-relation for the intellects of statesmen. Their interference with them, even for the single and unavoidable purpose of raising revenue, does but dislocate and

check trade. When their activity is carried to the point of serving sectional commercial interests they inflict injustice upon those of their own people who are outside the favoured and protected circle; and they provoke tariff wars with other nations. When they seek to make the currents of trade subserve theoretical constitution-making or other purely political ends, they are attempting a thing which is beyond their mental powers and the executive capacity of Governments. At the best they can but erect barriers to the free intercourse of peoples—mere temporary obstructions; for the needs and self-interest of mankind are a force which cannot be controlled by any State or federation of States. That Canada, the future Nation, will subject the needs and self-interests of her people now and in the future to the limitations that would be inherent in a system of inter-Imperial organisation based on trade preferences, there is no ascertainable evidence. Such evidence as there is in Canada of the tendency of public thought points in the opposite direction—that of not surrendering her fiscal independence in any way, whether to Great Britain standing by herself alone or in association with other Colonies. So far from showing a disposition to give it up, Canada, as we have seen, wishes for treaty-making powers in order that, among other things, she may independently conclude commercial treaties with Foreign States! And in this attitude, so far as can be judged, she will be imitated by other Colonies which, like herself, are working their way towards Nationhood. In these circumstances prudence demands that Great Britain should

continue her course of enlightened self-interest in commerce, and hesitate before she incurs the risk of enhancing the cost of food and all other commodities to the crowded, struggling proletariat of these islands.

CHAPTER VII

SOME TENDENCIES IN RELIGION

"RELIGION is the chief bond of human society." The aphorism suggests the paraphrase that religion is the bed-rock of Imperial unity. What is the condition of religion in Canada as a factor in Imperial problems? On that issue, of politics rather than of religious belief, an effort may be made to marshal the leading facts and impressions of travel. The subject is one of almost baffling intricacy. We have in Canada not one race but many. The French, not the English—a Catholic not a Protestant Power—discovered and colonised this part of North America; at least, that broad and noble tract of it between the Atlantic and the Great Lakes. Theirs was pre-eminently an ecclesiastical or a missionary rather than a military or commercial invasion; and, both racially and religiously, permanence was given to it by the splendid zeal of their priests, as well as by the eager spirit and fine courage of their explorers and the high endurance of their early settlers. The result all men know. One vast province, Quebec, is peopled almost exclusively by men of French origin; every other province has a sprinkling of French; and, on the outskirts of civilisation everywhere, there is a belt of half-breeds with French blood in their veins. The French population, which in

Quebec province alone numbers 1,648,898, is Catholic to the backbone. It is more fervently and intensely Catholic than the people of rural France, the reality of whose faith is strangely underrated in England by travellers of insular mind who know only Paris or Boulogne, and derive their ideas of an "irreligious nation" from the anti-clerical activity of the political class. Any appreciation of Roman Catholicism in Canada should therefore be based on the fact that the French Canadian is a devout and not merely nominal son of the Church. His piety and his mental attitude are those of the seventeenth century rather than of the twentieth. The priest in Canada exercises an influence on the individual and on the family which is greater than that of any other minister of religion, and greater than that which is wielded in France. A parallel might be found in rural Italy, in Spain, or in South America. Be that as it may, it is an influence which does not admit of verbal measurement. One result of it is that in "the competition of the cradle" the French Canadian far out-distances the British Canadian. The injunction to be fruitful and replenish the earth is an essential part of the moral and religious code. What Mr. Roosevelt terms "race-suicide" is a thing abhorrent to the Catholic mind and to the French people in the Dominion. Hence the latter are increasing rapidly in numbers; and with that increase the Catholic Church grows in power. It is a militantly aggressive Church, in politics, proselytising, education, benevolence, and in every avenue of social life. Its power in Canadian politics is part of the history of the Dominion. Reference to the latest instance—that of the Schools Question in the newly-made autonomous provinces—is scarcely neces-

sary. It will be more effective to say that in no part of Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and as far north as travel is practicable, will the inquirer be out of reach of the organisation of this Church. His mental impression will be that it is omnipresent in the Dominion. In every large city its churches occupy the finest sites and are the most imposing in structure and ornate in design. Wheresoever two or three huts are gathered together, there will be seen the tiny church of the Roman Catholics. In every foreign settlement there is a new edifice. No vantage ground, great or small, seems to be unoccupied. The cumulative effect of observation, apart from statistics, is that the Roman Catholic is the dominant Church of Canada. The traveller who looks back upon his wanderings and concentrates attention on the religious phenomena, will find that his chief mental image is that of a golden cross towering above dome or steeple as though in defiant challenge to the world; and the next visual recollection will probably be that of men, women and children streaming into church for Mass—men, be it noted; and as many men as women. Other churches will come into view. But these have weathercocks on their steeples—a grotesque emblem of variability of doctrine; and in these only a small minority of the worshippers are men. It is true that the Protestants of the census outnumber the Roman Catholics. Nevertheless, the Roman is the first Church of the Dominion. Its vitality is unquestionable. It has more influence, political, social and moral, than any other; and in politics more power than all the other denominations in combination. The cynical may suggest, as a possible explanation of the tenacious hold of the priesthood over

the people, that the religious orders advance money to lay-members of the faith at 2½ per cent. interest. Some French farmers and traders are indebted to their religious organisations in this way. As the mercantile interest rate on approved securities in Canada to small farmers and the like ranges from 6 per cent. (usually it is 8 per cent.), there is financial advantage in being a good Catholic. This may be a slight contributory cause of the supremacy of the Roman faith. But it certainly is not the main cause. That is to be found in the historical development of Canada, the racial composition of the people, the ability and zeal of the priestly class.

Does this Church constitute a factor in favour of Imperial unity or not? It does, because, under the British Crown, its adherents are absolutely assured of non-interference in their political and other activities. That assurance might be weakened if Canada were an independent Power; for there is a strong and bitterly hostile Orange element which pursues the Roman Catholic Church in Canada with implacable dislike. Any reader who may have followed the Separate Schools Question, from the Manitoba controversy of a decade ago until the passing of the present Autonomy Act, creating the Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, will not need to be furnished with evidence. On the other hand, it would be impolitic to expect that the loyalty of French Canadians to a Protestant Sovereign would be of an effusive character. It exists, beyond question; but it is not bred in the bone. It is not a constituent of the blood in the same sense as the loyalty of the English Protestant settler. It is professed and cultivated—and with all sincerity—chiefly because it is

of itself the main safeguard of religious and civil liberty. But whatever the motive, the practical effect is the same —a vital and operative loyalty to the British connection.

The Church of England in Canada, which should be the pre-eminent factor in the maintenance of Imperial unity, in so far as religious faith and practice govern that issue, is preceded in numerical importance by the Methodists and the Presbyterians. She stands fourth on the list. The figures from the last census are :—

Roman Catholics	2,228,997
Methodists	916,862
Presbyterians	842,301
Church of England	680,346
Baptists	316,714
Lutherans	92,394
Congregationalists	28,283
Jews	16,432
Salvation Army	10,307

Over two hundred thousand persons are comprised in various sects and "freak religions"; but it would be a waste of time to analyse the figures. The present population of the Dominion is about six millions. At the census of 1901, it was five million three hundred and seventy-one thousand three hundred and fifteen. There are various causes which account for the poor numerical standing of the Church of England. The first in importance is that the Dominion, outside Quebec, is largely peopled by men of Scotch descent. It would be superfluous to do more than allude to the historic and economic factors which led to the depopulation of great tracts of the Highlands. Deer have replaced men. The descendants of many of the

expatriated families are on the American Continent. Canadian Scotchmen are to be met with everywhere, from the Atlantic Seaboard to the Pacific Slope. The Highland regiments employed in the American Revolution were given land grants in Eastern Canada. Lord Selkirk colonised the Red River Valley with Highlanders early in the past century. The original settlers in the West were predominantly Scotch. The majority of the Hudson Bay posts, North and West, were held by Scotchmen. Hence Presbyterianism was first in the field. Where it was not—the Red River and Assiniboine Settlements are cases in point—and where the Church of England established herself in the Scotch Colonies, she lost most of her Scotch adherents when a Presbyterian minister came on the scene. Distinctively English immigration followed, and with it an extension of the Church of England organisation from the East into the West. But the extension was not sufficiently rapid and energetic. That, however, is another issue.

The second—perhaps it should be the first—cause of the relatively backward position of the Church of England in Canada is to be found in the inability of the Church *in* England to retain her supremacy among the people of England. Excluding qualifying considerations such as the reader will be able to supply for himself, the generalisation is roughly true that the Church of England is the Church of the well-born, the cultured and the prosperous classes, while the dissenting Churches are those of people who do not emphasise their claims in these matters. The Church of England is an aristocratic as well as a democratic Church—necessarily so, as an institution, because of her status as an integral

part of the Constitution; the dissenting Churches are pronouncedly democratic. Now the English immigration into Canada has never been and is not now in any sense aristocratic. It has been composed in the main of people who were desperately poor. Except in parts of Manitoba and at Calgary and in the ranching country, there are very few Englishmen indeed who come from the middle or higher classes. The English in Canada are labouring people, the human output of the rural cottage and the town tenement. This is tantamount to saying that they belong to the classes in which Dissent has had the most, and the Church of England the least, success. The majority of those who belonged to any religious organisation at all brought with them the principles and practice of Dissent rather than those of the Church of England. In other words, the Church of England in England has not sent out English Churchmen to the Church in Canada. The immigration has been an immigration of dissenters or indifferentists rather than of Church people. There has been, of course, a Church of England element in the immigration; but this element had less virility than the dissenting bulk, because, in England, it had been accustomed to endowed churches, whereas, in the Dominion, every church has to be self-supporting. The English Church, in common with the dissenting chapel, does not live on the proceeds of benefactions in past ages, but on what the worshipper draws out of his pocket. Consequently, the stray Churchman who goes to Canada as an immigrant has to discard the habit or thinking that the English Church which he may attend will continue its services, regardless of whether he puts

ten cents or a dollar into the plate; and it takes him a long time before he learns that, unless his dollar is forthcoming with regularity, the bell must cease to ring. But he does learn in time. The unfortunate fact, however, is that few new arrivals are susceptible to the lesson, while the majority of the immigrants are, from previous associations in England, readily subject to the influence of dissenting ministers, who are most active in securing immigrant recruits to their congregations.

The inability of the Church in England to make Churchmen of the democracy of England is a fundamental cause of the weakness of the Canadian branch of that Church as a link in the chain that holds the Empire together. Now the immigration from the British Isles into Canada alone is at the rate of fifty thousand a year or more. For the year ending June 1904, the figures were: English and Welsh, 36,694, Scotch, 10,552, Irish, 3,128 — total, 50,374. The numbers rise yearly. Should not the remedy for the weakness of the Canadian Church of England be found in England? To urge greater zeal upon the clergy of Canada may be fair and reasonable, though observation goes to show that these gentlemen have little reserve of strength to put forth. They are overwhelmed by their task. The most effective help that can be given them is such as will change the denominational character of the immigration. If England will send to Canada fifty thousand Church people instead of dissenters, or a large instead of an insignificant proportion of the fifty thousand, the Church of England in the Dominion may be saved from defeat in the denominational struggle. Otherwise, the Church of England will continue to be outpaced,

and will become proportionately less effective as an instrument for the continuity of traditions which should help to give permanence to the Imperial tie. How the denominational change in the inflow of immigration is to be made is a matter for the Church of England in England. If the hierarchy and clergy of that powerful organisation are unequal to the task, the Church of England in Canada will be, even more noticeably than is the case at present, the Church of a coterie, not of the people of the Dominion. The subject is one which, on high political as well as on religious grounds, should actively—and immediately—engage the intellect of the Church. Canada is on the eve of great material developments. The enormous areas of her cultivable land are only now becoming known even to Canadians themselves. English people have as yet but a feeble idea of the extent and realisable resources of this spacious domain. The construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will make accessible a new cultivable zone from ocean to ocean which of itself must be reckoned in millions of acres. The present immigration from the British Isles is but a rivulet in comparison with the mighty stream which will flow thither in years to come, despite the rigours of the Northern winter and the hardships of the pioneer's life. The pressure of population will drive countless thousands into Canada from the Old Land. This influx will make a Nation at least as populous and wealthy as that which lies to the south of the 49th parallel. Assuming the Church of England to be what it ought to be, and what every publicist would wish it to be—one of the determining factors in Imperial unity—should not the statesmen of the Church in England de-

vise such plans as would leaven present and prospective immigration with members of that Church? It is not a question of money gifts to the Church in Canada but of sending recruits.

It should not, however, be inferred that the dissenting communities in Canada are likely to be less serviceable than the Church of England as bonds of Empire. Their historical roots are in English soil. They are factors in inter-Imperial politics as well as in religion. Should they combine—and some observers think that such a combination is inevitable—their political influence would be enormous. The ideal of a united Protestant Church of Canada has captivated the imagination of many. Possibly the Church of England in Canada, thrown as she is entirely on her own resources, and failing effective help from England in the form of a flood of immigrant English Church people, might cast in her lot with the movement towards unity and dominate it by virtue of the beauty and religious significance of her ritual, to which the services of the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational Churches in Canada are approximating. That speculation may be new to the Church in England, but it is not novel in the Dominion. If actuality could be given to it the advantages would be great. Much "overlapping" and competitive waste of effort would be avoided. One would not find three or four churches in a little town, and not one of them filled. The war of sects would cease. But this thought need not be pursued. Time will bring its own solution of the problem before the Churches in Canada; and that solution will determine the extent to which the religious life of the Dominion will be a cohesive force in the organisation of the Empire.

The population of Canada, — the population now there, that which is crossing the Atlantic week by week, and the countless shiploads yet to come— forms the best material imaginable for religious effort. If we except the great cities already existing and yet to be, it is a population which for several generations will be thinly scattered over vast regions, clearing forest lands, irrigating arid tracts, draining swamps, cutting into rock formations for minerals, and otherwise—amid the silences of Nature, the excessive heat of the summer sun and the rigours of a semi-Arctic winter—doing the rough work of subduing what remains of the primeval world. It is these things—the absence of distractions which militate against religion in old civilisations — which have made the Canadian population essentially religious in temperament. So long as they last it will remain so. The church or chapel on the prairie, in the forest clearing, in the mining settlements, in the bushlands of the far North and North-West are, and for generations must be, the chief, indeed the only, centres of social life. These, and these alone, afford relaxation for lives of arduous toil. They are the only outlet for activities—mental, emotional and artistic— which lift men above the level of mere labourers burrowing, as Kingsley once wrote, like vermin in the earth's hide. No one who has not lived in Canada among her pioneering people can know how deeply the place of worship is appreciated, how instinctively those who lead isolated lives in these sparsely inhabited regions turn to it as a means of bringing themselves into association with the wider and deeper thoughts of the race from which they have sprung. Amid the feverish distractions

of life in the old land, religion may have been of trifling import: in Canada it is everything because, without it, life is little else but a hard and incessant conflict with natural forces—a conflict waged, in innumerable cases, far from human companionship and embittered by a feeling of exile.

THE END

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